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FOR MEN February 1993 $2.00

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The Budding Pot Revolution

CLOTHES TO GO
From Suits to Sweats

HUNTER THOMPSON
Bedtime for Gonzo?

R.E.M.

THE RIGHTEOUS BROTHERS

NEIL YOUNG
Godfather of Grunge

ICE CUBE
Puts His Arsenal on the Line

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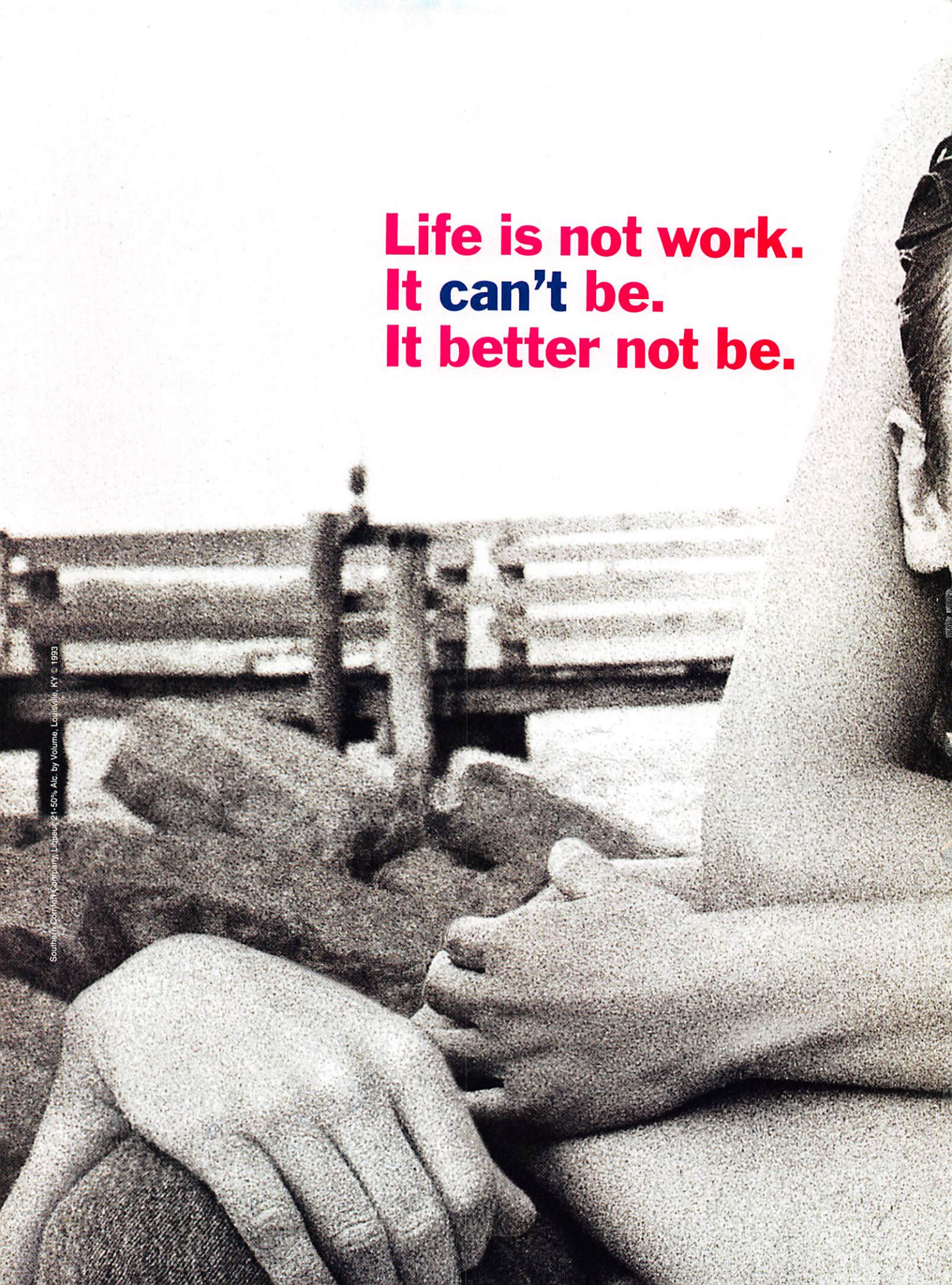
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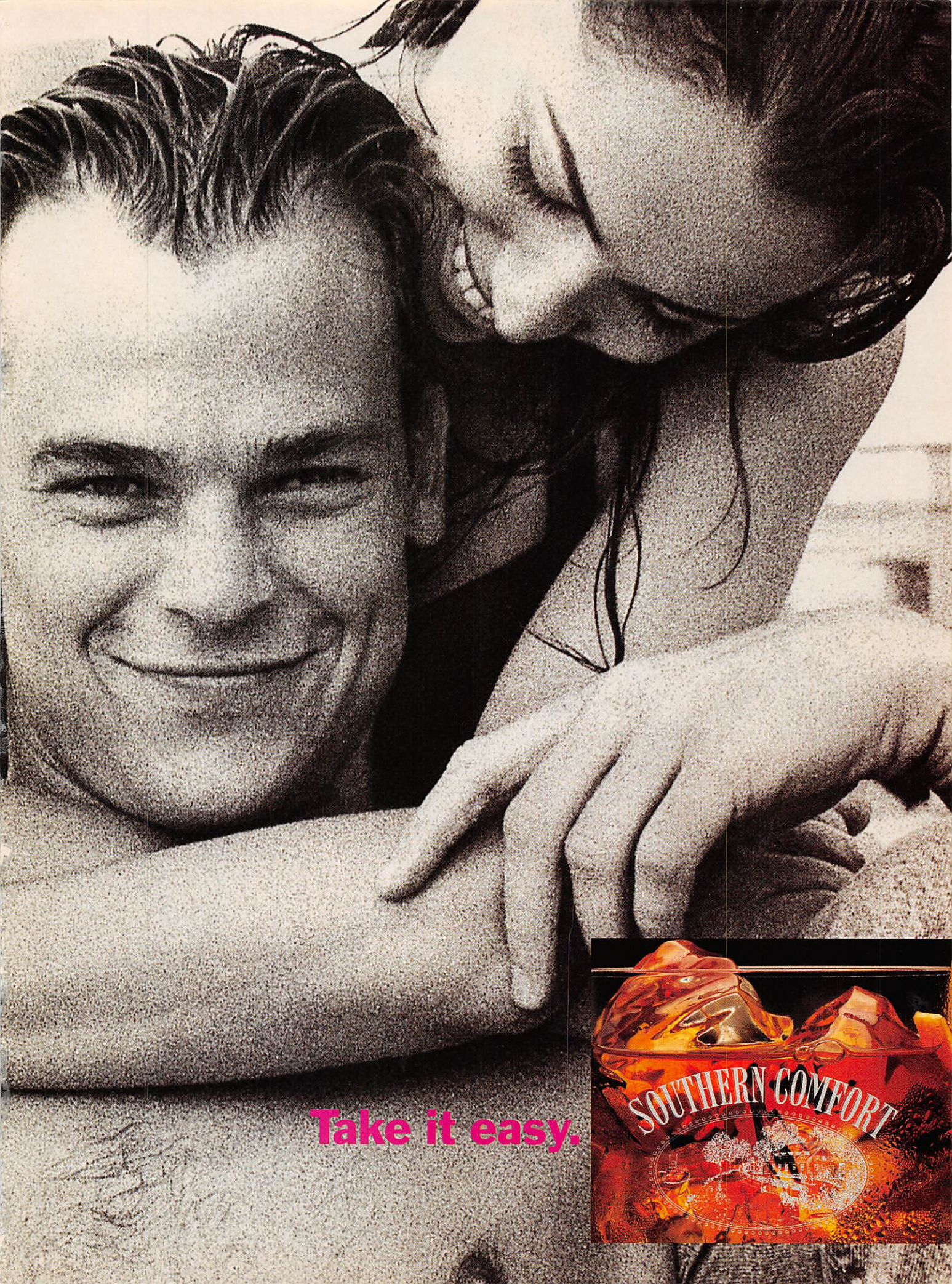
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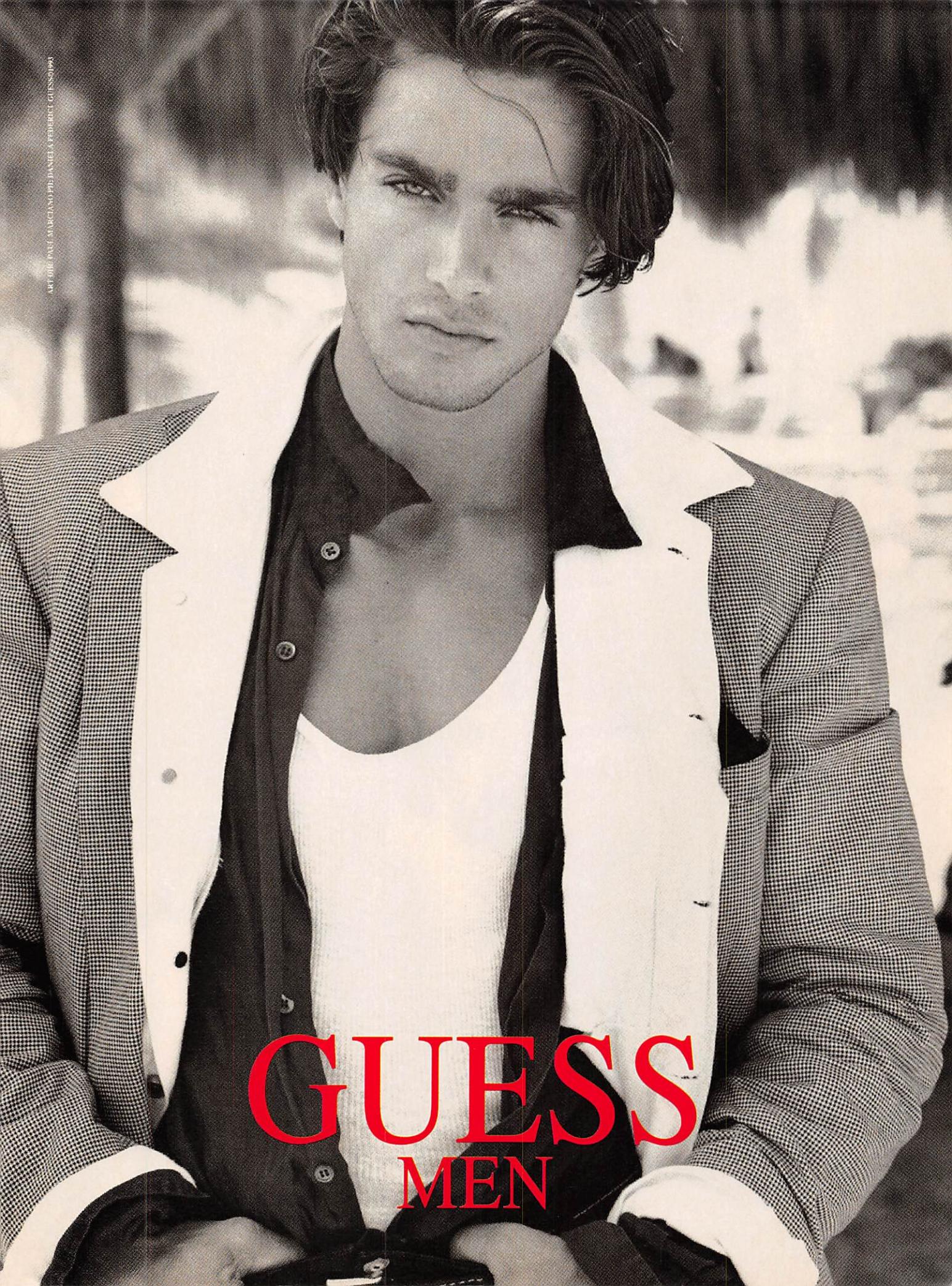

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Details

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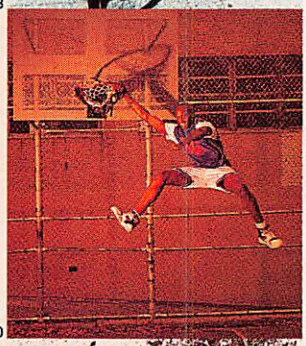

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Cover: Anton Corbijn; Fashion: Rod Cummings; Grooming: Johnny Villanueva. All clothing by Paul Smith.

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62 **Enigmatic for the People** R.E.M. have stayed together and survived success by keeping their mystery and their sense of wonder intact. As the group prepared to disband for an extended sabbatical, we joined them on the last video shoot for *Automatic for the People. By Chris Heath*

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76 **Class-Action Suits** The basic business two-piece gets a kick in the pants with richly colored shirts and ties. *Photographed by Martin Brading*

88 **Gym Dandy** A new equation of style: real athletic gear + everyday casual clothes = modern streetwear. *Photographed by Enrique Badulescu*

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101–122 **News** from all over; **Ice Cube** turns up the heat; **Neil Young** still rocks the free world; the broad appeal of **Carnie Wilson**; musicians' **mood music**; sounding out the **Chapel Hill** scene; all new **reviews**; **reissues**; **male country** roundup. **movies** 124–125 **John Turturro** hits home with *Mac*; **dispatches** from the front row. **comics** 129 **Wild Palms** *By Bruce Wagner and Julian Allen*

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Details (ISSN #0740-4921), 632 Broadway, New York, NY 10012, is published monthly by The Condé Nast Publications Inc., 350 Madison Avenue, New York, NY 10017. Second-class postage paid at New York, NY 10001 and at additional mailing offices. Subscriptions: $12 for one year, $22 for two years.

POSTMASTER: Send changes of address to Details, P.O. Box 58246, Boulder, CO 80322-8246.

Bulk Rate
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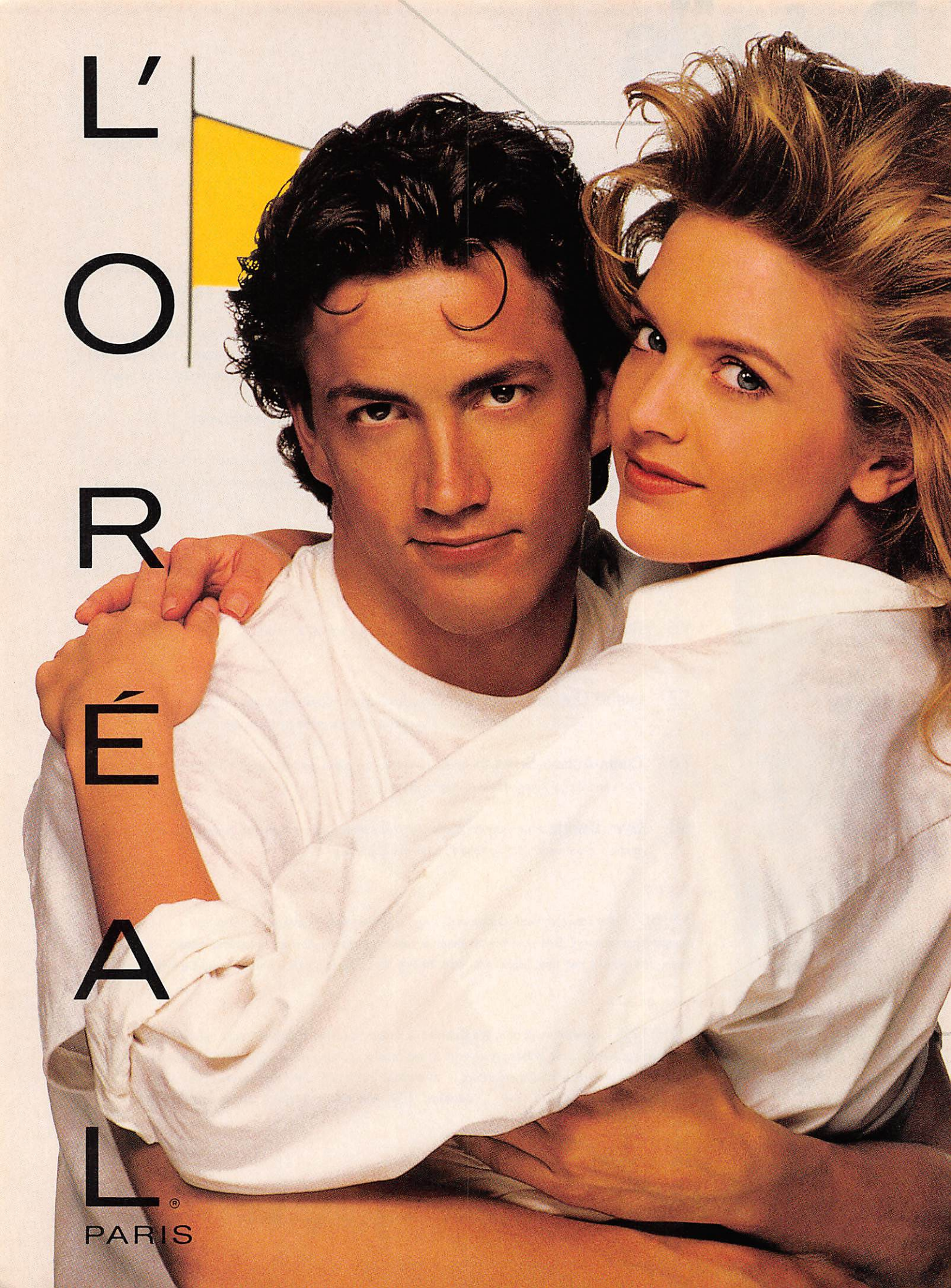
Condé Nast Publications

Third-class mail enclosed in all editions except 25, 26, and 27.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Volume eleven, number nine. *Details* (USPS 001707) (ISSN #0740-4921), 632 Broadway, New York, NY 10012, is published monthly by The Condé Nast Publications Inc., 350 Madison Avenue, New York, NY 10017. Bernard H. Leser, President; Pamela M. van Zandt, Executive Vice President–Secretary; Eric C. Anderson, Executive Vice President–Treasurer. Second-class postage paid at New York, NY 10001, and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as International Publications Mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, and for payment of postage in cash. Sales Agreement Number 33316. Canadian Goods and Services Tax Registration No. R123242885. Subscriptions in the United States and its possessions, $12 for one year, $22 for two years; in Canada, $24 for one year, including GST; elsewhere, $28 for one year, payable in advance. Single copies, $2 in the United States, $2.50 in Canada. For subscriptions, address changes, and adjustments, write to *Details*, Box 58246, Boulder, CO 80322. Eight weeks are required for change of address. Give both new address and old as printed on last label. First copy will be mailed within eight weeks. Manuscripts, drawings, and other material submitted must be accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope. *Details* is not responsible for loss, damage, or any other injury as to unsolicited manuscripts, unsolicited artwork (including but not limited to drawings, photographs, and transparencies), or any other unsolicited materials.

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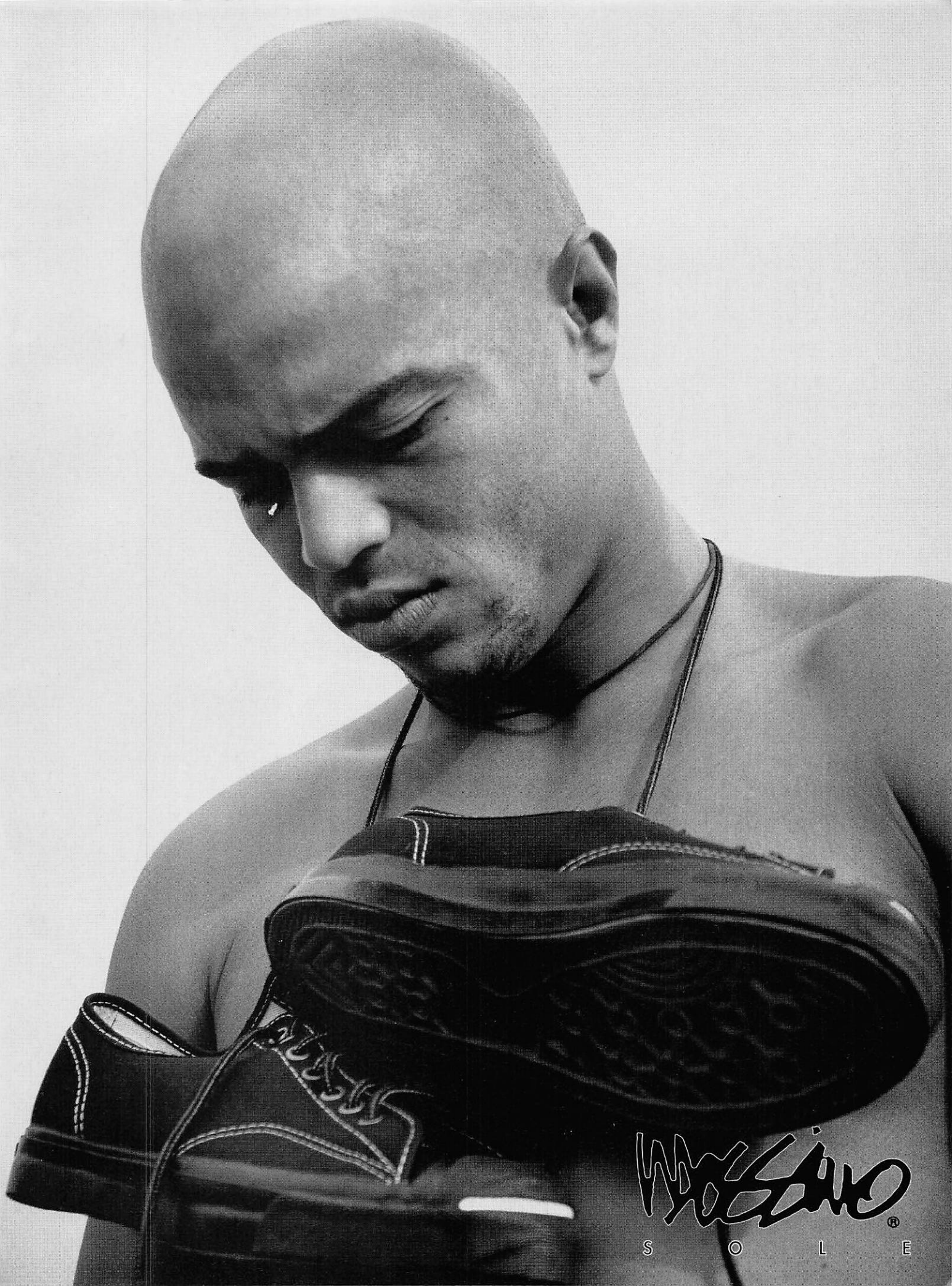
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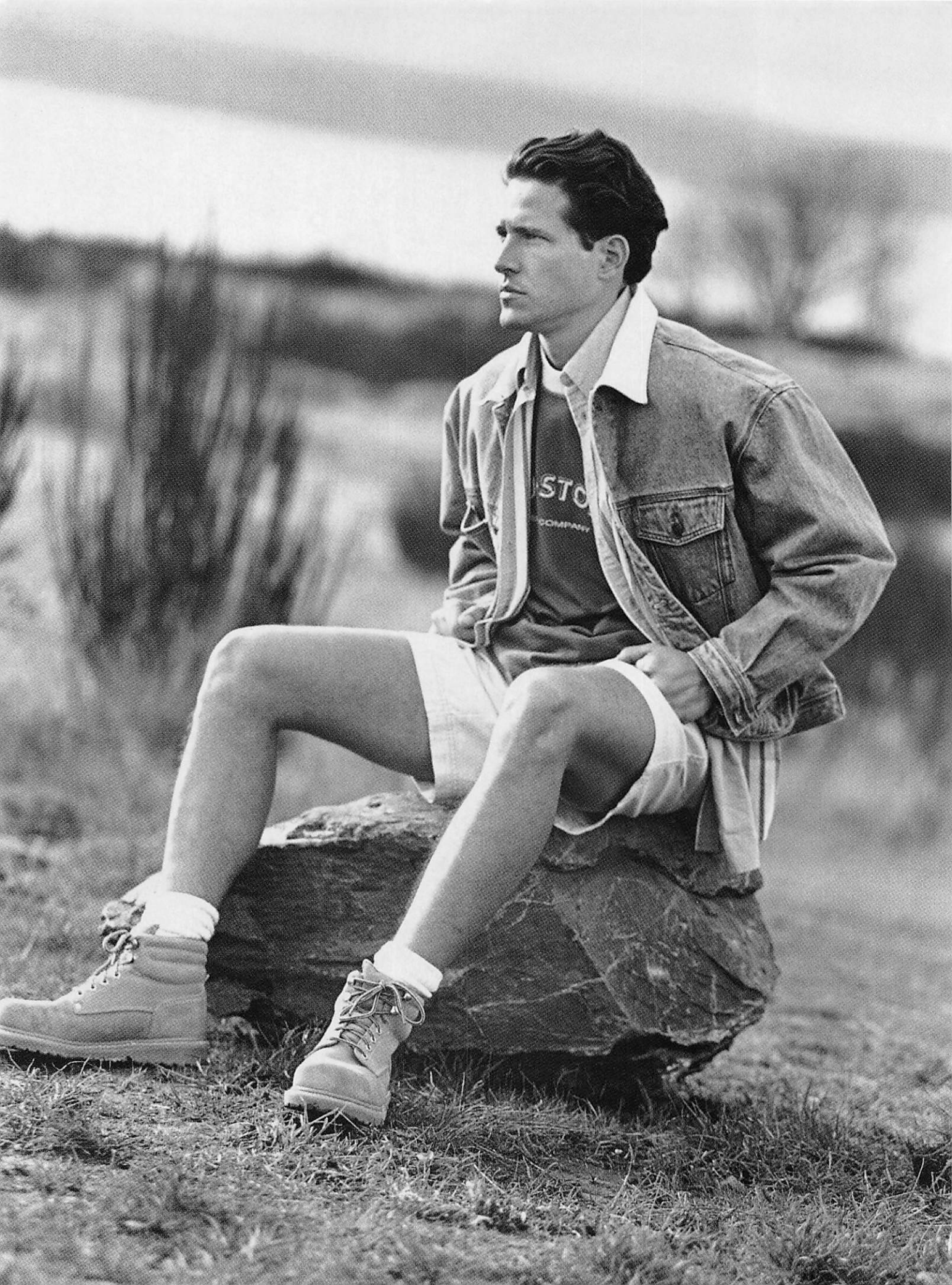

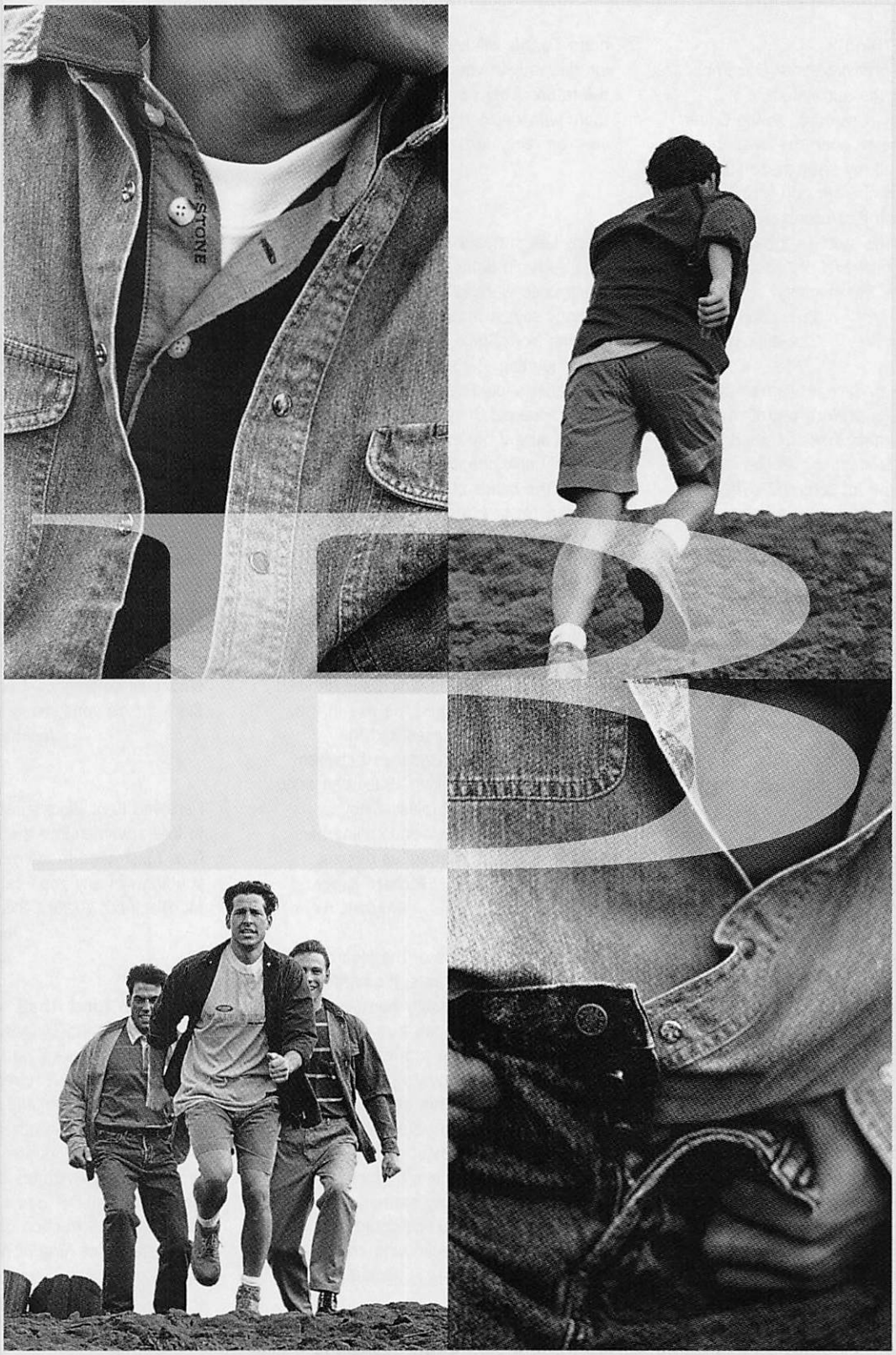

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Return of "The Thing"

I would like to nominate your December issue, featuring the outrageously voluptuous Cindy Crawford, as the Cover of the Year. She stopped me dead in my tracks! It took all my strength to stagger to the checkout counter and throw a wad of cash at the salesperson before tripping out of the store in a daze. Rob Tannenbaum's portrayal of "The Thing" was riveting and spellbinding.

Eric J. Keller
Seattle, WA

After reading Rob Tannenbaum's "Cindy C," I cannot get Crawford out of my mind. Someone that looks as good as she does, and is as smart as she is, should be given a lot of credit. Why can't all girls be like Cindy?

Name Withheld
Wilmington, DE

None of the men who appear on your cover are ever nude. Why is Cindy?

E. Elizabeth Moore
Cincinnati, OH

Viva Morrissey!

Thanks, David Keeps, for the Morrissey interview ["Homme Alone," December]! Morrissey's brutal honesty, fierce intelligence, laconic wit, and lyrical genius are very rare in an industry where artistic mediocrity reigns and dull, superficial personalities are celebrated. Moz's latest album, *Your Arsenal,* once again exhibits his unique brand of songwriting and some of his most emotionally poignant works to date. He's the last pop icon.

Joyce Louie
Brooklyn, NY

I can't imagine that anyone would feel sympathetic toward Morrissey because of his alleged inability to be loved. Frankly, if Morrissey is as lonely and unwanted as he claims to be, it's simply because he spends far too much time whining about his love life, or lack thereof, rather than doing something constructive about it. Maybe Morrissey should go eat some worms. Given his already overwhelmingly negative attitude, it couldn't hurt.

Bob Adams
Philadelphia, PA

X Communications

I enjoyed the interview with Spike Lee [December]. His brash honesty and colorful dialogue held my attention. I hope *Details* will begin to do more interviews with young black filmmakers in the future. There are an abundance of them with decidedly different points of view on race, sex, and politics.

J. Johnston
New York, NY

Spike Lee states in his interview, "I mean, Arnold Schwarzenegger—how many cops were killed in *Terminator 2*? Nobody says a motherfucking thing. . . ." Coming from Spike, the ignorance is overwhelming. Perhaps Spike the filmmaker should see *T2* before using it as a reference. Or maybe he saw another *T2,* because if my memory serves me correctly only one cop was killed. And that was at the hands of the other terminator, to boot. *Hasta la vista,* Spike.

Sean O'Brady
Vancouver, BC, Canada

Male Disorder

I enjoyed Lynda Edwards's article "Trespassers of the Heart" [December], particularly the way in which she showed the correlation between the rise in the number of stalking cases and the breakdown of the boundaries between our work and social lives. But I can only wonder if putting a topless Cindy Crawford on the cover and calling her "America's Most Wanted" is helping.

Richard Lange
Syracuse, NY

Reading "Trespassers of the Heart" made me uncomfortable. It's hard to imagine how a seemingly harmless and intelligent individual can turn into your worst nightmare. The scariest part about the whole thing is knowing that a lot of these stalking incidents begin in the workplace. Apart from our homes, the workplace was the most secure place you could be. But that's no longer the case. To think that my mother, sister, or any one of my girlfriends could be harassed by some sicko who could literally ruin their lives is almost too much to bear.

Erica Clark
Miami, FL

Soul Brothers

I was impressed with Alan Rifkin's story about the Capuchin novices ["Boys in the Hood," December]. I'm Jewish but became a Christian smack in the middle of art school, and I often struggle with the duality of this world's demands and the tug of the promises of the next. The alienation that my faith has brought is tempered with patience and challenge—try being an artist in a world full of conservative churches. But my goal is balance. And I have learned to strike a balance by living with one foot in each camp. The article, and Mr. Rifkin's respect for the novices, touched me deeply because it's about everyday guys with extraordinary love for and commitments to God and people. I hate to be smarmy, but I cried at the end.

Linda Zolten
Cleveland Heights, OH

Love Bites

When I read the article "Appetite for Seduction" [December], I thought it was going to be another how-to-get-a-woman-into-bed article. I was relieved to discover that the piece showed the utmost respect for women. It was sensitive, funny, and promoted an attitude that reflects the new male's emotional emergence. I commend Kent Black for his gentlemanly perspective.

Jennifer I. Bortolus
Tampa, FL

I enjoyed Kent Black's instruction on how to lure a woman into the fold by cooking. Now I just need to learn how to cook. Do you know of any good caterers, or would Mr. Black not suggest this alternative?

Jonathon Rich
Arlington, TX

Raising Cain (and Abel)

I must commend *Details* on its article about Abel Ferrara ["Rude Boy," December]. I find it refreshing that he is willing to create genuine works of art that show "how the other half lives," while most directors are content to produce ninety minutes of mediocre "entertainment." If *Bad Lieutenant* evokes even a fraction of the intensity and potency of *King of New York,* it should make Abel Ferrara a legend.

Kory Kennedy
New York, NY

Correction

Due to an engraver's error, the credits on page 54 of "The Front Line" [January] were inadvertently omitted. They are: Photographer: Uli Weber; Fashion: Mark Whitaker; Grooming: Tim Crespin for Visages, NYC.

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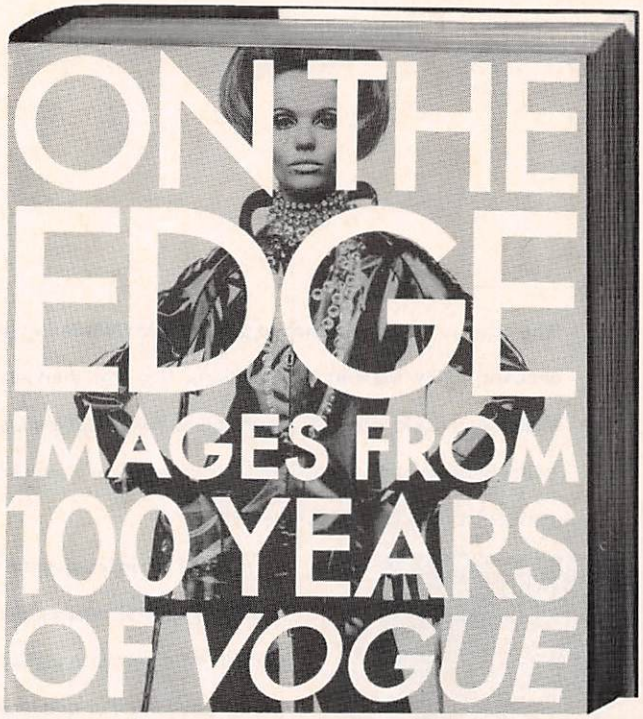

On the Edge: Images From 100 Years of Vogue
Editors of *Vogue*

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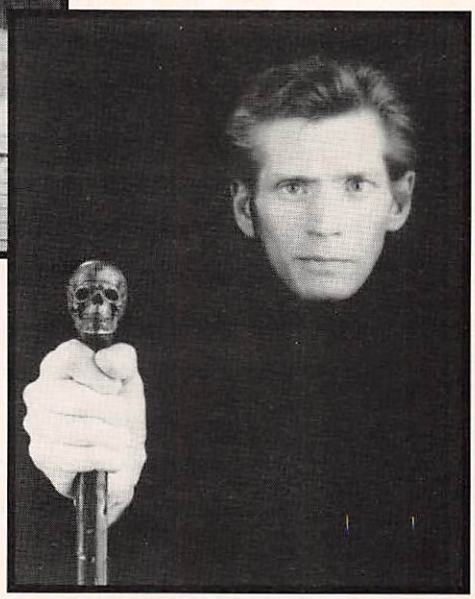
William Eggleston



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RANDOM HOUSE

The other night, I mentioned to a friend that *Details* was planning a story on Duran Duran. "Really?" she smirked. "How *eighties.*" I considered this. And then later I talked to a fashion designer about another designer's work. "It's O.K., I guess," he said. "But it's just so . . . seventies." Which struck me as a reasonable point, until a well-known photographer's name came up. "Beyond hope," he sighed. "Some people just can't get out of the sixties."

I realized recently that we are in the midst of a national outbreak of nineties-ism. Unlike the smaller epidemic of a few years ago, which was mainly concerned with disavowing eighties-ism, this one is far-reaching. Its symptoms are: a fierce pride in the unique characteristics of the nineties, even though few people can actually identify them; an aggressive, if slightly vague, optimism about the future; and a new method of criticism, which disallows anyone or anything from referring to the past too brazenly. Because every area of popular culture is currently concerned with recycling its past, this might seem like a loopy pastime. But nineties-ists are single-minded, and they like to score points by presiding over the present with a referee's whistle: betray a retro influence and you're out of the game.

Here at *Details,* where we're not unduly self-conscious about publishing America's most modern magazine, nineties-ism is taken in stride. Just as we don't believe that everyone who bought a Che Guevara poster in the sixties was a leftist freedom fighter, we don't buy into the belief that making use of the past makes a person unmodern. In this issue we have stories on R.E.M., Ice Cube, Neil Young, and marijuana. The fact that each of these speaks equally to the present indicates that we're living in a more lively and complicated moment than dates can describe. As Chris Heath's behind-the-scenes story makes clear, R.E.M.'s urgency may come from their engagement in contemporary issues, but the group's sense of self, and maybe part of their appeal, comes from the more timeless bohemian spirit that they also embody. Likewise, Bob Morris's news report on pot tracks both its sixties roots and its current reemergence in pop culture—not among classic-rock fans, but as a creative force behind the new wave of ambient rap and dance music. The arrival of disco music for potheads scrambles just about every preconception of the last three decades. On page 106, Neil Young unscrambles it thus: "The '60s were fine. The '70s were good. The '80s were fine. It's all the same to me."

James Truman
Editor-in-Chief

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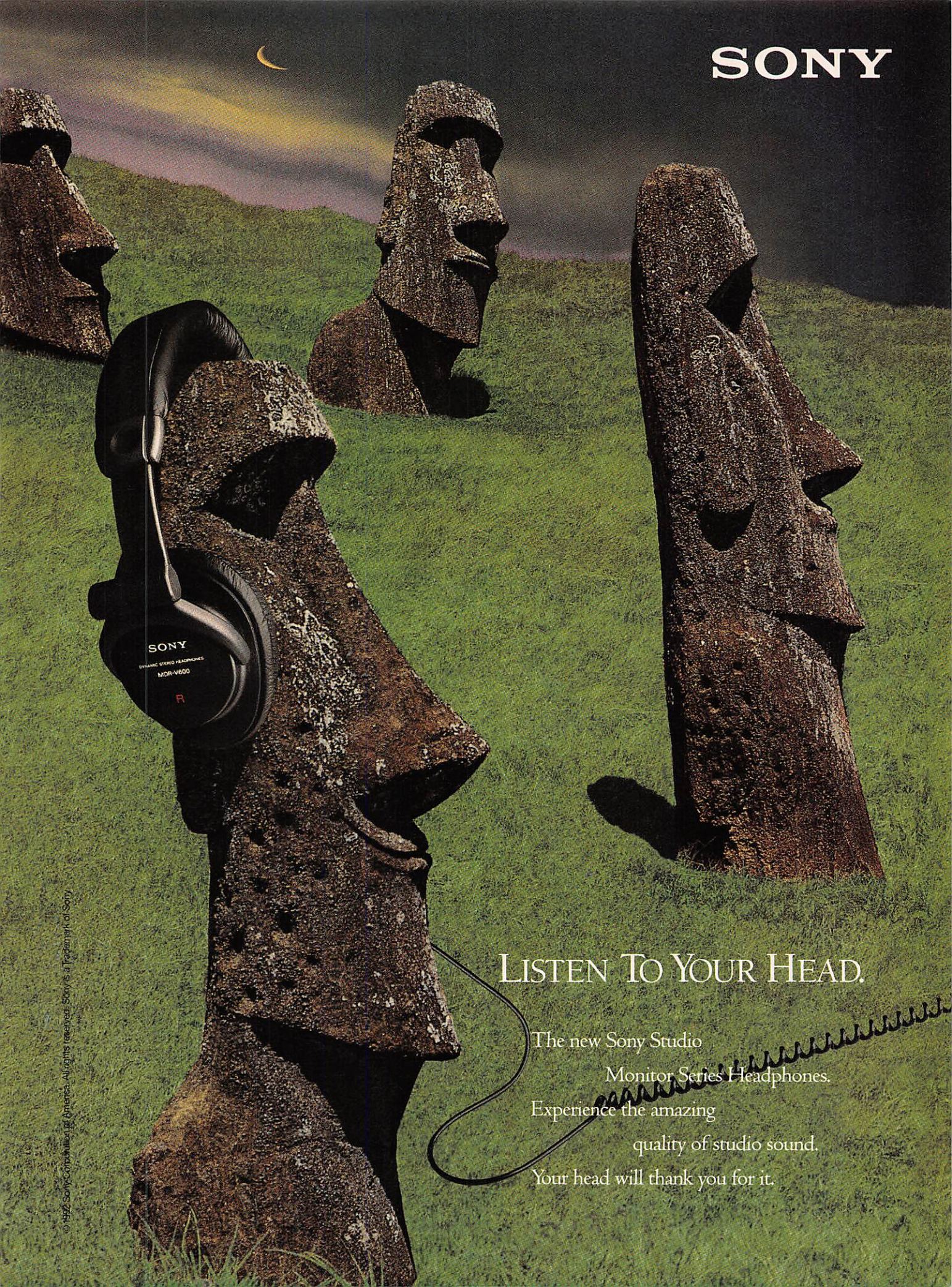
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As Jim philosophized about women, I continued to sip my Baileys and coffee and read. Between the lines.

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The World at Once

It looks like free love may soon be coming to California freeways. For $49.95 a year, Commuter Dating Connection is now offering lonely commuters a chance at love in the fast lane. Subscribers receive a windshield sticker that advertises a phone number and personal extension. After getting a good look at their prospective dates on the road, interested parties can simply reach for their car phones to chat and, if all goes well, arrange a rendezvous. Shy drivers can call from home.

Percentage of Southern California drivers who say they have made "indecent gestures" at other drivers: 38. Percentage of U.S. teenagers who lost their virginity in a car: 12.

Palm Beach County residents can now breathe easier—and so can their pets. The Red Cross there is giving pet owners a course in mouth-to-mouth resuscitation for dogs, cats, and other animal companions. Participants, who practice on a three-foot dog mannequin developed for the purpose, take the course in emergency pet procedures so they won't have to stand idly by if Fido is hit by a car, having a heart attack, or has nearly drowned.

Percentage of dog owners who prepare home-cooked meals for their dogs: 29. Percentage of dog owners who turn on the TV, radio, or stereo for their dogs when leaving them alone: 33.

Hollywood, it seems, is literally going to the dogs. Presumably following the success of the movie *Beethoven,* many major studios are developing their own shaggy-dog stories this year. The projects reportedly include titles such as *Beethoven 2*; *Man's Best Friend*; *The Trial of King Boots*; *Ace Ventura, Pet Detective*; a canine *Look Who's Talking* pic; and *Cyrano,* a story about a police dog whose nose is so good he must be put in the witness protection program.

Value of the drugs detected by the U.S. Border Patrol's narcotics agents in 1989, per agent: $54,737. Value of drugs detected by the U.S. Border Patrol's dogs, per dog: $1,001,890.

There's a new service for hunters who want to go out with a bang. For as little as a few hundred dollars and as much as several thousand, the Des Moines–based Canuck's Sportsman's Memorials will take the cremated remains of a loved one, load them into shotgun shells, and shoot them into the deceased's favorite hunting grounds. The company will also put cremated duck hunters and fishermen into decoys and lures, and bowlers and golfers into bowling balls and golf clubs.

Amount of cremated remains that can fit in one ten-gauge shotgun shell: 1 ounce. Estimated number of shells needed to hold the cremated remains of an entire adult: 128.

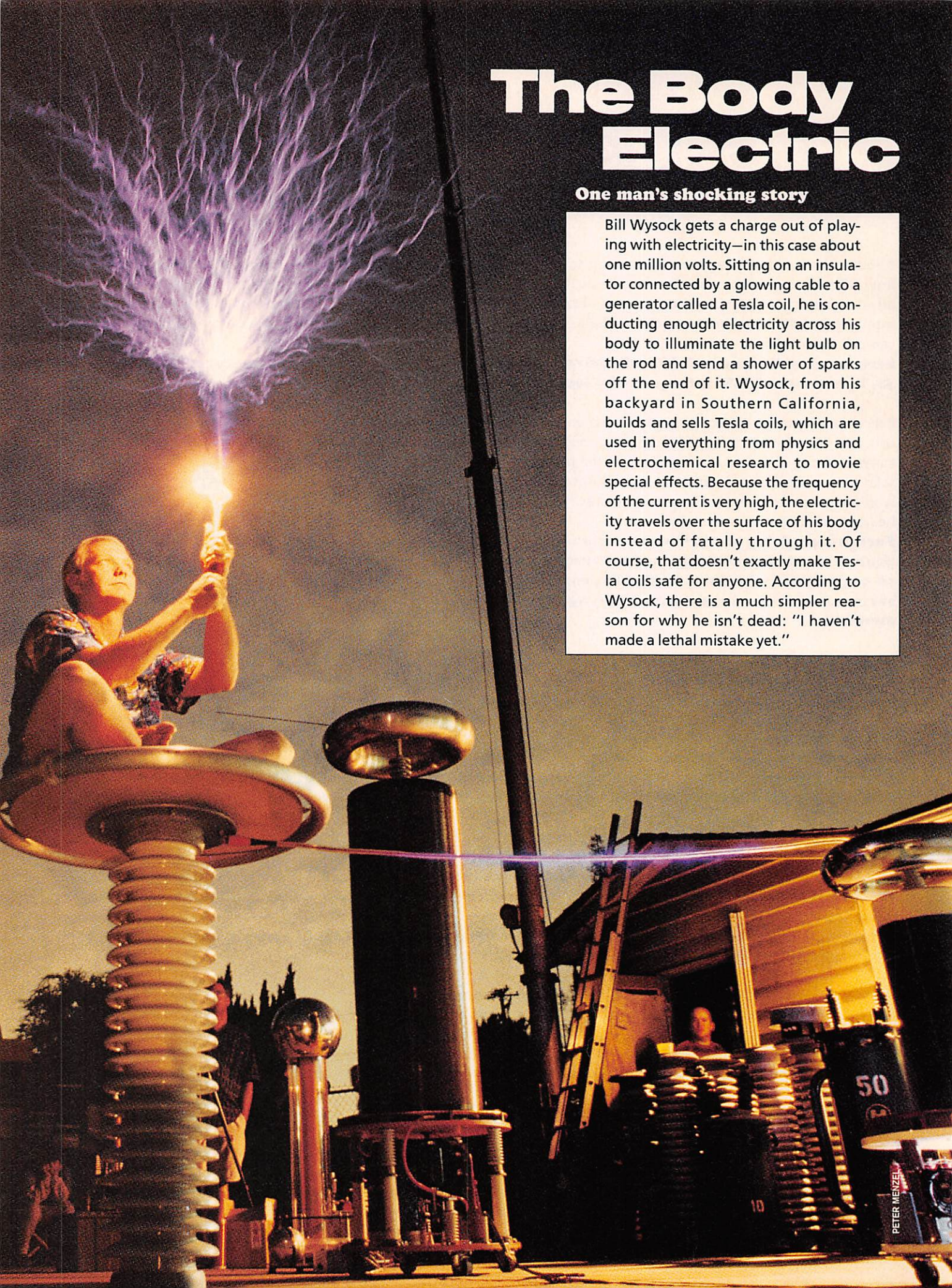
The Japanese have come up with a novel way to encourage Yakuza gangsters to leave the mob: a counseling hot line. The Kanagawa police telephone hot line, which acts as a job referral and twenty-four-hour counseling service, has had a tremendous response from gangsters eager for advice. Many want to learn how best to disguise their trademark tattoos and chopped-off fingers (an old Yakuza custom) so they can get new jobs.

Number of calls received by the police hot line for Yakuza defectors in its first week: 320.

For men totally confused about sexual harassment in the workplace, there's now a device to help them read the signals. The Flashers, a firm in Newton, Massachusetts, is currently selling a battery-powered pin designed to look like jewelry, which women can wear on their clothes. When a man makes an unwarranted sexual comment, women use the gadget to flash a red light.

Percentage of men who think women give mixed signals: 72. Percentage rise in sexual harassment claims reported by the Equal Employment Opportunity Commission since the Anita Hill-Clarence Thomas affair: 50.

RED MORGAN; SOURCES FOR STATISTICS, FROM TOP: *LOS ANGELES TIMES/SEX AND THE AMERICAN TEENAGER,* BY ROBERT COLES AND GEOFFREY STOKES; GALLUP ORG.; U.S. BORDER PATROL; CANUCK'S SPORTSMAN'S MEMORIALS; *SKY* MAG.; GALLUP POLL FOR *GLAMOUR* MAG./EQUAL EMPLOYMENT OPPORTUNITY COMM.

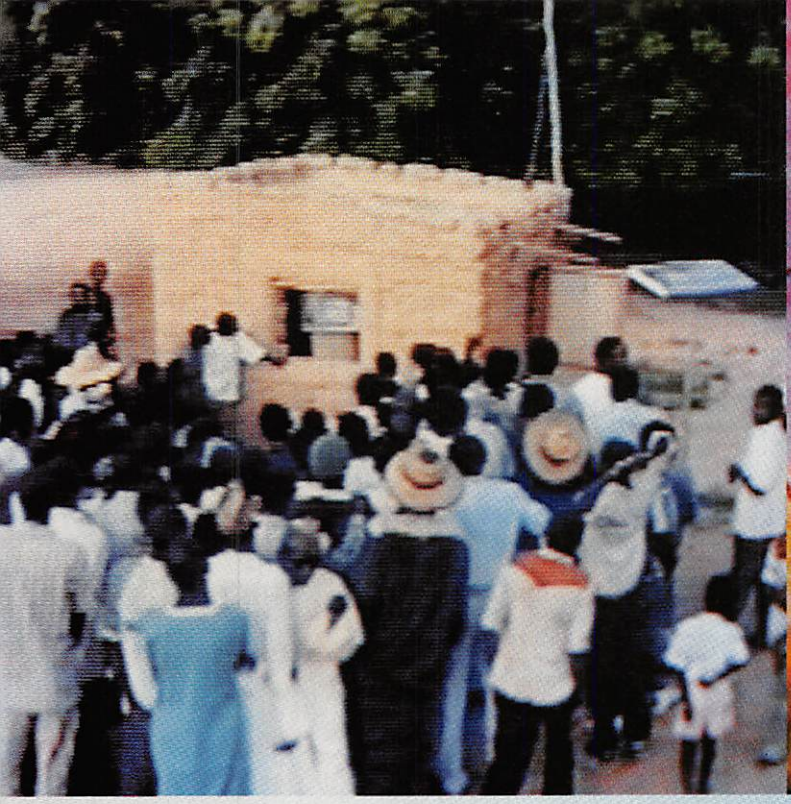


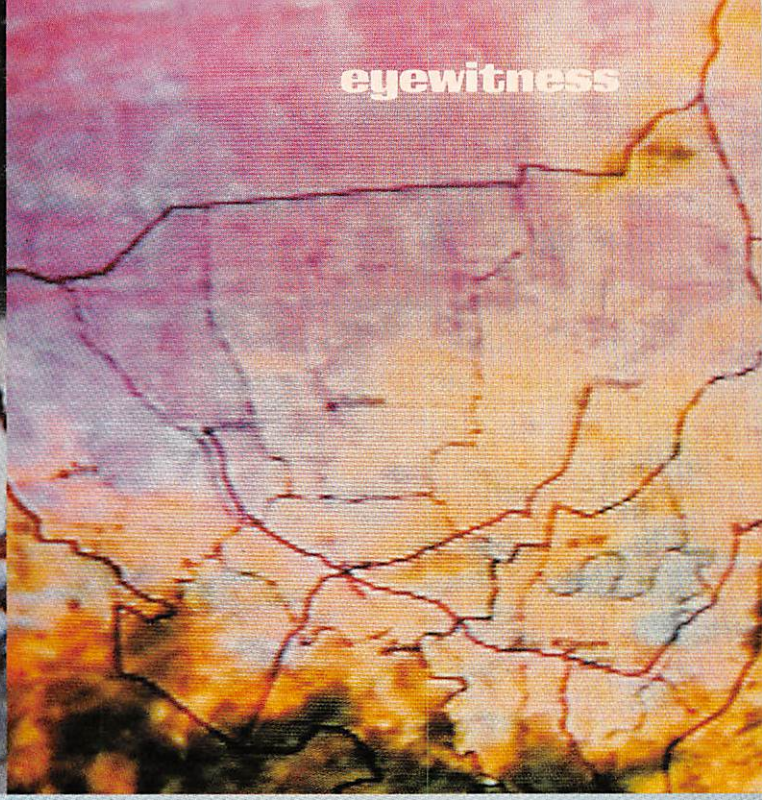
PETER MENZEL

The Body Electric

One man's shocking story

Bill Wysock gets a charge out of playing with electricity—in this case about one million volts. Sitting on an insulator connected by a glowing cable to a generator called a Tesla coil, he is conducting enough electricity across his body to illuminate the light bulb on the rod and send a shower of sparks off the end of it. Wysock, from his backyard in Southern California, builds and sells Tesla coils, which are used in everything from physics and electrochemical research to movie special effects. Because the frequency of the current is very high, the electricity travels over the surface of his body instead of fatally through it. Of course, that doesn't exactly make Tesla coils safe for anyone. According to Wysock, there is a much simpler reason for why he isn't dead: "I haven't made a lethal mistake yet."



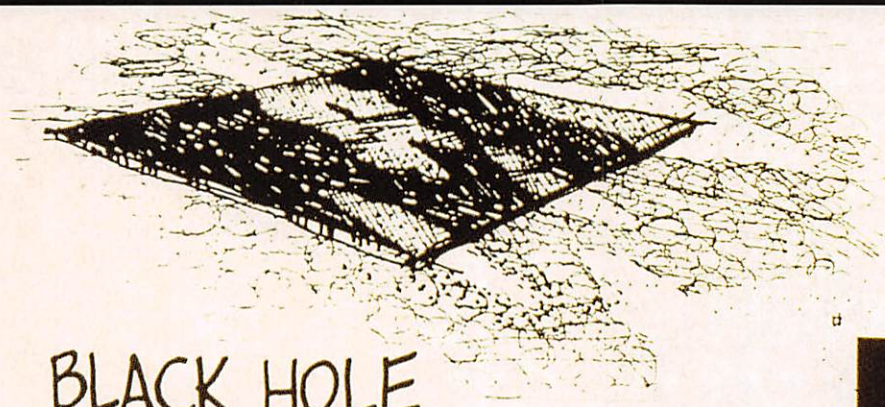


Remote Control

Averting famine from space

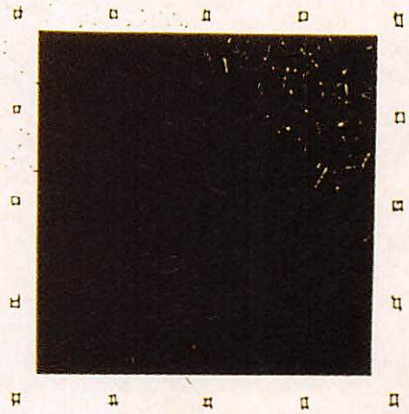
In Niger, village elders have traditionally looked to the stars for the fate of their harvests. Now, via modern satellites, the heavens are providing some concrete guidance. In a land where almost instant climate changes can dry up harvests or spawn crop-destroying grasshoppers, a network of solar-powered television stations (top left) is poised to provide remote African villages with crucial weather and crop reports. Currently, U.S. weather satellite NOAA-11 passes over Niger daily, using sensors to detect changes in vegetation. The satellite then transmits the information to a research center, where it is converted by computer into "greenness" maps (top right). With these maps, drought can be foreseen and grasshopper breeding grounds can be located and sprayed. For many villages, which do not have electricity or telephones, quickly receiving important weather and crop reports is a matter of life and death—a good reason to stay glued to the set.

JOHN MAGGIOTTO; SOURCE: *SPACE AGE: CELESTIAL SENTINELS*, A WQED/PITTSBURGH–NHK/JAPAN PRODUCTION, QED COMMUNICATIONS



BLACK HOLE

- black dyed concrete or granite
- incredibly hot from sun absorption
- black-hole, "nowhere", ominous
- uninhabitable, can't plant or build
- crazy-quilt pattern of expansion joints, like parched, cracked earth



No-Man's-Land

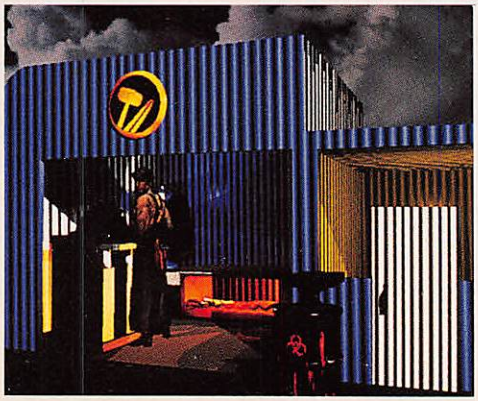
Marking today's toxic sites for tomorrow

Few people today need to be convinced to stay away from a nuclear-waste site, but alerting future generations is literally a monumental task. The U.S. Department of Energy has employed a panel of experts, including scientists, anthropologists, and an artist, to come up with a way to mark the Waste Isolation Pilot Plant in New Mexico, where approximately 800,000 barrels of waste will be permanently entombed. Because the waste will remain a threat to humans for ten thousand years, longer by far than any one language, government, or other institution is expected to last, the markers must also communicate the threat symbolically. One of the DOE panel's suggestions is "Landscape of Thorns" (top), a forbidding field of fifty- to eighty-foot concrete spikes meant to suggest "punctures, wounding to the body." Its meaning would likely be grasped by any future civilization—primitive or advanced. "Black Hole," a two-square-mile black void of masonry that would absorb and radiate back the intense desert heat, communicates a similar message: No parking.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY SAFDAR ABIDI, COURTESY SUNY BUFFALO

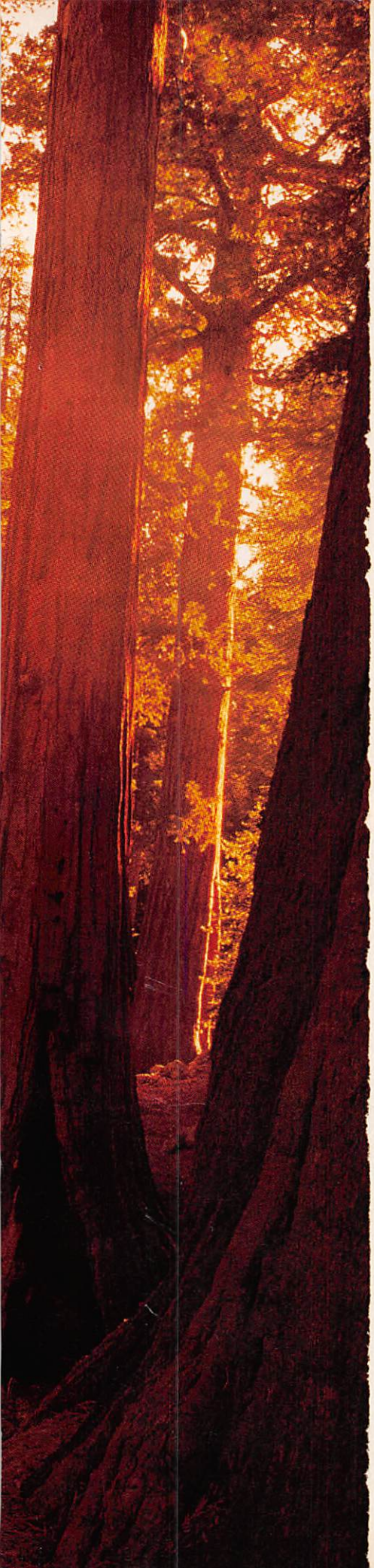
Star Vehicles

Adding actors to computer games



For those who have trouble relating to the cartoon antics of the Lilliputian Mario brothers, the new generation of computer games offers something more human: real people. In Return to Zork, an interactive fantasy-adventure due this March from Activision, players encounter twenty-eight speaking human characters played by actors from TV shows like *Twin Peaks* and movies such as *Sid & Nancy.* The game, in which players explore mythical underground caverns, was produced with a full film crew, including a director, cameramen, makeup artists, and costume designers. The actors were shot against a blue screen and then combined with computer-rendered 3-D backgrounds. For game companies, who are eager to see software win the mass appeal of movies, it's just the beginning: Games starring your favorite movie actors are already in negotiation—coming soon to a software outlet near you.

NIKE
HOME
PERIOD
VISITOR
MILES TO GO
TIME OUTS



THERE ARE NO HIKING REFEREES.

NO HIKER HAS EVER asked to have his hiking contract renegotiated, nor has any hiker filed for hiking arbitration. No hiker has ever been traded to another hiking team, no hikers have had disputes with hiking managers, and there are no loud or obnoxious hiking fans. There are no rules in hiking, no hiker has ever been picked last, and no hiker has ever been cut. No hiker has ever won, and no hiker has ever lost.

HIKING ISN'T PERFECT, though. You do have to step on sharp roots and rocks, which requires that you wear well-cushioned shoes. Not that you'll be suspended from some hiking league if you don't.

The Tambura, a lightweight and cushioned hiking shoe by Nike. For brochure call 1-800-462-7363 (in the U.S. only).

From rappers and rockers to AIDS patients, marijuana once again has a devoted following. But it can still land you in jail and brand you a felon. BOB MORRIS checks out the new activists crusading for legalization.

higher

Opposite page: A Black Hawk combat helicopter, marked fighter-pilot-style with the symbols of successful marijuana busts.

ground

BILL CLINTON SAYS HE experimented with it but didn't like it. Al Gore admitted that both he and Tipper used to do it in college. Imagine: Two heads of state who know what a roach clip is. With the pull of little levers across the country, Americans dumped the old regime and waved farewell to an administration that sincerely believed that marijuana and anyone associated with it is evil, contributing to heroin addiction and the decline of civilization.

Still, one of the domestic policies of the Bush administration that went unchallenged by Clinton during his campaign was the war on drugs. In fact, during one of the debates, Clinton, referring to his brother, who went to prison for selling cocaine before overcoming his addiction, said: "If drugs were legal, I don't think he'd be alive today."

While the new president is expected to reverse some Republican social policies early on, executive orders tampering with the severity of the drug laws that have been enacted over the past twelve years are not anywhere near, let alone on, the table. Compared to the economy and healthcare, after all, drug-law reform isn't a burning issue. But like the smoke that hasn't stopped wafting out of college dorm rooms since the '60s, something is in the air.

You can hear it at concerts and on MTV, not from old hippies and Rastas like Bob Dylan and Jimmy Cliff, but from Chris Robinson of the Black Crowes and Chris Novoselic of Nirvana. You can read about it while waiting on line in the supermarket. In *Time* magazine last spring, a quote from the film director Robert Altman was enlarged on the page: "I do smoke pot," he said. "I sit on the front porch like a grandpa and try to enjoy the weather." And you can see it on the street, where urban hipsters are wearing T-shirts and baseball caps with cannabis-leaf logos.

Although pot smoking is down since it peaked in the late '70s, it remains as much a part of mainstream culture as beer drinking. It has been estimated that over 60 million Americans have smoked pot at least once, and that as many as 30 million smoke it regularly. Al Gore helped transform marijuana's negative symbolism by coming out of the pot closet to protect his presidential candidacy in 1988—but he wasn't the only one. Democratic senator Claiborne Pell of Rhode Island and right-wing Republican congressman Newt Gingrich of Georgia also copped to getting high in their capricious pasts, and it didn't destroy their careers. This—as well as the growing public perception that the judicial system is overburdened with soft-drug cases, that the Drug Enforcement Agency has too often unfairly seized the homes of small-time growers, and that marijuana is useful as a legitimate medicine—is what gives activists who are campaigning for legalization of marijuana cause for hope.

AT THE NEW MUSIC SEMINAR HELD AT THE Marriott Marquis in New York City last June, over five hundred industry people with attitude convened in the kind of big, bland, corporate conference room that usually makes you behave yourself. They were there for a seminar called "Pot in Pop:

LEFT: DAVIES & STARR; RIGHT: YVES GELLIE/GAMMA LIAISON

Let's Be Blunt." A panel of grunge-rock, heavy-metal, and hip-hop musicians and producers held forth from the dais on the hypocrisy of prohibition and the value of pot, not only for musicians but for society.

"It brings a lot of people together," said B-Real of Cypress Hill, a hip-hop band that put an image of a cannabis leaf on their first album. "After a show, people will come to the bus with a spliff, and it's white, it's black, it's everybody. With marijuana, there's no racism."

John Scott of Rush Management, who produces A Tribe Called Quest, Run-D.M.C., De La Soul, and other bands, said that a number of his artists get high before going into recording sessions because it helps ideas flow for music tracks, as well as for videos. (He doesn't like his bands to smoke before concerts, however: "They don't know what's going on—they're all over the place.")

Almost everybody had such nice things to say about pot that it began to sound like a Tupperware party. Suddenly, though, a voice of dissent rose up from the valley of affirming heads. Jim Fouratt, a public relations rep from Rhino Records with a reputation for playing the gadfly, started firing off the standard list of dangers. (According to various studies, dangerous physical and behavioral reactions to marijuana are almost unknown.) One of the panelists told him that people hear that sort of thing every day from the Partnership for a Drug-Free America, which is financially supported in part by pharmaceutical, beer, and cigarette companies.

"This isn't a seminar, it's a rally," Fouratt yelled.

"Listen," John Scott yelled back. "Alcohol is bad for you. The sun is bad for you. Walking behind a bus, breathing its exhaust is bad for you. Food can give you cancer. It all comes down to moderation and personal responsibility."

In the '60s, pot was a part of a tribal culture of protest that gave rock 'n' roll its voice. In the '70s, reggae musicians touted pot as an aid to enlightenment sanctioned by their god, Jah Rastafari. In the '80s, punk and New Wave pretty much flushed anything mellow, spiritual, and earnest down the drain, supplanting hippie culture with a cynical, pointy-shoed nihilism that made more dangerous drugs like cocaine and heroin fashionable. (Federal policy also contributed to the escalation of harder drug use in the '80s by curtailing the importation of marijuana, which, because of its bulk, was difficult to smuggle.) Now, with the recession, the revival of '60s fashion, poverty-as-chic, health food, acoustic "unplugged" music, new-age philosophy, and being nice, pot is back and of interest to a second generation of smokers.

"Things go in cycles," says Sub Pop grunge-rock producer Bruce Pavitt of Seattle, a center of the neo-hippie movement and some of the best indoor hydroponic pot growing in the country. "I've seen a resurgence of the use of pot as a reaction to the decadence and abuse and tragedy of overdoses by hard-drug users. It all comes down to one thing: People like to do drugs. Pot is the safest recreational drug you can use, and it *does* stimulate creativity."

"I grew up in a really uptight town," says the Spin Doctors' Chris Barron. "We used to smoke pot in this graveyard. I remember walking around there and looking at all the houses on the street and noticing how they looked like a stage set for marionettes. The trees looked like giants shielding their faces from the wind, and buses would go by and you could feel the tonnage of them, all that steel and rubber and glass—it's there and then it's gone. Pot took the veneer off the town and removed its shroud of pretense.

"People talk about pot decreasing your motivation," he continues, "but I think that's just a matter of discipline. Pot's a form of inspiration, but not the only form. When I smoke, it makes me feel like playing guitar for hours and writing songs. I'm lucky, because that's what my job is. Poetry is kind of a stoned thing, in a way. It jumps back and forth between the microscopic and the macroscopic. That's what the stoned mentality is like. It helps your mind creep into the crannies and find the universe there."

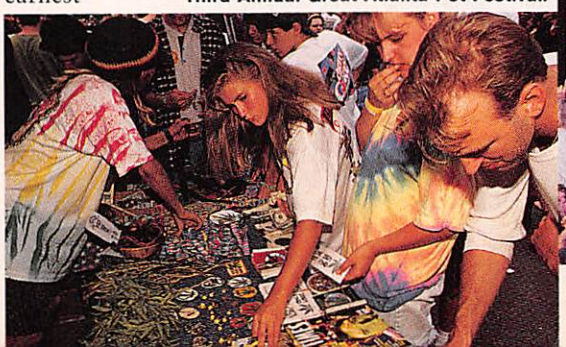
While the lyrical, dreamlike quality of the work of some of today's most successful young filmmakers—Gus Van Sant and Tim Burton, for example—seems like it could be informed, in part, by pot smoking, it's really the musicians who are piping up the most about pot right now. "Selling marijuana is one of the most respectable things anyone could do," Sinéad O'Connor told *Rolling Stone* magazine last fall. "I think everybody should smoke it . . . it teaches you a lot about yourself. It forces you to feel." The Beastie Boys, House of Pain, Run-D.M.C., Gibby Haynes of the Butthole Surfers, Das EFX, A Tribe Called Quest, and others in a smoky rainbow coalition have all celebrated, in print and in song, the virtues of marijuana.

Because there's money invested where their mouths are and because a live concert is an excellent soapbox, musicians may get the wheels of change spinning faster than any political organization. The Black Crowes, who got kicked off the Miller Lite–backed ZZ Top tour last year for slamming corporate sponsorship of rock music, have now become marijuana advocates. Last April, they headlined the Third Annual Great Atlanta Pot Festival, a benefit for the National Organization for the Reform of Marijuana Laws (NORML) that attracted 50,000 people and made national news.

"Pot's a drug a lot of people feel good about promoting right now, over and above its pleasurable effects, because of its other uses," says Sub Pop's Bruce Pavitt. Indeed, in addition to its association with the kicked-back spirit of the times, pot's other big draw for the twentysomething crowd is the environmental correctness of hemp, the cannabis plant. It grows easily almost everywhere and, when harvested, yields four times as much paper per acre as trees, makes a stronger fiber than cotton, and is an excellent source of fuel and protein. "Pot for fuel, food, and fiber," Chris Novoselic of Nirvana said in *RIP Photo Special,* a small music publication. "You can run a diesel engine off hempseed fiber. It burns a lot cleaner."

Along with love beads and granny glasses, activism is back in fashion, and Cypress

Below: The Cannabis Action Network on the road with the 1992 Lollapalooza festival. Right: The Black Crowes perform at the 1992 Third Annual Great Atlanta Pot Festival.



Hill's B-Real is trying to do for marijuana what Sting's done for the rain forests and Liz Taylor's done for AIDS. He tells everyone who will listen to sign petitions and write their representatives: "If you wanna be down with it, do it." As official hip-hop spokesmen for NORML, Cypress Hill distribute literature at concerts and deliver its message to the media.

NORML, by some accounts, could use a boost. To its credit, the twenty-two-year-old organization, still the top marijuana advocacy organization at a national level, remains an excellent source of legal information, maintains a drug-test advisory hot line, and is planning to open new resource centers. But it has been unable to make a substantial impact on federal policy, so its effectiveness as the leader of the movement has been under question.

In response to disenchantment with NORML, smaller organizations, run by a new generation of fresher activists, have picked up the ball. The Cannabis Action Network (CAN), for example, is an all-volunteer organization that originated in Kentucky, where marijuana is the number-one cash crop. Its members, a soft-spoken but persuasive band of second-generation pot smokers, have fixated on legalization the way some people have on the Lord. They meet with legislators and senators' aides, needling them with disarming information about how the hemp plant can save the world. They suggest politely that George Washington's diary indicates he may have smoked it. They tell them that Thomas Jefferson grew it, that drafts of the Declaration of Independence were written on it, and that during World War II George Bush floated to safety on a parachute made of it. They inform them that hemp is efficient and environmentally sound, and that it was demonized and outlawed in 1937 because the timber industry found it a threat to business.

"You'd be surprised how many people turn down the chance to learn something new," says Monica Pratt, twenty-one, one of the organization's leaders. "But public opinion is changing, so politicians are eager to take our information and check it out. Hey, Washington doesn't have to be so intimidating. Those are real people, and you have to just go in and talk to them." Pratt, whose easy Southern manner is funky and smooth at the same time, wouldn't make a bad VJ on MTV.

Bob Morris wrote about Santa Cruz, California, in the August issue of Details.

Most of CAN's advocacy work is done at events on the road on The Hemp Tour: New York's Smoke-In, Ann Arbor's Hash Bash, Madison's Weedstock, and over a hundred other events in member cities. Traveling from state to state in an old van with their Hemp Museum in tow, a small, devoted crew pollinates the efforts of local organizations by linking them in a national network and helping them plan rallies and concerts. CAN got an added boost last summer when it was invited to be an official part of the 1992 Lollapalooza Tour.

"I've seen a resurgence of the use of pot as a reaction to the tragedy of overdoses from hard-drug users," says grunge-rock producer Bruce Pavitt. "Pot is the safest recreational drug you can use, and it *does* stimulate creativity."

B-Real of Cypress Hill (above) is hip-hop's most vocal advocate for the reform of marijuana laws.

"Eight hundred thousand people attended those shows," says Pratt. "We had a sea of people all around us and we got lots of good press. Every TV spot we got was positive. We talk to a lot of teenagers and college students who are unhappy with our service-oriented economy and depressed with the idea of a lifetime of working at McDonald's. They're looking for alternatives, and they're tired of buying information they know isn't true. They've smoked pot themselves to alter their consciousness, and they've found out it's not really bad for you. After that, they want to know more.

"We call our road work 'planting seeds,' " says Pratt, who recently decided to cut back on her nomadic lifestyle, move to Washington, and "have a more intimate relationship with people on the Hill."

IF JOEL PROYECT'S LIFE WERE A MOVIE, IT might begin, before the opening credits, with the sound of a ticking clock and easy breathing on a screen of darkness. Slowly the screen fades up to reveal him, a wiry man with a leathery face, entangled in a deep sleep with his girlfriend, Debbie Kyriakousis, a dark-haired, younger beauty. Outside the windows of the log house Proyect built himself in New York's Catskill Mountains, we see that it's summer and that the sun is casting early-morning shadows on the wild blueberry bushes in the surrounding meadows. There's a loud knocking. Proyect mutters something and gets out of bed, puts on his bathrobe, and walks to the door. He opens it to find about twenty men in navy blue windbreakers and DEA caps. "Joel Proyect," one of them says, "you're under arrest for the cultivation and sale of marijuana."

"You're not serious," Proyect says.

Music comes up ("I Fought the Law and the Law Won") over the next sequence, in which they march him over to a police car, throw him in it, and drive off.

Joel Proyect's life right now is a lot of things. One thing it isn't is a movie. He should have known—helicopters had been flying so low over his property in the months before the bust that the faces of pilots were identifiable to his kids. He should have known, but he didn't. He thought that, at worst, growing marijuana for personal use with no intention to sell it would be considered a misdemeanor. It is, according to New York State law. But by notifying the Mid-Hudson Drug Task Force, a regional arm of the Drug Enforcement Agency, a member of the local police department chose to set the federal govern-

LEFT, FROM LEFT: ADAM TAYLOR/IMPACT VISUALS; ANDRE GROSSMANN; RIGHT: ANDRE GROSSMANN

ment after him. In accordance with its strict minimum mandatory sentencing policy, federal law says that "the manufacturing" of over one hundred cannabis plants is a felony, and a most serious one at that.

In August 1991, Proyect was sentenced to five years in prison and threatened with disbarment. Mandatory sentencing also required that he forfeit his home and land, which he is allowed to buy back from the federal government for its estimated value of $170,000. With his arrest costing him close to $100,000 in lost clients and legal fees, he doesn't have the money to buy back his house. He could have earned more money with his practice but chose not to. Instead, he took on court-assigned cases and represented clients who couldn't afford lawyers, so his annual income was a modest $32,000 a year. Now, after spending nine years building his home, it's not his anymore.

The local community was shocked by Proyect's arrest. Friends, social workers, and colleagues, as well as the executive director of the Sullivan County Legal Aid Society, went on record, lauding his generosity and civic-mindedness. The chairman of the county Democratic party wrote that Proyect was "meticulous and a tough adversary, but he is also a kind, compassionate human being who is truly understanding of the plight of others." Even a local police sergeant went on record in support of Proyect's character. "He is a kind, concerned individual," he testified.

Proyect wasn't always the earthy, civic-minded iconoclast he is today. In the late '60s, he was a young, smug materialist who, as a county district attorney, tried to stop the Woodstock music festival from descending on the area. He drove German sports cars and says he was "really straight and really unhappy." He claims that the spiritual turnaround that put him on a kinder, gentler course began when he started smoking marijuana.

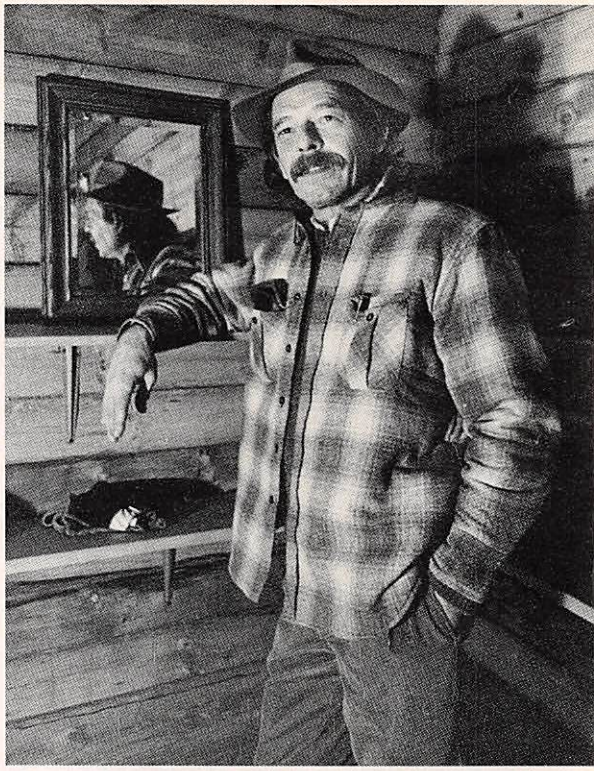
"For me, it's far from an escape from reality," Proyect explains one afternoon in his ramshackle little office in South Fallsburg. "In fact, it brings me much closer *to* reality. It helps me see things that are really important. It keeps things in perspective and keeps me from getting too caught up in the vicissitudes of life. What I like about pot is that it relaxes you and makes you alert at the same time. Basically I'm doing tedious, aggravating work, trying to help people who are in trouble. Invariably I'd have a joint after lunch or on my way home from work. Who am I hurting?"

Apparently nobody, because his reputation as a lawyer in the county (where he was a recent vice president of the bar association) remained, even after his highly publicized bust, a good one. "I think the world would be a much better place if everybody smoked pot," he says. "There wouldn't be so much fear, paranoia, and self-righteousness. They have to make some new laws."

Judge Vincent Broderick of federal district court, who heard Proyect's case last May and wasn't into making any new laws, *did* say he hoped Proyect's five-year prison sentence (more than most armed bank robbers and some murderers end up serving) would be reversed on appeal. Proyect's defense—that of the 110 plants he was growing, only half of them, the females, which contain high levels of the psychoactive tetrahydrocannabinol (THC), would be harvested and used—didn't work. With no evidence that Proyect was selling, Broderick could have set a precedent by reducing the mandatory sentence, but he didn't. Proyect thinks Broderick was embarrassed to see an attorney get himself into such an incriminating situation and wanted to provide a lesson to the world.

"The government can't have pot smokers with successful lives," he says. "I used to be more remorseful about what I'd done, but since the Feds have gone after my balls, remorse is not my first reaction anymore. Some people ask me what my job is, if not to uphold the law. I think it's protecting people from the government."

BECAUSE LAW ENFORCEMENT AGENTS HAVEN'T had much luck catching big-time dealers of hard drugs, the bludgeoning of little guys increased during the Bush years. In its annual report, the DEA called last year's expanded Cannabis Eradication/Suppression efforts a "major success." (The obituaries of three of its helicopter pilots, all killed in accidents, lend some irony to that claim.) Joel Proyect, who under New York State law could have been sentenced to a fine of $100 instead of five years in prison and loss of his property, is one of many little guys. With increased surveillance techniques, including the use of thermal imaging, infrared technology systems, and spray guns from helicopters, busts like Proyect's have been happening all over the country.



Above: Joel Proyect in his log house. Right: Barbra and Ken Jenks in 1991. After their conviction, an appeals court ruled they could legally use marijuana as medication. They subsequently became activists for the Marijuana AIDS Research Project.

Last spring, *USA Today* ran a page-one story critical of the federal forfeiture law put in place during "Drug Czar" William Bennett's reign; the statute gives federal agents the power to take property without convicting or even charging the owner with a crime. The article began with the tale of a New Hampshire gravel pit worker and his wife, who were battling to keep their $22,000 mobile home. They were growing four cannabis plants.

But it's not just the forfeiture law that's getting a lot of bad press of late. DEA-subsidized helicopter flyovers during harvest season have been turning peaceful areas into warlike zones. The paramilitary activities of Operation Green Sweep, an attempt to eradicate marijuana plants on public lands in northern California, provoked a lawsuit. "These operations deliberately employed methods that reach or exceed the boundaries of constitutionally valid law-enforcement conduct," concluded a California district court judge.

"With Clinton's election, I almost have a renewed spirit," says Joel Proyect. "I've been corresponding with members of the House and Senate. I don't know if they'll change the law to get me out of this mess, but clearly there's some movement, even from conservatives. There's change in the air."

PROYECT HAD A SIGN ON HIS GATE THAT SAID *L'AVOCAT SAUVAGE*, French for "the wild lawyer." If he was a bit of a cinematic,

LEFT: JOYCE DOPKEEN/NY TIMES; RIGHT: P. GORMAN

swashbuckling type before getting busted, Ken Jenks and his wife, Barbra, were plain, quiet folks, living a rather uncinematic life in a one-bedroom trailer in Panama City Beach, Florida.

A self-described moderate who preferred beer to marijuana, Ken Jenks installed security alarms for a living. Barbra worked as a convenience-store clerk. They fished together, catching king mackerel, cobia, and flounder in the blue-green waters of the Gulf of Mexico. Sometimes Ken played his stereo too loud in the trailer, which they bought for $500, and Barbra'd tell him to turn it down. The only thing that made them unusual, really, was that they had AIDS. Ken, now thirty, is a hemophiliac who became HIV-positive when he received tainted blood; he passed the virus on to his wife, four years his junior, before he knew he was infected.

"It was a pretty dark day," says Ken Jenks of his arrest for growing marijuana, which he and his wife smoked to cope with HIV-related wasting syndrome. "I was in jail, I was being branded a criminal, *and* I had AIDS."

They began smoking marijuana to cope with the nausea and severe weight loss caused by HIV-related wasting syndrome and the battery of drugs they were taking. Because pot was expensive and illegal to buy, and for the bad times when they didn't have any, they were growing two plants in their trailer.

On March 29, 1990, they had just gotten home from work. Barbra was making dinner when there was a pounding on the door. Ken tried to open it, but he couldn't because the police had already started breaking it down with a battering ram. Jenks tried to tell them through a crack that the door opened out, not in, but when he did, one of them pointed a pistol at him. He finally gave up and sat down on the floor, letting them break through.

Ten local officers from the Bay County Narcotics Task Force stormed in, dressed in black, pointing guns at Barbra and Ken. One of them held a gun to Barbra's head while the others conducted a search, producing the two plants—each about six inches high—and a scale. They also found the syringes Ken used for his hemophilia medications and accused him of being a heroin addict. After the agents bullied them, demanding they turn in their friends, Barbra and Ken were handcuffed, taken away, and thrown in jail. "It was a pretty dark day," Ken says with a little laugh of disbelief. "I was in jail, I was being branded a criminal, *and* I had AIDS."

A friend paid $600 to get them out on bail, but Ken was fired from his job for being arrested. It took a year for him to start getting social security, which would also pay his medical bills; in the meantime, they lived on Barbra's monthly $450 disability checks, which she had begun to receive after she became too ill to work. After being convicted by a county judge, Barbra and Ken appealed, and a few months later the state court of appeals overturned the conviction, ruling that they could legally use marijuana for medication. The FDA shipped them their first can of three hundred meticulously rolled joints in February 1991. Jenks told the papers that he felt vindicated. His wife said that she'd smoked better, but it worked.

After that, the Jenkses became activists and started working on behalf of the Marijuana AIDS Research Project—a Washington-based advocacy group—and NORML. In October of 1991, they spoke out in support of San Francisco's Proposition P, a local initiative to allow people who need marijuana as medicine to grow up to six plants for personal use. The measure received an overwhelming 80 percent of the vote the following month. That winter, Barbra Jenks died from MAI, a severe strain of tuberculosis common among people with HIV.

THE ISSUE THAT ACTIVIST GROUPS ARE PUSHing the hardest right now, and the one that might just swing public opinion furthest, is that of marijuana as medicine. Surveys of cancer specialists indicate that marijuana is frequently recommended to chemotherapy patients to help battle the debilitating effects of treatment, including the weight loss that comes from nausea and vomiting. Other research indicates marijuana is effective in the reduction of muscle spasms common to neurological conditions such as epilepsy and multiple sclerosis. The most longstanding recommended use for medical marijuana to date, however, has been to reduce pressure in the eyes of glaucoma patients.

For the past year or so, CAN organizers have been traveling around the country with a spokeswoman named Elvy Musikka, a chirpy, middle-aged Floridian with glaucoma and one of thirteen people in the country to legally receive medical marijuana from the federal government's high-security pot farm in Oxford, Mississippi. Arrested in 1988 for growing a few plants (again, pot was expensive and hard to get), Musikka went to trial, fought the charges, and with the help of testimony from her ophthalmologist and Dr. Robert Randall, the first American to receive medical marijuana for his eyesight, she was found not guilty. The marijuana she now receives comes to her packed and rolled in a can. She says it's like Mexican (not the potent domestic female sinsemilla) and not very strong, but, smoking the recommended dosage of five joints a day, it's doing the trick and has stabilized her vision.

In 1988, a month after Musikka's trial in Florida, Francis L. Young, an administrative law judge in Washington who was presiding over a suit brought against the DEA by NORML and the Drug Policy Foundation, ruled in favor of reclassifying marijuana as a Schedule II drug (like cocaine and morphine) with accepted medical uses. (Pot is currently classified as a Schedule I drug, like LSD and heroin.) "The evidence . . . clearly shows that marijuana has been accepted as capable of relieving the distress of great numbers of very ill people, and doing so with safety under medical supervision,"

(Continued on page 123)

MATSUDA
YUKIO KOBAYASHI
156 FIFTH AVE–461 PARK AVE, NEW YORK
BARNEYS NEW YORK
SEVENTH AVENUE AND SEVENTEENTH STREET
PHOTO: GEOF KERN

fast forward

The Speed of Life

WHAT'S NEW, PUSSYCAT?

Nothing and everything. Tom Jones's songs are the same, as is his look (notwithstanding a few extra pounds packed into those infamous tight pants); what *has* changed is his audience. The gyrating icon has expanded his appeal from the blue-rinse crowd to the blue-bottled-water crowd, and Tom Jones parties—complete with underwear throwing—are cropping up from Atlantic City to L.A. Defying all Darwinian logic, the dinosaur has remained extinct but the Lounge Lizard lives on.

TWENTYSOMETHING OVERKILL ALERT

The latest evidence of strife between the generations: a wave of new twentysomething publications drawing attention to baby boomers and their dubious ways. Worth a look: *The Next Progressive,* a Washington-based quarterly of political and cultural opinion which recently ran the story "Why I Hate Boomers," and *Diversity and Division,* which featured a cover story entitled "How Boomers Ruined America." There is also *Pure Magazine,* from Chicago, which diplomatically maintains that Generation Xers are "doing the best we can to tailor the world to our particular needs. Just like the generation before us." Those confused by all this should remember Ecclesiastes' observation, also quoted in *Pure,* that "one generation passeth away, and another cometh, but the earth abideth forever."

THE *DETAILS* DICTIONARY

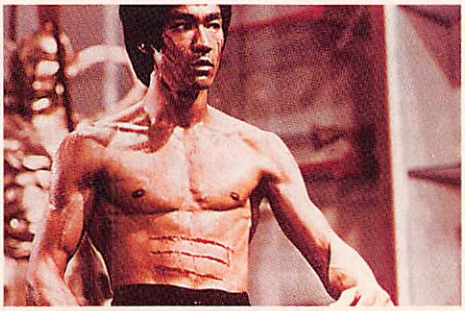
cash and prizes **('kash ən 'prīz-əz)** ***n.*** **[derived from film industry usage]: the rewards of selling out, whether sacrificing one's artistic credibility or moral principles:** ***I could join the Peace Corps, but I might sign up with Shearson Lehman and opt for cash and prizes.***

DRAG DERIVATION

On her dance-floor hit "Supermodel," RuPaul commands, "Turn to the left! Now turn to the right! Sashay! Shanté!" The only order that might give the aspiring supermodel pause is "shanté." The word seems to be a melding of a shortened form of *enchanté,* the boulevardier salutation, and *chantez,* the imperative of the French verb "to sing." The people at World of Wonder, the company that manages the seven-feet-tall drag queen, define the word as "to weave a bewitching spell." It is also conceivable that "shanté" is related to the Sanskrit *shantih,* repeated three times by T.S. Eliot as the ending to his poem "The Waste Land" and defined in the poem's postscript as "the peace which passeth understanding."

RETURN OF THE DRAGON

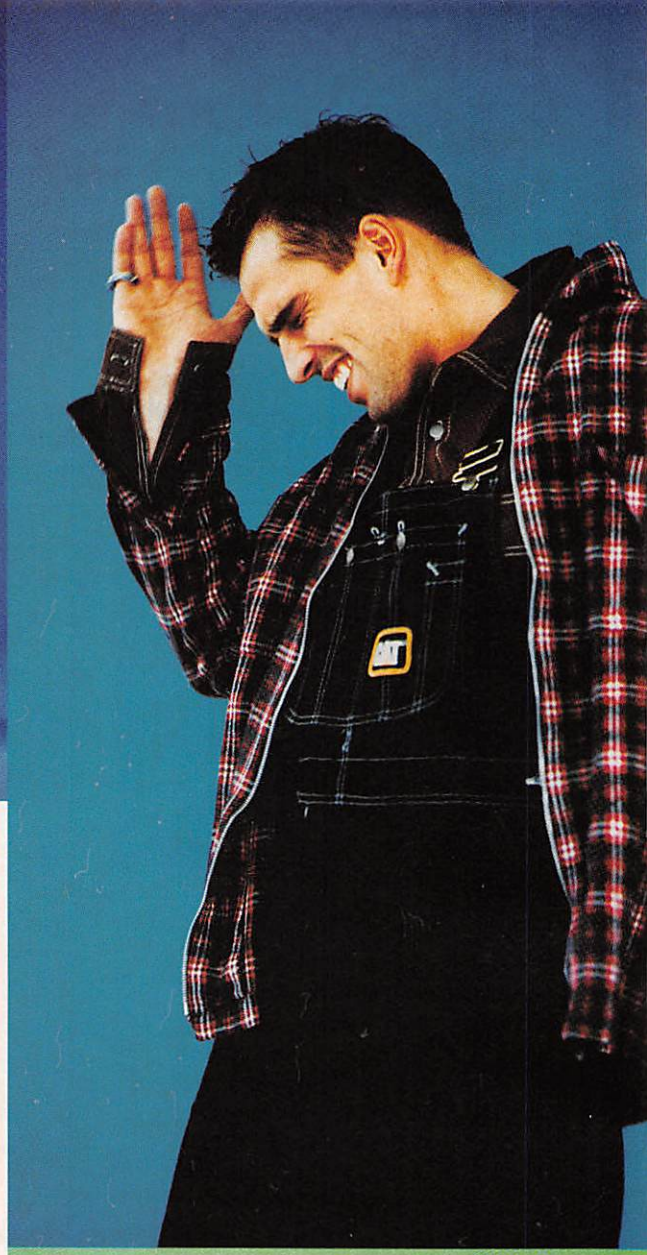
A Bruce Lee revival is on the horizon, with several projects based on the life of the cult martial-arts actor—including the movie *Dragon: A Life of Bruce Lee*—due this year, the twentieth anniversary of his death. The *Enter the Dragon* star has also been spotted on T-shirts in Los Angeles, complementing the city's prevailing muscle-car-and-tattoo aesthetic.



BROTHERS UNDER THE SKIN

In Japan these days, black is beautiful. Style-obsessed young Japanese are busily embracing hip-hop fashion, right down to the backward baseball caps, sneakers with studiously untied laces, low-slung baggies, and T-shirts with slogans like BROTHERS and BLACK WITH ATTITUDE. Many are taking the look one step further, visiting tanning salons to darken their skin and paying barbers up to $470 for a special process to dreadlock their hair. For those who want the natty Rasta look at a lower cost, a baseball cap with dreadlocks sewn in goes for about forty dollars.

CLOCKWISE FROM TOP: SKR/LONDON FEATURES; MICHAEL LAVINE/OUTLINE; ARCHIVE PHOTOS;



Working Class

This spring, canvas and denim work clothes become the new social fabric

By Glenn O'Brien

Fashion used to be based on the idea of class—the higher the better. The ideal was looking like you didn't have to work. Men wore crisp white shirts, silk ties, and shiny shoes. But all that fancy stuff is history. As gone as Gordon Gekko. Welcome to the age of inconspicuous consumption. We may or may not be rich, but we're not satisfied unless we look like we could hang some Sheetrock, plow the back forty, bag a few ducks, tune up the car, and put in some serious overtime before we punch out.

Work clothes as fashion may be a trend, but it's going to last for a while. They are just right for an uncertain economy, an unpredictable climate, and a decaying infrastructure. If clothing had political allegiances, these clothes would be Democrats. And that means at least four more years. We're going to get America moving again. So let's dress appropriately in case we have to get out and push.

The first time I ever saw work clothes as fashion was in the early-'70s gay community. In the straight world, peacock fashion was peaking. Businessmen dressed like Felix Unger, wearing checks under plaids, jackets with big lapels, and flared trousers. Meanwhile, gay guys looked like outlaw bikers, lumberjacks, and telephone linemen. They wore leather, traditional jeans (not flares), tough wool shirts, and sturdy footwear. The idea was obvious. If you love maleness and want to meet real macho macho men, why not dress like one?

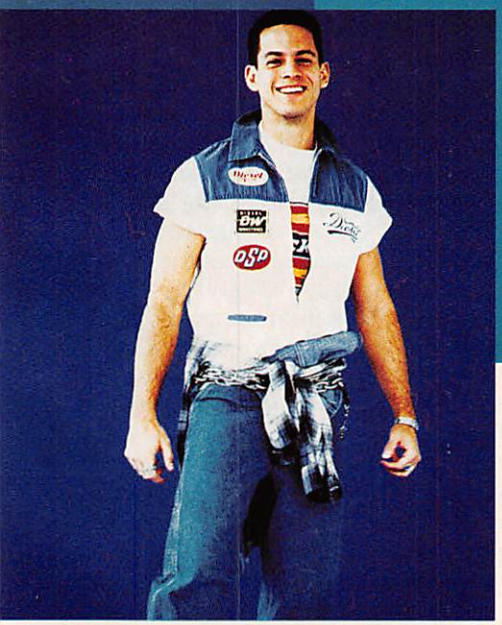
Today work clothes have become hip across the board. For good reason: They offer fine workmanship, high-quality material, and durability. They're comfy and roomy and they always have lots of pockets. The price is right. And they're for real. Realness means affecting unaffectedness. Dressing down as dressing up. And work clothes make sensible streetwear, especially in cities that have outlived the more genteel services, such as police protection, sanitation, street cleaning, and paving.

The outdoorsman look has been in style among fashionist urban blacks and their white bohemian counterparts for several seasons now. Timberland boots, Pendleton shirts, and Carhartt canvas jackets mix it up with Gap jeans and Armani

Opposite page, from left: Rubber windbreaker by Smith's Apparel Corp., $100. Shirt by Clobber, $55. Denim shorts by Jimmy 'Z, $28. Boots by Georgia Boots. Carpenter's jacket by OshKosh B'Gosh, $31. Coveralls by Dickies Workwear, $29. Tie from Kaufman's Army & Navy, NYC. Boots by Georgia Boots. CPO shirt-jacket by Kennsington Blue, $56. Workshirt by Rubber Soul, $52. CAT overalls by Big Smith, $36.

Above: Wally jacket, $70, and Ethico shirt, $35, both by B.C. Ethic. Chinos by Woolrich, $35. Left: Mechanic's vest by Diesel, $140. T-shirt by Dickies Workwear, $11. Vintage overalls by H.W. Carter & Sons, $55. Shirt (around waist) by Welt Wear, $42. All accessories from local hardware store.

For store information, see page 127.



Opposite page, from left: Workshirt by Smith's Apparel Corp., $60. Jeans by OshKosh B'Gosh, $19. Suspenders by Anthony Tarassi. Belt by Diesel. Jacket by Carhartt, $34. Vest by Utility Canvas, $65. Shirt by Wilke-Rodriguez. Raw-silk trousers and suspenders, both by J. Morgan Puett. Belt by Maroc Accessories.

suits. These days, the work ethic also embraces the uniforms of carpenters, mechanics, farmers, and train men. Even surf and homeboy sportswear designers are climbing aboard, with railroad-stripe shirts and shorts, pump jockey jackets, and denim workcoats.

Twenty years ago, CAT hats (from Caterpillar, the bulldozer people) were a sort of good-ole-boy cult accessory. Today CAT is licensing a line of work boots, jeans, and jackets that's the rage from the truck stops of Muncie to the hip-hop clubs of Manhattan. Dickies, outfitters of the American work force since 1922, are back in vogue. No wonder. Consider the Dickies workshirt. It is made extra-long to prevent "plumber's butt." Consider Dickies trousers. They are made with no-catch hems to prevent tangling in machinery and double-seamed rear ends for easy alteration in case of seasonal blubber variation.

I've been waiting to jump on this fashion bandwagon. I like the look of these overalls I spotted in the Carhartt catalogue. They have double knees. That means more comfort while praying and it means that I'm virtually assured of never having ripped knees—the worst fashion trend of the late twentieth century. Then there's the Carhartt blaze orange hunting vest, just the thing to wear when trying to hail a cab or cross Sixth Avenue against the light after a few martinis. You'll really stand out. And the built-in game pouch is the perfect place to carry your doggie bag after dining in a fine restaurant. For color-coordination freaks, Dickies coveralls come in eight shades, including royal blue, and all feature Scotchgard™ Stain Release, which means you can paint, lubricate, or hurl without worry.

You may think this workman trend is a passing fancy, but I think it's just getting started. And the accessories may be the best part. Why wear an alligator belt when a chain can hold up your pants? Why bother with Cartier cuff links when a nut and bolt will do? And ditch those fanny packs (they always looked like scrotum substitutes to me) for the real thing, the Carhartt nail apron: twelve-ounce brown duck, four pockets, one pencil pocket, two tool loops. It can hold your cellular phone, Filofax, electronic organizer, pager, Mont Blanc pen, Totes umbrella, and leave you with two free hands. Ready to work.

Glenn O'Brien is a regular style commentator for *Details*.

DAVID JENSEN; FASHION: JEFFREY UHL; GROOMING: DANIEL HOWELL FOR IVY BERNHARD

Can't Buy Me Love

Anka Radakovich, our sexual-affairs correspondent, hires a matchmaker

Another Saturday night and I ain't got nobody. Exhausted from last month's foray into the personal ads and rapidly becoming hypnotized by The Weather Channel, I called a girlfriend to complain about turning into a dateless hag. We agreed that getting laid wasn't the problem; the problem was finding someone who didn't irritate us the morning after. "We could join a video dating service like they did in *Singles,*" she said. "Or we could try lesbianism." To her disappointment, I decided to go video.

I looked in the yellow pages under "Dating." Amid the ads for male escort services, I found a number of listings. One called itself a "personal introduction service"; another promised "video exchanges with selective members." I called several services only to discover that many of the numbers had been disconnected. A few more calls revealed that the New York attorney general's office had closed some services for fraud and overcharging. I reconsidered the escort option.

In the back of one magazine, I noticed an ad for a woman who described herself as "New York's Premier Matchmaker." Next to a photo of a young blonde was a caption: "Are you someone special who isn't meeting that special someone?" When I called, a woman named Denise answered. She swore she was legit and promised to find me the man of my dreams the old-fashioned way, through the centuries-old practice of matchmaking.

Traditionally, matchmaking was an affair brokered in Jewish culture by *shadkhanim* or yentas. I thought of *Fiddler on the Roof.* I thought of my grandparents, whose marriage had been arranged when they were teens, before they emigrated from Yugoslavia in 1918. I thought of my own parents, who were introduced by a priest at a golf tournament. I thought of how pathetic I felt making the appointment.

Outside the swanky apartment building, I was greeted by a white-gloved doorman. Upstairs, Denise's mother answered the door in a pink jogging suit and announced that she was her daughter's image consultant. She served me soda in a champagne glass. Then Denise, who looked at least ten years older and forty pounds heavier than her photo, began our meeting by stressing that each applicant is "pre-screened," which meant I would be required to take an AIDS test and have my educational and criminal records investigated. I flashed back to my wild years as a juvenile delinqent and wondered how my record ("minor in possession of alcohol . . . indecent exposure . . .") would look now.

After some preliminary questions, she asked me what age I was looking for.

"Twenties or thirties," I said.

"How about someone around forty-five?"

"Too old," I said.

"He's a *young* forty-five," piped in Mom.

The more we spoke, the more she tried to convince me that I should be "flexible." Then she told me her fee. "Ten thousand dollars. Think of it as an *investment.* I personally go to parties or art openings, pick out men, and arrange an introduction." For an additional price she also did special searches, like the one she recently conducted in Wyoming for a man who wanted "a Western cowgirl." At that point, I realized that a matchmaker is something between a personal shopper and a pimp.

When I got home, I hauled out my yellow pages again and looked under "Matchmakers." I called one listing. It turned out to be a dog-breeding service.

The next one I contacted referred to herself as an "executive heart hunter." Her service, which cost $2,000 for two and a half years, included a subscription to *The Highly Classifieds,* a monthly newsletter that lists one hundred people and their lengthy personal ads. "It's the processed and filtered way to meet someone if you don't have time," she said. I told her I prefer my cigarettes filtered, not my men.

She loaned me the newsletter and I scanned the ads. One said, "The only way to picture me is to imagine Alan Alda snorkeling." Another read, "If you have tortoise shell glasses, I'll book the hall!" The last one said, "My company makes computer products and I need a wife who can manipulate, coerce, and motivate people within reasonable morality." (Wanted: a computer with tits.)

My search continued with a call to Class, "the uncommon Dating Service with world-class introductions," which was run by Jessica, a sweet woman in her seventies. Her $700 fee, a bargain by comparison, included a "lifetime membership," which didn't guarantee much, considering her age.

A former concert pianist from Chicago, Jessica has been a matchmaker since the '40s, when she first fixed up a buxom brunette with a gangster. Envisioning a young mafioso sucking my breasts, I wrote out a check.

Then the advice segment began. "You don't want to come off too strong; that can be intimidating to a man," she said. (I'm glad I didn't tell her I've been known to light my farts on fire on the second date.) "You should also think about 'disassembling' yourself. Don't show your brilliance too soon." That's easy, I thought, I'll just act like I don't know who Michael Jordan is.

"And don't judge on looks alone."

"Guys do it, why can't I?" I asked.

"Because, my dear, you'll be a bachelor girl for a long time." As our three-hour meeting came to an end, she said, "Anka, you're a lovely girl with a lovely face and a darling figure, but your hair is going to take some getting used to." (Translation: "It would be easier setting you up if you didn't look so slutty.") Finally, she lectured me on disease protection ("use two condoms") and sent me out to meet my future husband.

I didn't have a clue what Rich looked like since Jessica kept her thumb on his photo while describing him. All I knew was that he was a thirty-eight-year-old investment banker who wanted someone from a good family who could be a social asset. When he called, he described himself as "very all-American, very good-looking, sort of like Gidget's brother." When we met, I tried not to look disappointed. He was very thin, with thick aviator glasses, not much hair, and even less of a chin. He could have co-starred in "Gidget Goes to Nerdsville."

He instantly proved himself to be a real "Hello, how am I?" kind of guy. He reeled off his

AD MCCAULEY

résumé ("MBA from Yale, house in the Hamptons, country-club lifestyle") then tried to impress me by telling me that "upper echelon" bankers like him really are "geniuses." I steered the conversation to movies and he said, "I don't know what was so funny about *Wayne's World*. I walked out." At that point, so did I.

Bachelor number two was Dan. At forty-two, he was older than I wanted, but as Jessica told me, he was someone I "shouldn't pass up."

Dan was a classical flutist who played in the symphony and wrote advertising jingles on the side. He sounded great on the phone, but when I walked into the café to meet him, my hopes plunged. He had reddish hair, a mustache, a barrel chest, and a fat stomach. I was more attracted to my dog. The worst part was that he turned out to be very likable. We discussed the nature of creativity, insanity, and Camus. He was so charming that for a second I fantasized about having sex with him with a bag over his head. The date ended with him saying, "You look like Winona." Instead of graciously accepting the compliment, I blurted, "Wynonna Judd?"

My third bachelor was Tom, a thirty-four-year-old doctor who specialized in liver transplants and tissue research. I made the mistake of saying, "Tissue research, how interesting!" and he launched into a monologue about isolating tissue cultures. After fifteen tedious minutes, I changed the subject to avoid going face down into my fettuccine. "When they do sex-change operations from male to female, do they really stuff the meat back up in there?" I asked. He looked at me suspiciously, as if I were considering the operation.

Next came Sidney, a man who Jessica told me "doesn't date much" but made $500,000 a year with his employment agency. Sid was in his mid-forties, with a graying ponytail and a sprawling nose. After three minutes he asked, "So, do you think I'm cute?" Ten minutes later he asked, "So, are we falling in love yet?" Then he started doing magic tricks. When he finally put away the magic handkerchief, the conversation turned to the '70s and drugs. He told me he was heavily into Quaaludes back then. Too bad, I thought, I could use some now. When I said I had to leave, he insisted on walking with me. Once outside, he produced three plastic balls from his pocket and juggled them all the way home.

Another Saturday night and I'm dateless again. Jessica calls to tell me to "be patient. This was only the first batch." I thought of the expression "Marriages are like pancakes. You have to throw the first batch out." But it was little consolation. Now I'm broke and can't afford to go out because I just squandered $700. But that's O.K.—I don't mind sitting home as long as I'm getting some work done. I think my next piece will be about masturbation.

Anka Radakovich is still on the prowl.

poetry

This Year's Valentine Address

Delivered by Glenn O'Brien

We're looking ***for a few good women with the mettle to be enablers.***

We're looking ***for a few experienced codependents to list on our psychic income tax.***

We're looking ***for a few crazy mamas to hold down the rear fenders of our choppers.***

We're looking ***for a few wild things to move us.***

We're looking ***for a few women who love too much to help pass the time.***

We're looking ***for a few good virgins to sacrifice to our softball team.***

We're looking ***for sincere, caring, non-ageist females who don't eat tuna for companionship; long walks on the beach; listening to Bach, Beethoven, and the Beatles; dinner; dancing; and maybe more.***

We're looking ***for a few foxes who enjoy the chase.***

We're looking ***for female volunteers from 18–24 to participate in a parapsychology experiment.***

We're looking ***for young women who want to be models or to look just like one.***

We're looking ***for a few young ladies to ride in our Mercedes.***

We're looking ***for a few young women who are powerless over alcohol to go have a cup of coffee. Or maybe a couple of drinks.***

We're looking ***for stewardesses to share our Upper East Side apartment with Jacuzzi and own bathroom.***

We're looking ***for good, decent women to become the mothers of our children.***

We're looking ***for females of any race or creed who like to party.***

We're looking ***for that one lifelong soulmate to achieve our destiny and make us complete.***

We're looking ***for a few disgruntled lesbians to achieve heterosexuality through Eli Siegel's proven techniques of Aesthetic Realism.***

We're looking ***for mature, equal partners, not mothers or maids or concubines.***

We're looking ***for bi females who are into apartment-house wrestling.***

We're looking ***for divorcées who believe there must be more to life.***

We're looking ***for married women who have their afternoons free.***

We're looking ***for female college students to intern in our busy midtown office.***

We're looking ***for dancers to earn high pay, no experience necessary.***

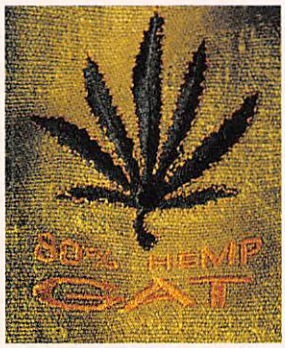
We're looking ***for a love, a love to call our own.***

Help us now.

Glenn O'Brien, a frequent contributor to *Details*, edited Madonna's *Sex*.

STYLE WATCH

High fashion has taken on a new meaning lately. Marijuana is popping up as a decorative motif on surf and hip-hop clothes, from Gypsys & Thieves' embroidered poncho (*left,* $116) to club T-shirts by the blatantly named Fuct, which feature Pepe le Pew toking a jay. Even House of Pain rapper Danny Boy is twisting up dope fashion as a founding member of the Original Weed Wear, which produces ganja leaf–embroidered hats and T-shirts. • Overheard at a recent New York fashion party: "Baseball caps should only be worn backward when one is performing oral sex." • In keeping with the new workwear fashion (see page 36), we suggest a trip to the hardware store for accessories. By-the-yard chain can be transformed into necklaces, bracelets, and belts; washers become rings; and, for less than a buck, nuts and bolts (*right*) are perfect with French-cuffed shirts.



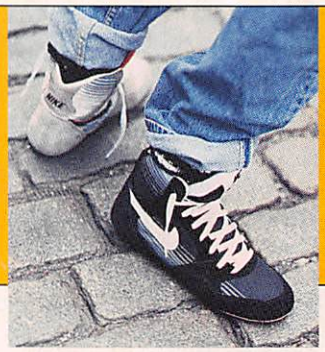
THE MIDDLE PART

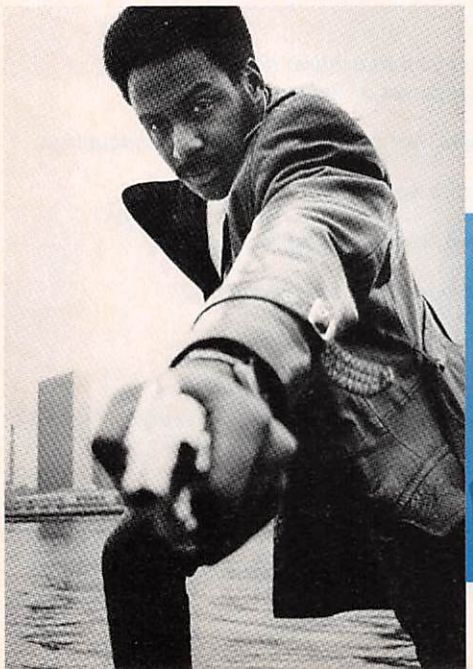
This spring, think hippie. To encourage such thoughts, we suggest middle-parting your hair. The current take on this hair revolution is dividing into two camps: ethereal vs. grunge. Like Jesus', the ethereal hippie's hair is clean and meticulously groomed. To achieve this flower-power look, wash hair daily (stylists recommend Prell; classicists opt for Clairol Herbal Essence), blow-dry, and then, using your nose as a guideline and starting at the crown, draw a line down the middle of your head with a comb and part hair to each side. Practice makes perfect. The grunge middle part, frequently seen on Seattle types, is less taxing. Washing becomes an option, but we suggest a good cleaning at least once a week. Apply pomades such as Murray's and NuNile (above) until hair is well waxed. No comb is required; use your fingers to create a middle part. No matter how you groom it, the middle part is best suited to longer hair, unless you bear a striking resemblance to the *Little Rascals*' Alfalfa.

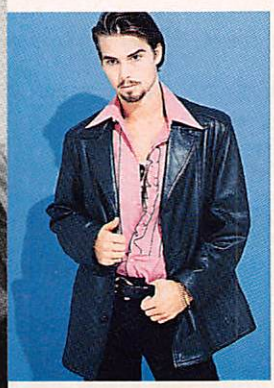
JPI/BETTMANN ARCHIVE; THE BETTMANN ARCHIVE; CHRISTOPHER GALLO; JOHN HEIL; JOHN HEIL, GROOMING: NANCY SCHALL FOR VISAGES STYLE, NYC;

GET IN THE RING

What goes up must come down. Now that sneakers have been Air Jordan-ed and Pump-ed up, the latest trend in street-smart athletic shoes calls for something sleek. Weighing in at under half a pound, the wrestling shoe is an alternative to clunky high tops and basketball boots. Our pick: the Greco Supreme by Nike (*right,* $41). And check out others by Cliff Keen, Adidas, and Converse.





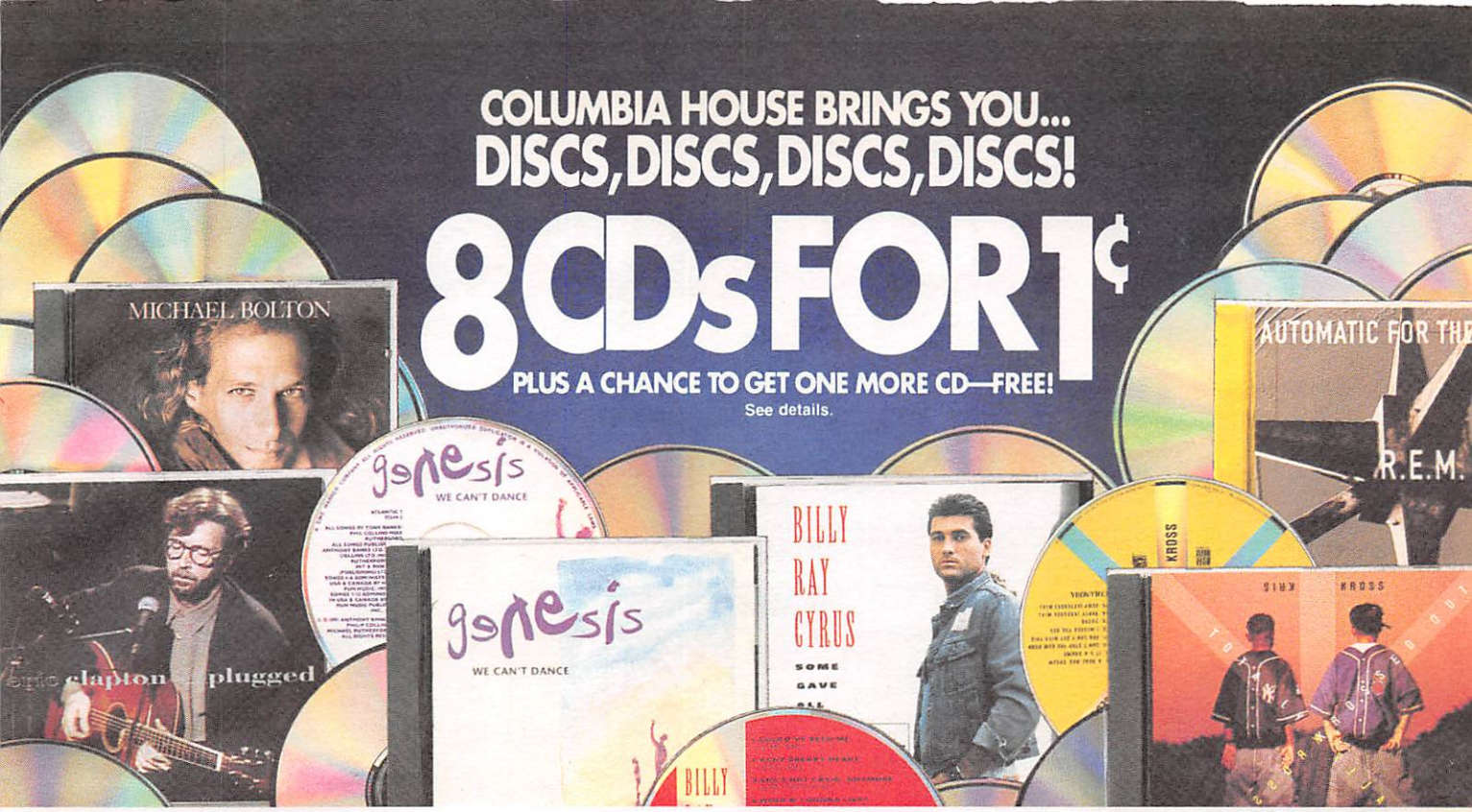


SLEAZY DOES IT

Vroom, vroom, you are *outtahere.* We hereby bid a fond farewell to the biker as the reigning bad boy on the block. Leather is still a necessity, but from all the '70s pimp sleaze oozing down runways and streets, it's clear the motorcycle jacket is being *Shaft*-ed (far left) for the car coat in leather or glorious '70s vinyl. One of the coolest: the black Taxi Driver from Detroit Motorcycle Company (*left,* $495), also available in superfly colors like pale green, orange, and yellow—all with black-is-beautiful topstitching. For a designer take, try sleaze king Helmut Lang; for those on a budget, the Salvation Army.

CLOCKWISE FROM TOP LEFT: CHRISTOPHER GALLO; ARCHIVE PHOTOS; CHALKIE DAVIES

For store information, see page 127.



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Mail and Female

Pushing the envelope: the ABCs of writing a love letter

By Andrew Corsello

I thought I'd stopped believing in cinematic love—the kind that conquers differences in temperament and age and especially location. But there I was at the wedding reception, exchanging long, bold looks with a mysterious older woman who a day later would jet back across the Atlantic to her London home. Save a quick handshake years ago, we were strangers. But we talked. And things happened. By nightfall, when she whispered that question in my ear and I bent down to her, resting a thumb in the bare cirque of skin between her shoulder and breastbone to say "Oh, yes," it was clear: In order to keep it all going, I would be writing her a love letter.

LATER, IN MY BEDROOM, I SAT AT A NINETEENTH-century school desk under the weak light of a fifty-watt bulb. The desk I hadn't used in years. But its worn oak top and iron-lacework legs fit my notion of love letter–writing as an antique art. Like whittling or glassblowing, it appeared to be a matter of details, and I tried to attend to each: Though my script is childish, I wrote by hand to imply thoughtfulness. I used black ink to convey purposefulness. And I chose stationery of miniature proportions for intimacy.

The writing itself didn't seem a daunting task. It would work like a business letter—a document to convince—but would be set to music, with the volume turned high. "Dear K," I began, before rendering my impressions of the wedding and then the events of my life. It was meticulous business, splicing and polishing each phrase to give the prose rhythm its own hypnotic persuasion. ("[The bride] seemed to be enveloped in a veil of light. . . . ") With each word I am weaving a web, I told myself. She will be mine.

At the end of the first page, I lifted the paper gingerly with both hands, beheld it at arm's length, and read . . . about half. What dreck! Had I actually written it? It was pompous and irrelevant and it sucked, and I flung it, rumpled, into the dark.

The approach was too scattershot. I needed to aim myself at her. But what did I know, save that she was smart and funny and sexual dynamite?

I conjured her face, which strikes me not because it is dramatic or pronounced—nothing stands out more than anything else—but because it is simple. With the exception of enormous aquamarine eyes, her features are dark and diminutive, conveying above all a shy intelligence. I recalled a moment when I spotted her talking to the bride's father. She sat with her legs crossed and a hand up under her chin, all easy self-assurance. The memory of it sent me into a swoon. *This* was why I was writing her in the first place: When did a woman last electrify my senses, make my lungs feel full by merely being present, and raise the stakes until I was very, very afraid of saying something wrong?

I wrote this down painstakingly—an attempt to be refreshingly straightforward. After filling the page, I read . . . only a few sentences. It was worse than the first, a creepy piece of deification full of stiff emotional lunges, like "I really like the way you . . ." Ugly stuff.

I began again. "Dear K . . ." But the "Dear" suddenly seemed so rote. I trashed it, started another. "Hi K!" No good. Soon the floor was littered with paper scraps marred by failed salutations: "Dearest K," "Hello sweet friend," "K baby!" "Yo, K!" "Hey, you!" My hand grew sweaty, which, because I'm a lefty, smudged the ink. Worse yet, the tissue-thin, cream-colored stationery failed to produce the dry, angry-sounding rip one needs from bad drafts. Instead, it came apart noiselessly, like taffy.

I WAS LEARNING THE HARD WAY THE FIRST TRUTH OF writing a love letter: It is an easy thing if you write quickly, with an unthinking simplicity. But if you start to plan just a single detail, the floodgates of self-consciousness open and the task becomes monumental.

At a loss, I began to tap women friends, ex-girlfriends—even my mother—for advice.

My old friend Becca listened patiently as I explained how I'd come to perceive the letter as I would a piece of music. Every word takes on the illusion of weight, I told her. Every thought must be arranged and harmonized. A sentiment must work not only on its own, but in conjunction with those directly preceding and following it—and

ANDREW BRUSSO

even with those in distant parts of the letter—so that the overall effect is one of long, artful lines of diminishment and crescendo.

"Jesus, shut up already," she said. "That's all delusional crap. *It's just a letter.* Don't stuff it full of unearned emotion. You hardly know her."

The truth made me cringe.

My friend Jenna seconded Becca, and warned that a leaden, lay-it-on-the-line approach was misguided. "Suggest, don't tell," she said. "Don't get greedy. Send her something nice but brief and wait for a response. Say what you have to say over several letters."

"And if she doesn't write back?"

"Then you know how stupid you'd have felt if you'd said it all at once. Anyway, what good is it if you take the cat-and-mouse fun out of the pursuit?"

Annie, an ex, insisted that I read her the latest draft, and then presented a solemn question.

"Do you remember the time you said you loved me?" she asked.

"Uh, actually . . ."

"Of course not. Because you never said it. You're not an emotionally effusive person. Your writing is overwrought, but it's not the same thing."

"My writing is *not* . . ."

"This isn't about writing. It's about telling her how you feel. If you write something bloated, it won't reflect your personality and it'll look stupid. Some guys are natural troubadours and can get away with it."

"And?"

"I've dated troubadours, bucko, and you're no . . ."

After confirming the turgidity of my writing, my (single) mother offered her two cents.

"The best kind of love letter?" she asked. "It shouldn't be designed to show off how clever and funny the writer is. He should write about *me,* not him. He should tell me that I'm attractive, and why. He should write simply. He shouldn't attempt to be overly impressive."

She mentioned an ex-boyfriend who had sent her a chain of "love" notes. "They were brilliantly written, but they only showed how smart he was. What was I supposed to do, applaud?"

With this in mind, I retrieved, unfolded, and reread the first draft—brimming with self-consciously clever anecdotes about *my* life. And then the second, so ardent and pushy. Both were the epistolary equivalent of Charlie Brown's tiny Christmas tree, collapsed under the weight of its ornaments.

WITH ONLY A FEW SHEETS OF STATIONERY LEFT, I wrote a quick, tight-sleeved note that remained light on its feet and said hello with a smile ("Dear K!"). I simply told her how much I liked seeing her, how interesting she was, and how, despite the distance, I wished I knew her better. Writing this way felt counterintuitive, like dropping a rifle and going after game with a Nerf ball. But given who I am, it felt *correct.*

Two weeks later, she sent a cautious response, full of news and some obligatory well-wishing—a gentle return of serve. So I lobbed her another. She returned it. I wrote back. The exchange continued, and with it a slow escalation of feeling. It was so much better this way, in increments, and so unlike me. In a way, the process reminded me of the wedding, where she had renewed my capacity to surprise myself.

Another postcard arrived last week. Finally, there they were, just before her signature, those most cinematic words for which I'd been mining all along: "Come visit next month. We'll have the flat all to ourselves."

Andrew Corsello writes for *Philadelphia* magazine.

Live and Let Dye

***Gavin Edwards* colors his hair and discovers his roots**

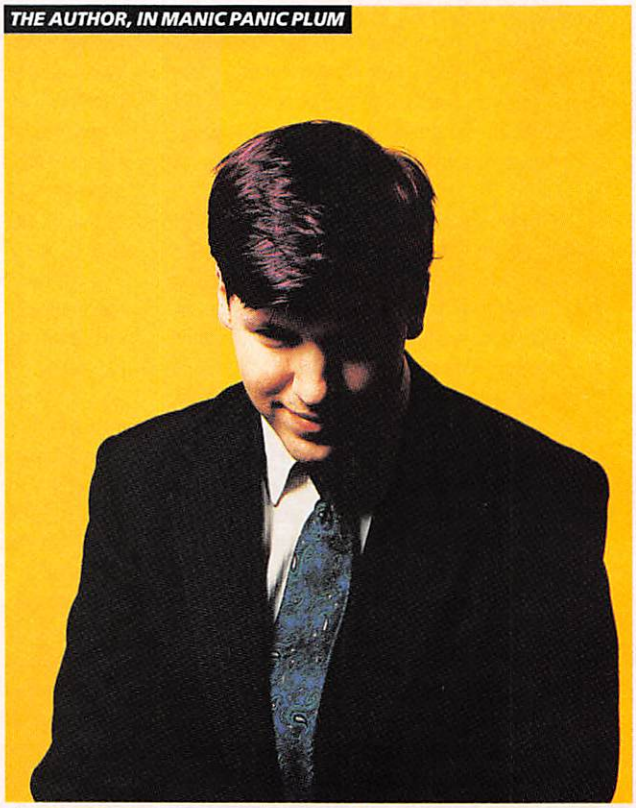
I began life as a towheaded child, with gleaming platinum-blond hair. By college, my hair had dulled; so did my enthusiasm for it. When I first dyed my by-then medium ash hair to auburn, friends said I looked like David Bowie; when I tinted it black, I reminded them of Iggy Pop. Hair dye didn't get me on MTV, but it let me reinvent myself without having to learn to play guitar. There was no reason to live with boring hair when dye could make it any color found on human heads, and many that are not.

Hair dye was first used in Egypt. Archaeologists have found henna powder—made from the shrub *Lawsonia inermis*—in Egyptian tombs. Fashionable Egyptians also employed vegetable extracts and metallic compounds. One dignitary suffering from gray hair mixed the blood of a black cow with oil and boiled it just before applying it to his head.

The five-thousand-year road to Grecian Formula has been rocky. The ancient Greeks' actual formula was white lead and vermilion. The Gauls plastered their scalps with beech ashes and goat fat. When Caesar brought the Gauls to Rome as captives, their light hair became so fashionable that the Romans shaved the prisoners' hair for wigs and set to work on methods for dyeing their own: They used hundreds of recipes, featuring the use of ant eggs, putrefied leeches, and swallow dung.

Modern hair science has advanced somewhat. We now know that hair color comes from two types of melanin: *eumelanin,* which provides the shades from brown to black, and *pheomelanin,* which controls yellow and red pigments. Hydrogen peroxide bleaches hair by oxidizing the melanin; dyes work with the oxidation to result in a specific color. Hydrogen peroxide was first used in 1860 by the French, who called it *eau de Fontaine de Jouvence dorée* (golden water from the Fountain of Youth). We still use it today, with more advanced formulas and brand names. Used carelessly, bleach can be disastrous: People who lighten their tresses at home and end up with brassy green hair are sometimes known as "suicide blonds."

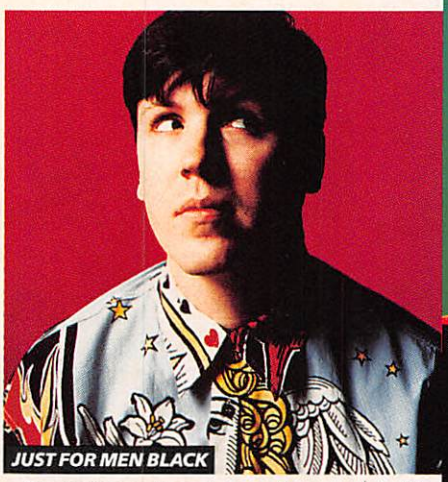
In the sunshine, you can enhance the oxidation with folk methods such as lemon juice or vodka, although not with any precision. So when I wanted to see if blonds really have more fun, I went to a professional salon, the Louis Licari Color Group. One advantage of a salon is the staff of professionals who can improvise if your hair doesn't react as predicted. Another is that you're likely to be the only male, and can hear women dishing about their boyfriends.



THE AUTHOR, IN MANIC PANIC PLUM

My colorist, Bartola, applied a bowl of tinting goop to my hair with a paintbrush. After twenty minutes I was "rinsed out and dried out" to reveal tawny locks. Bartola then applied a peroxide paste to dozens of clumps of hair, which she wrapped in tinfoil squares; the trapped heat speeds the oxidation, cooking the highlights. The lengthy ordeal of the crown of tinfoil was worth it: vivid golden hair, brighter than it had been since I was five.

EVA MUELLER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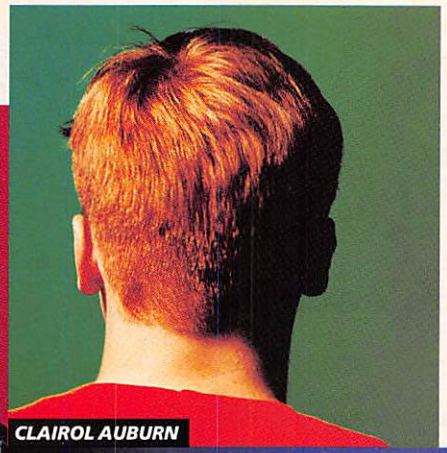
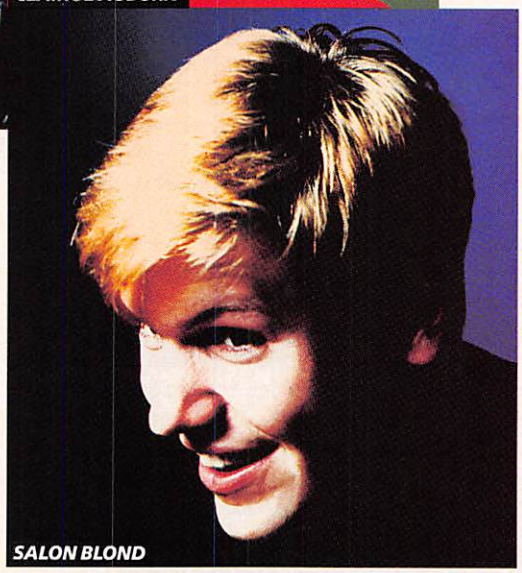

CLAIROL AUBURN


SALON BLOND

Simulating youth costs a pretty penny—in this case, $150. So when my roots began to show a month later and my fun quotient had not appreciably risen, I decided to become a low-budget redhead, courtesy of a six-dollar Clairol Nice 'n Easy "natural deep auburn" kit. Out of the thirty-nine "natural" shades of Clairol, every single one is as organic as NutraSweet.

Any home dye kit has instructions to ignore. The Federal Food, Drug, and Cosmetic Act requires a patch test on your skin twenty-four hours before you dye your hair, but I laugh in the face of potentially disfiguring allergic reactions. The kit also provides a pair of plastic gloves, which the amateur is instructed to use to avoid staining the skin. These gloves do not fit any man over the age of twelve—splurge on a $1.29 pair of rubber kitchen gloves.

Dyeing at home, you are also faced with the question of whether to dye your eyebrows and pubes. Don't worry about whether the drapes match the carpet. Instead, ask yourself this question: Do you really want to touch up your crotch every month? The eyebrows are inadvisable for the same reason animal-rights groups liberate lab rabbits from cosmetics testing: Hair dye dripping into your eyes can make you go blind. Be sure to wear old clothes and to avoid little pockets of undyed hair, known in the hair trade as "holidays."

When I was done with the Clairol, I thought I'd dyed and gone to heaven. My red hair looked as authentic as my blond hair, although I was helped by the preexisting highlights from the professional job.

After a month as a redhead, giddy with the spirit of experimentation, I tried an eight-dollar jar of Manic Panic Plum vegetable dye. While my peroxide and carrot-top identities received only passing nods from friends, the reaction to purple hair was more extreme.

Twelve years after punk dyed, two thousand years after Anglo-Saxon sailors favored bright green and blue hues for their beards, purple hair still stops people in their tracks, especially if you wear it with a business suit. Violet hair does have some disadvantages beyond the difficulty of finding shirts that don't clash: I trashed a complete set of towels and had to scrub out my shower tiles every day. Although the "semipermanent" plum shade was meant to wash out in two weeks or so—the maximum period one wants to be a grapehead—mine showed no signs of fading. That's because dyeing your hair makes it highly porous. It becomes brittler, it's more vulnerable to humidity, and it absorbs other dyes. Rather than look like an obsessive Prince fan, I moved on to another color.

Adding hair dye is like mixing paint: Your hair absorbs the new color without losing the old. If you have red hair and add yellow, you'll produce an orange tint. Green added to red makes brown. So I thought I'd overwhelm my purple with jet-black Just For Men color shampoo. Semipermanent male hair dye is designed to conceal graying hairs. Because it rinses out in five minutes, it doesn't last as long as its female equivalents. And you only have five choices of hair color, as opposed to the Baskin-Robbins variety of L'Oréal or Clairol. Nevertheless, this seemed a better choice than shoe polish.

After a few shampoos, the black hair faded to mauve, and my once-boring ash-blond hair looked like a much better alternative. I headed to a local salon, where Georgia fingered my hair as I explained my situation. "I can strip the hair," she said, "but you might end up with a rusty shade of orange." To my mind, stripping is a process for antique furniture, not my own body, but wanting to unmauve, I agreed.

Contemplating my hair as a blank canvas, I wondered about its possibilities as an artistic medium. People have already used their scalp to recreate Picasso's blue period and Mondrian's patches of color. The logical next step is Seurat-style pointillism, where each hair is individually dyed a different color; or maybe dizzying Pollockesque splatters of color atop my head. As I settled into the chair for my seventh color process in three months, Georgia reminded me that such artistic excesses can damage your hair beyond repair. After it becomes dye-saturated, the only solution is to wait for a new batch to grow. Then Georgia grabbed my hair and pressed it down against my scalp. What was she doing?

She nonchalantly remarked, "I just wanted to see how you'd look bald."

Gavin Edwards is a contributing editor of *Details*.

ON THE BLEACH

A guide to dyeing

Hair has depth of color (how dark it is) and tonal value (the highlighted tone, such as red, gold, or ash). Color depth can be broken into variations of the following ten tones:

BLACK ***BROWN*** ***DARK CHESTNUT*** ***CHESTNUT*** ***LIGHT CHESTNUT***
DARK BLOND ***BLOND*** ***LIGHT BLOND*** ***VERY LIGHT BLOND*** ***LIGHT, LIGHT BLOND***

Bleaching once can lighten your hair by as much as six tones. If you want to be more than four tones lighter, you should do a double process: Bleach first and then tint. You should also consult a professional.

Hair color has two main varieties: semipermanent dyes and oxidation dyes. Semipermanent dyes, which cling to the hair, can be synthetic, metallic, or vegetable. Metallic dyes are now unpopular because of their dull tones and toxicity. The primary vegetable dye is henna. The roots of the henna bush produce black dye, the leaves red, and the stems a translucent shine; all add luster.

Permanent oxidation dyes contain hydrogen peroxide. The dye molecules are trapped inside the hair shaft when they join with oxidized melanin to form larger molecules.

When you lighten your hair, it will be prone to tangling: Comb gently. Use a color-maintenance shampoo such as L'Oréal Colorvive. And, geeky as it may seem, don't go in a swimming pool without a bathing cap. The chlorine can turn your hair green.

Fathers and Sons

Why can't they talk to each other?

By John Weir

According to some politicians, absent fathers are the scourge of American families, attacking traditional values like a virus. The standard household is supposed to include a mother, a father, a handful of children, a sheepdog, and a station wagon, like Doris Day and David Niven's gang in *Please Don't Eat the Daisies.* But what public moralists choose to ignore is that most American families are effectively single-parent homes. Whether Dad is officially living on the premises, or whether he fell in love with long distance and hasn't been heard from in years, Americans tend to grow up with remote and shadowy fathers who are either emotionally unavailable or constantly at work or both. Fathers are never around, except on television shows.

Sitcoms and presidential candidates promote the myth of the open, accessible dad. In the real world, however, our fathers are inclined to be remote and unapproachable—not unloving, but distant and hard to decipher. When I was growing up, my father worked in the city, an hour away. He was always gone in the morning before I was awake, and never home till after dinner. I saw him on weekends, when he made brief but regular appearances, often to deprive me of some adolescent privilege, like borrowing the car. If *The Brady Bunch* were my life, he would have been a secondary character with disproportionate authority—a somewhat ominous Alice played by Raymond Burr. The aspect of Mike Brady guiding his sons through adolescence is about as true to my childhood as a Life Savers commercial.

But adolescence ends, and with its passing, perhaps, we lose the sulking sense that our fathers were aiming their remoteness directly at us. It takes some time to learn that parents are humanly subject to changes in mood as well as weather, quick inclinations, and personal concerns.

I began to know my father better after college, when he was no longer paying my bills. Perhaps his touchy male ego, and my incipient one, had kept us from intimacy with each other until money was no longer an issue. Or maybe my mother separated us instinctively. In any case, I can't recall having a private conversation with him until we started occasionally spending time alone together in the city.

I was in my twenties, and my father, though not entirely prepared to think of me as autonomous, was at least willing to address me as an adult. Character reveals itself in small interactions: I remember making the rounds with him one afternoon during his lunch hour. We went to a restaurant near his office where the waiters knew his name, his favorite dish, and his credit card number. Afterward he took me to a men's clothing store, where he was fitted for a suit. The tailors flurrying around him seemed to know him as well as the waiters had.

I offer these vignettes only as a way of illustrating the generational differences that prevent my father and me from truly engaging one another. It isn't just that he represents the aloof, somewhat censorius figure who judges me from a moral perch behind my head, constantly exhorting me not to make imprudent decisions. I can sit in therapy or scream at my friends until I get over my fear of his disapproval. The problem is, I sometimes worry that we just don't *get* each other, even as I am increasingly aware that I am becoming more and more like him.

Talking to my father is sometimes like aiming a Nirvana video at a clip of Bing Crosby singing "Swinging on a Star" in *Going My Way* and expecting them to interact. Some things just cannot be juxtaposed. Once a year I have an argument with my parents about whether Michael Jackson is as talented as Fred Astaire. It's a silly debate—I don't even like Michael Jackson—but it underscores more fundamental conflicts between us. "Michael Jackson and Fred Astaire are equally talented," I always end up shouting, feeling ridiculous. "They just have totally different styles." What I mean is that my parents and I have different styles. I submitted to theirs for half my life. I am still surprised at their disinclination to recognize mine.

But perhaps we all turn into adolescents with our parents. And perhaps they all turn into parents with us, no matter how old we are. I couldn't talk to my father very easily when I was seventeen; why should I be able to do it now, at thirty-three? Just because we both happen to be adults? Our conversations crackle with ancient family noise, like a needle dropped into the grooves of an old 78. "So," my father says, "what's new in your young life?" (The "young" bothered me until I turned thirty, but then he stopped using it, which bothers me more.) "Nothing," I say, laconically. "Getting any work?" he says. I always say yes, whether or not it's true. Invariably, he offers a helpful suggestion about my career, the nature of which indicates to me that he's out of touch, while my dismissing it demonstrates to him that I'm impetuous. We skip to safer topics, like my mother or their animals. I wonder what he would think if I spoke to him casually, the way I talk to my friends. Perhaps he wonders the same.

But habits get passed from father to son, and I have to admit that sometimes I think I've inherited his reluctance. Our parents take their cues from us; after a certain point they learn not to ask certain things. I'm sure I've made it clear to my father, over time, that some topics are off-limits. The tables have turned, and now I'm forbidding him, setting limits. Ironically, my biggest complaint about my father has become my greatest dissatisfaction with myself: Emotionally, I withhold things. I don't like people to know what I'm thinking unless, as in writing magazine articles, I'm completely in control. As my father gets older and more vulnerable, he seems easier to mislead or to confuse. His questions somehow grow more innocent while my responses strike me as increasingly evasive.

Sometime during the past ten years, the balance has shifted to me. It's now my responsibility to open up and give him a chance to respond. And if my references are all to MTV while his are to MGM, well, sometimes I think that's both the least, and the worst, of our troubles. If it's just a matter of style, then we should be able to meet midway, say at Peggy Lee. But I think our cautious circling around each other has to do with something ingrained in our family heritage, a tradition that I value less and less, even as I see myself growing into it. The Great American Family is headed by absent fathers and filled with sullen sons. It must be kind of lonely, sometimes, for the women.

John Weir wrote *Getting a Life* in the January issue of *Details.*

MICHAEL LLEWELLYN

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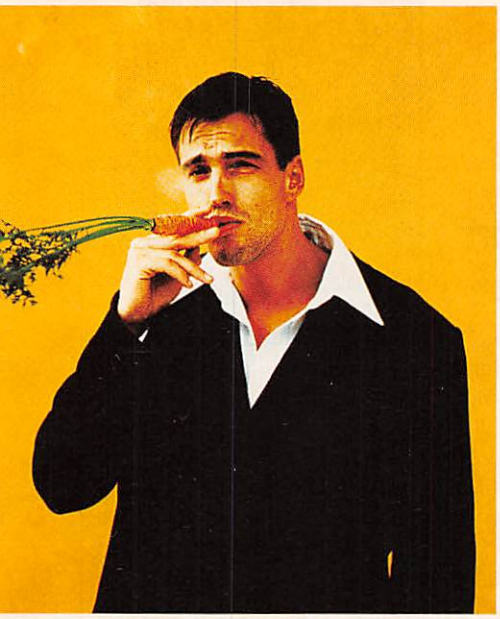
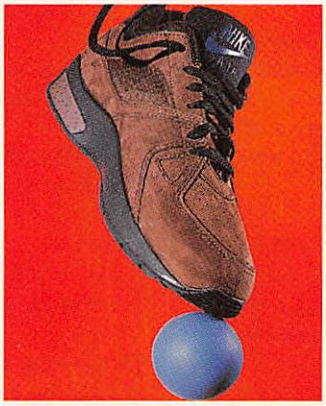


MIND AND BODY

Recent ex-smokers have a lot to contend with, appetite-wise. Preventing weight gain by substituting carrot sticks for cigarettes might sound like a good idea, but a study in the *British Journal of Addiction* would suggest otherwise. Researchers are examining cases in which former and current smokers exhibit suspiciously addictive behavior with carrots, consuming pounds of the orange tuber in the process. While carotene or another substance may ape the effects of nicotine, the downside is that the vitamin A in carrots can turn you orange. • That harmless electric razor may not be as benign as you think. New research links electric razors with leukemia: Men with leukemia were more than twice as likely to have used buzzers for more than 2½ minutes a day. A theory is that the electric motors emit an electromagnetic field that suppresses the production of an "anticancer" hormone. One scientist says, though, that the chance of electric razors actually causing leukemia is one in 100 million. One way to avoid this debate entirely: Use manual razors. • Nike says don't just do it: Don't let your discarded sneakers join millions of others in landfills across America. A portion of the soles on their Air Escape Low Cross-Trainers (*right*, $75) are made from ground-down defective midsoles and production scraps. More good news: In a yearlong test performed by Oregon forest rangers, the shoes with recycled soles outperformed those that were made from scratch. • Many organic winemakers say that severe morning-after headaches may come from pesticide residue and preservatives like added sulfites in non-organic wines. Up to 10 percent of the population is sulfite-allergic (with more simply sulfite-sensitive), so in the interest of those deprived of the grape, we taste-tested twenty-six organic wines. Our picks: the Konrad 1990 Chardonnay, the Frey 1990 Zinfandel, both lower in added sulfites, and the Domaine Saint Apollinaire 1989 Côtes du Rhône.



TOP LEFT: DAVID JENSEN; RIGHT: CHIP SIMONS; CENTER: ANDREW BRUSSO; BOTTOM: CHRISTOPHER GALLO

HIGH ANXIETY

Panic disorder is a great impostor. Some of the three million Americans who have had its attacks mistake them for a cardiac arrest (some symptoms: pounding heart, breathing difficulty, dizziness, hot or cold flashes, blurred or tunnel vision, nausea). Or some guys just "self-medicate": one-third of male alcohol and/or drug abusers may suffer from anxiety disorders, including panic disorders. Unfortunately, doctors suspect substances like alcohol and cocaine, as well as caffeine, can trigger attacks.

Without treatment, people with P.D. may develop phobias or avoidance routines in which they don't return to public settings associated with previous attacks. The CHAANGE program in Chula Vista, California, treats P.D. with both behavioral therapy (e.g., desensitization exercises that step up exposure to feared situations) and cognitive therapy to change irrational thought patterns.

Tranquilizers, antidepressants, and beta blockers can also dampen anxiety, but without careful monitoring and the support of therapy, they can cause seizures and relapses.

If you suffer from panic attacks, tricks like deep breathing, counting backward from one hundred, squeezing a ball, or snapping a rubber band can temporarily help halt the mind's anxious flywheel. We also recommend calling the National Mental Health Association (1-800-969-6642).

—Jeff Book

BODY DOUBLE

For the more grooming-conscious, shelf overload can be a hazard. Presumably, that's one premise for dual-purpose products—you only need one bottle for both shampoo and conditioner (and you only need one wash-through to both clean and moisturize hair). These days, two-in-one products are a major trend. They promise to simultaneously clean and exfoliate the body (Bodyography's Loofah Soap with red algae, and Naturistics' Herbal Exfoliating Body Bar with sea kelp), scrub and then deep-clean the face (the Body Shop's Blue Corn Scrub Mask, Gruene's Daily Cleansing Scrub & Clay Masque, *below*), act as both skin conditioner and preshave agent (Garden Botanika's Oak and Aloe Skin Nutrient), or clean the body and soothe aching muscles (Gruene's Daily Body Wash Shower Gel and Muscle Soak, *below*). Sometimes the claims of double-duty products are a bit surprising: Aveda's Active Oil stands in as both massage oil and decongestant.

the determinator

Sportswear designer Lance Karesh for Basco on your first suit, rayon shirts, and bikini underwear

Are there trousers for which cuffs are inappropriate?
B.S. (Miami, FL)

Cuffs are the kind of detail that seems to drift in and out of style. I'm not particularly into them right now, partly because straight-leg and narrower-cut slacks are popular at the moment and you don't generally put cuffs on narrow trousers. It also has something to do with the fabric; heavier fabrics, like corduroy and flannel, tend to look better with cuffs.

Which three items of clothing should every man own?
H.N. (Denver, CO)

Khakis, a blazer, and a white shirt are basics that would take you pretty far. You could switch the chinos for jeans, or a white T-shirt for the shirt, but chinos and a shirt could also be worn with a tie, which gives you the option of dressing either up or down.

Help me solve a long-standing disagreement: Are men more vain than women? P.Q. (Boston, MA)

Women seem to take more time primping. But I don't know if that makes them more vain. Men tend to be more self-consciously macho in that they don't want to look like they spent a lot of time on their looks. This is why you see a lot of that very studied, disheveled, antifashion look. Personally, I hate that—to work so hard to look that skanky is ridiculous.

As long as I've known him, my boyfriend has worn exactly the same kind of basic, nondescript clothes. He claims he doesn't want to be bothered with fashion. How can I coax him into something other than the boring stuff he goes for?
L.J. (Los Angeles, CA)

You could show him something from a magazine featuring one of his heroes—a sportsman, a rock star, an actor, or whatever—dressed in something hip, and hopefully he'll see that looking good isn't something he should ignore. A more risky approach would be to go ahead and buy him something you think he'll look good in, and when someone compliments him he'll start to feel good about it, even experiment a little.

I'm just about to buy my first suit. What are the most important things to bear in mind when I go shopping? I want something appropriate for work that I can also wear in more casual settings. Any suggestions?
C.Z. (New York, NY)

Unless you have a lot of money, you probably want to stick with a neutral palette. I would recommend khaki, tan, or maybe navy if it's not too fancy a fabric. Depending on where you live, it's best to go with a blend like cotton/viscose, which breathes, has a bit of drape, and moves with your body. The general attitude should be relaxed, especially if it's going to be worn outside of the office. If you're thin, a suit in a soft wool will give you a fuller silhouette. A ventless two-button jacket is a good choice because it's roomier than a three-button model, which would make you appear thinner. Choose patterns like small checks or plaids. And if you like padding in the shoulder, relaxed shoulder pads will give you a more natural shape. If you're a large guy, a loose-fitting suit is best because you'll want to camouflage the stomach and/or the behind. A ventless, six-button, double-breasted jacket with natural shoulder pads is the best option for this body shape. Solid colors are good choices, but you can also go with a pinstripe or any other vertical pattern for a slimming effect.

What is a sample sale and how do I get invited to one?
S.D. (Carson, CA)

Manufacturers hold sample sales at the end of the season to sell off leftover merchandise and garments they've used to sell their line. To find out about them, there are services you can subscribe to that provide lists of the sales—one of them is the S&B Report (located at 112 E. 36th St., 4th Fl., NYC 10016), a monthly that lists designer sales in New York City. You can also call your favorite design firm to inquire about sales.

When I go shopping, what kind of details should I look for to check the quality of a pair of trousers or a shirt?
B.U. (Griffin, GA)

Look inside the garment; check out the seams, the belt loops, the pocket lining; tug at things a bit to see how the piece is put together. There's a general rule of thumb that the greater the number of stitches per inch, the finer the quality of the garment, especially with shirts. With trousers, the quality of the fabric is a good indicator of the quality of the garment itself.

What's your opinion on men who don't wear underwear? What's the best underwear for men: boxers, briefs, or bikinis? L.T. (Altadena, CA)

I have no opinion about men who choose not to wear underwear. But for those who do, the type, I think, is a matter of personal preference. Bikini lines under pants aren't attractive, but usually the people who wear bikinis aren't either.

What's the best way to care for my rayon shirt?
V.K. (Bayonne, NJ)

Check the label. Depending on the finish, dry-clean the garment or wash it in warm water and let it drip-dry. Use a light iron to finish, and don't use starch.

What's the worst garment ever made for men?
M.B. (Buffalo, NY)

The skirt. It was in Jean Paul Gaultier's line, and Donna Karan introduced sarongs for men last spring. The traditional kilt is fine, though.

What are the sexiest things a man can wear?
T.M. (Baltimore, MD)

A smile and a condom. Or perhaps a white terry cloth, Hefner-length bathrobe—if you've got the legs for it.

A guest columnist will answer questions on style, health, sex, and related matters each month. Send questions to: The Determinator, *Details*, 632 Broadway, New York, NY 10012.

NICOLAS CAGE SAMUEL L. JACKSON

Amos & Andrew

CASTLE ROCK ENTERTAINMENT IN ASSOCIATION WITH NEW LINE CINEMA PRESENTS A MAX FRYE PICTURE NICOLAS CAGE SAMUEL L. JACKSON "AMOS & ANDREW" MICHAEL LERNER MARGARET COLIN BRAD DOURIF AS "DONALDSON" AND DABNEY COLEMAN MUSIC BY RICHARD GIBBS EDITOR JANE KURSON PRODUCTION DESIGNER PATRICIA NORRIS DIRECTOR OF PHOTOGRAPHY WALT LLOYD CO PRODUCED BY JACK CUMMINS AND MARSHALL PERSINGER PRODUCED BY GARY GOETZMAN WRITTEN AND DIRECTED BY E. MAX FRYE

CASTLE ROCK ENTERTAINMENT

NEW LINE CINEMA

COLUMBIA PICTURES

At Theatres This February

island life

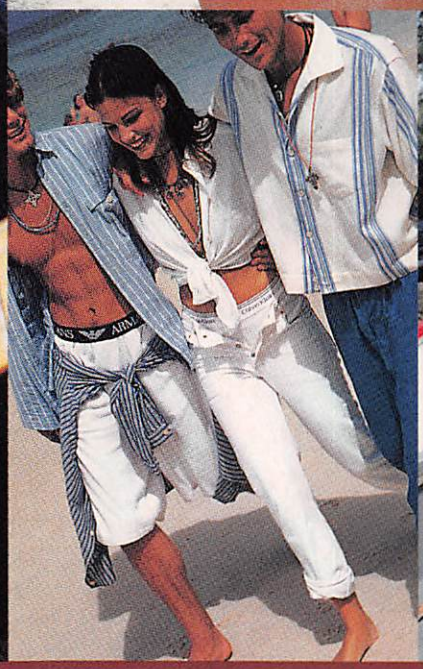
Take a break from button-down dress codes with clothes that travel as well as you do. Throw on layers of madras, stripes, and prints. And leave your iron at home.

HANSPETER SCHNEIDER; FASHION: WILLIAM MULLEN; HAIR: HARRY KING FOR THE STEPHEN KNOLL SALON; MAKEUP: MICHEL VOYSKI FOR 8 CO.

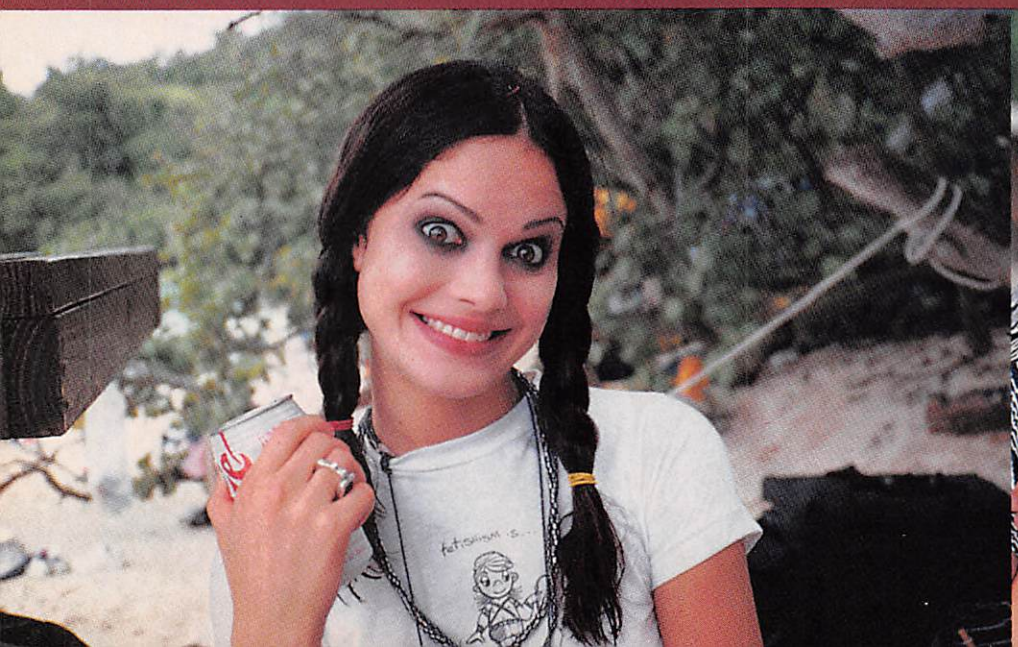
Viscose band-collar shirt by Sabato Russo, $143. Cotton plaid shorts by Mossimo, $40. Sunglasses by Matsuda Eyewear. Necklace from Himalayan Crafts. Opposite page: Cotton striped sweater by Paul Smith, $430. Her cotton-Lycra happy-face bikini by Moschino Mare.

HANSPETER SCHNEIDER

Cotton alphabet-blocks vest by Yukio Kobayashi for Matsuda, $290. Cotton plaid shorts by Spot Sport, $34. WWII cotton boxer shorts from Kaufman's Army & Navy, NYC, $20. Sunglasses by Matsuda Eyewear. Opposite page, from left: Silk knit sweater vest by Anthony Tarassi, $250. Cotton-linen striped jacket, $425, silk vest, $155, and cotton-linen shorts, $155, all by DKNY. Scarf by Giorgio Armani. All jewelry from Himalayan Crafts.



Above, clockwise from left: Rayon-linen jacket, $250, and cotton-linen shirt, $85, both by Lance Karesh for Basco. Hot pants by Katharine Hamnett. Sleeveless shirt by Andrew Fezza, $85. Paisley shirt by J. Crew, $46. All men's clothing by Armani Jeans. Her clothing by the Gap. Below, from left: T-shirt by Katharine Hamnett. His polo by Front Home Tech, $180. Bandanna by Honey Fashions, Ltd. Her embroidered dress by Norma Kamali. Opposite page, top, from left: Cotton-linen shirt by Marcos Ergas. Linen jeans from J.O.E. by Joseph Abboud. Tie by Agnès B. Homme. Hat by Yukio Kobayashi for Matsuda. Scarf by Honey Fashions, Ltd. From left: Her sundress by Armani Jeans. His vest by Comme des Garçons Homme Plus by Rei Kawakubo. Linen jeans from J.O.E. by Joseph Abboud. Linen-crepe jacket, vest, linen trousers, and tank top, all by Calvin Klein Collection. Opposite page, bottom, from left: Her dress by DKNY. His polo by Anthony Tarassi. Trousers by Perry Ellis Signature. Sandals by Loredano. Cotton-voile shirt by Lance Karesh for Basco. Linen jeans by Tommy Hilfiger. Snakeskin loafers by Patrick Cox.



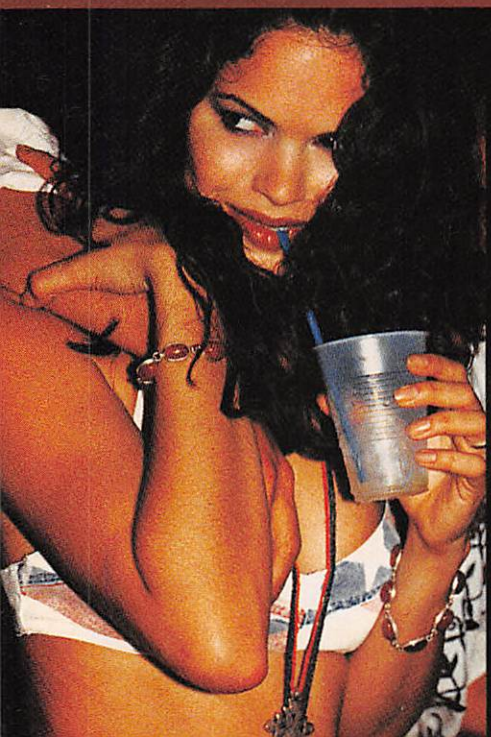
HANSPETER SCHNEIDER

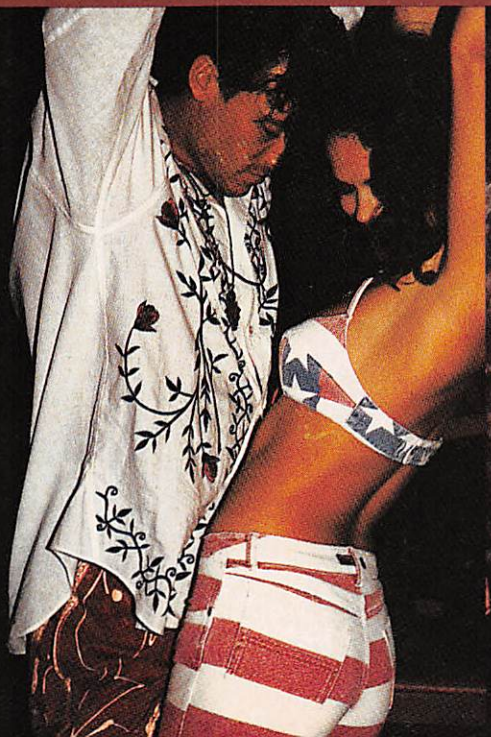
HANSPETER SCHNEIDER

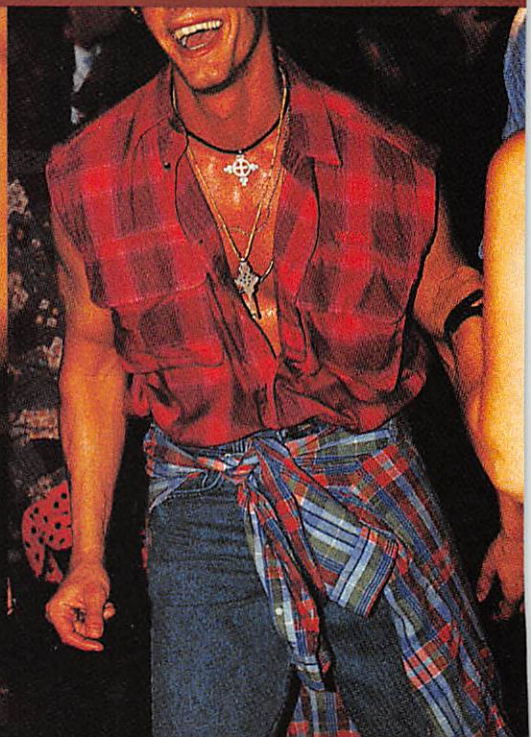
Linen four-button striped jacket, $690, with matching trousers, $340, and linen shirt, $270, all by Dries Van Noten. Opposite page, from left: Cotton plaid shorts by DKNY, $85. Underwear by Calvin Klein Underwear for Men. Shoes by Palladium. Linen striped single-breasted jacket, $150, and cotton plaid snap-front shirt, $60, both by French Connection. Cotton plaid shirt (around waist), $40, and jeans, $67, both by Polo by Ralph Lauren. Hat by Armani Jeans. All jewelry from Craft Caravan.

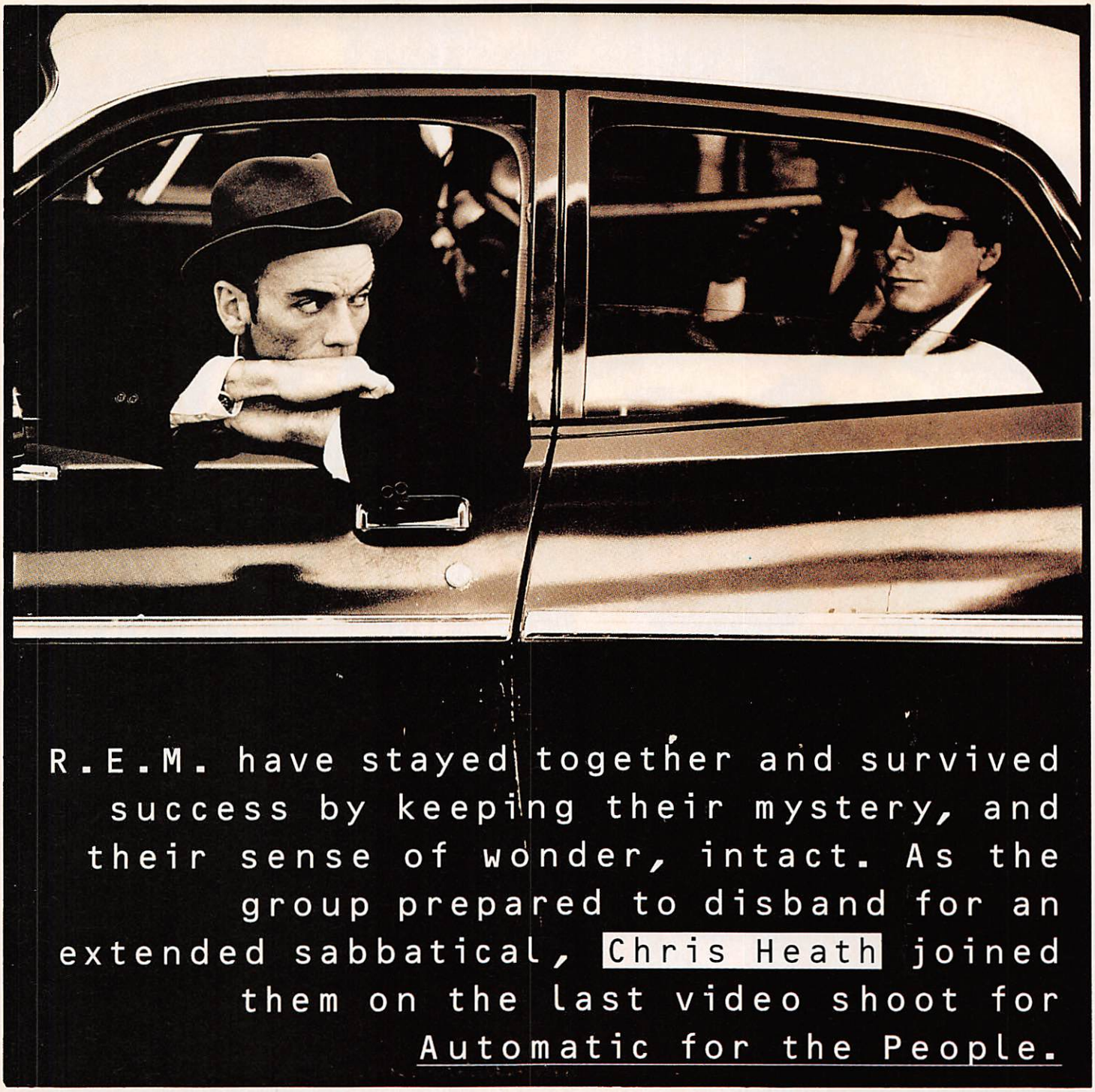
Above, left: His cotton madras vest, $140, and linen Ponderosa shirt, $195, both by New Republic. Jeans by the Gap. Below, center: His cotton rose-embroidered shirt by Katharine Hamnett. Cotton batik-print trousers by the Falke Group. Below, right: Rayon-cotton shadow-plaid sleeveless shirt by Mossimo, $42. Jeans by Levi's. Opposite page: Linen sunflower shirt by Moschino Cheap & Chic U'omo, $215. Linen jeans by Polo by Ralph Lauren, $82. Suspenders by Na Na. Insets, from left: His cotton-jacquard T-shirt by Yohji Yamamoto, $183. Cotton madras jacket, $465, and linen shirt, $125, both by New Republic. All women's clothing on these pages by Katharine Hamnett. All jewelry from Craft Caravan and Himalayan Crafts.

For store information, see page 127.









ANTON CORBIJN; FASHION: ROD CUMMINGS; GROOMING: JOHNNY VILLANUEVA

R.E.M. have stayed together and survived success by keeping their mystery, and their sense of wonder, intact. As the group prepared to disband for an extended sabbatical, Chris Heath joined them on the last video shoot for Automatic for the People.

enigmatic for

Michael Stipe stands in the middle of Interstate 10 heading west out of San Antonio. His suit is black, his shirt is white, and his hat is on his head. He looks like a preacher, albeit one with two earrings in his left ear and a camera hanging around his neck. "Welcome to Texas," he says, then peers toward my right hip. "I have a bag like that, but green." Mine is black. "Aren't they wonderful? Mine's lasted four years."

Mine three, I say. I am thinking: This is a very strange introductory conversation.

"You can get everything you want for a week in it," he continues.

the people

I mutter dissent. This is a very small bag.

"Well, I can," he insists, and begins listing. "Socks, underwear, toothbrush, something to read . . ." The list goes on but includes no outer items of clothing.

I wouldn't like to meet you on the fifth day, I say. He nods and moves away, and I am left utterly mystified as to whether his comments have been absolutely casual or deeply self-conscious.

Later on he will spot my black jacket and say, "I have a jacket like that, but green." With him he now has his bag, and it really is the twin of mine except in an earthy olive hue. I scan his face for any sign of recognition or deliberate humor. Does Michael Stipe mean to live up to his sphinxian reputation so well, or does the world simply conspire for it to seem that way?

R.E.M. ARE SHOOTING A VIDEO FOR THE SONG "EVERYBODY HURTS" with Jake Scott, the son of director Ridley. The story line he has devised is as follows: The group drive along the freeway and get caught in a traffic jam. Michael Stipe and then the others leave

their car and begin walking through, and over the roofs of, the motionless traffic. Then everyone else gets out and abandons their cars. It's apparently inspired by Fellini's *8½*. Around here, you can get the interstate closed for personal use over the weekend. Ten miles up the road, a route off this very same highway is closed; Patrick Swayze is shooting his new movie.

When I tune past the local rock station, the DJ is dishing R.E.M.: "God *forbid* they'd want to do something artsy and use the *upper* freeway and show the skyline. No, they had to use the lower way, all beer bottles and empty schleppies. . . ."

It is Saturday morning, and Michael has been sniffing around for a while when the other members of R.E.M.—guitarist Peter Buck, bassist Mike Mills, and drummer Bill Berry—take up positions on car rooftops. The three musicians famously dislike videos, and they get through the day with the stoic patience of the truly bored. Videos are Michael Stipe's tool. He is interested in film; away from R.E.M. he has a film company, C-00. For the others, videos are something to endure. R.E.M.'s manager Jefferson Holt and I argue with Buck, who says that *no one* actually likes making videos, they just lie and say that they do. Talk turns to the "Drive" video, Michael rolling over, and at the mercy of, a sea of fans. "He likes that masochistic thing," smiles Jefferson.

"What's he going to do next?" mutters Buck. "Drop us from a helicopter to be trod upon by elephants?"

Buck hasn't shaved today. They got up too early. Tomorrow he says he will, to fuck up the continuity. He stands on Interstate 10; he used to drive through here, doing forty-one hours straight from Georgia to California, stopping only for gas. "I was younger then." Buck is supposed to pose with a book, so he has brought with him the new John Updike, *Memories of the Ford Administration: A Novel,* and he actually stands there reading it. He will get through about forty-five pages today. He's always reading. When he was a teenager he soaked up Jack Kerouac, Thomas Wolfe, and African-American literature he was introduced to by his black English teacher, stuff like *The Invisible Man* and *Soul on Ice.* "Shit," he exclaims, "a long-haired kid in Georgia in 1971? I felt like an outsider. You feel like an outsider so you explore outsiders' literature."

IT WOULD NOT BE UNTIL 1980 THAT R.E.M. GOT TOGETHER, BUT when Michael Stipe kept walking into the cool record shop where Buck worked, it was as fellow outcasts that they found a bond. Athens was the perfect place. If this dozy Southern town gave them something to rebel against, and if it also gave them the space to discover some worthwhile creative tricks on their own, it maybe also was malleable enough for them to etch into this small world their own values.

The story of young men searching for fame and satisfaction and validation is usually also the hackneyed, bittersweet yarn of how you can never go home again. Or, even worse, that you can never find or feel home anywhere. That's not R.E.M.'s story. Aside from Bill Berry, they are not devoted hometown homebodies—but they found a place and a way of life that made some sense before all that money, and all that worldliness, and all those opportunities with which success treats and tricks you, swamped over them. With most successful people you meet, you can try and work out how much of what they believed in they've traded for their success. With R.E.M., it's not so much that they are too angelic and high-minded to have compromised. (They are not sanctimonious, nor some unsoiled shrine to liberal values and political correctness.) Rather it seems like it's never crossed their minds that these things—how you live, what is enough and what is too much—are things to be traded. When they talk about the early years in Athens (and they cast them as magical), you understand why they don't ache with the need to make sense of the world. In a little, local way of their own, they had found a way for the world to make sense.

Here are four short stories—two of politeness, one of recklessness, and one of selfishness—to consider:

Recently Peter Buck tried to explain in a Portuguese airport that he'd like a meat-and-cheese sandwich without meat. They brought him over a pound of cheese, diced into small cubes, and fifty toothpicks. He considered it his fault that he didn't speak their language, so he sat there, eating cheese off a toothpick.

Buck and Stipe used to go to Athens redneck bars in makeup and dresses. "It was, 'Fine—fuck you—you've got this little teeny circumscribed world and I'm not part of it,' " Buck recalls.

These days they fly first-class and put up with snooty fat businessmen asking whether they're in the correct section, but when they traveled coach there was The Michael Stipe Airplane Trick. "He'd wear these raggedy clothes," remembers Buck, "and buy chocolate ice cream and rub it all over his lips so it looked like fecal matter or something, and then he'd sit and do this. . . "—Buck twitches unattractively—". . . and if there was another available seat elsewhere, the guy would go and sit there. Then, after takeoff, Michael would go and wash his face, order a glass of wine, take out his books, put on his glasses, and go."

"I've never seen a band with chemistry as good as ours," Peter Buck says. "It doesn't matter what you think of the end result." So why, I ask, is it so good? He shrugs. "We're all smart, and we're all assholes."

While shooting *Details*' cover session, Bill Berry goes to the studio kitchen and takes some orange juice from the fridge. Buck reminds Berry to leave some money in the studio kitty in lieu. There is no need. Berry already has.

"Everybody Hurts" is not the kind of song for which R.E.M. have become famous. There are no elliptical metaphors, no fragmentary, nonlinear logic. Not even one of Michael Stipe's familiar kicks in the tail, where a song like "The One I Love" masquerades as sincere affection then turns into a twisted dismissal. The three musicians—mainly Bill Berry in this case—wrote "Everybody Hurts" around rolling guitar arpeggios, like an Otis Redding tune from his Stax days. Usually if they've been simple with the music, they expect Michael to be complex with the words. Not this time. It is a straightforward song of consolation to someone contemplating suicide, and may-

Chris Heath travels the world reporting for Details.

be also to a wider suffering. Everybody hurts, sometimes. You're not alone. If you feel like letting go . . . if you feel you've had too much of this life, hold on.

It is a song of hope, but it is hurt that is its bedrock. Walking through the parked cars on the interstate as the song plays, Michael Stipe has this look of quiet anguish and does this strange gesture with his hands clasped loosely in front of him, as though he were shaking the saddest invisible maracas there ever were. As far as the others know, or will tell, the song is not directed at anyone in particular. Stipe even removed an early couplet—"Everybody hurts / Even the singer of this song"—to head off people thinking the song was about him. This is a man who still rues the "that's me in the spotlight" line in "Losing My Religion." Buck talked to him about this recently, about how silly it was, this idea that what you wrote was about yourself. "If you just wrote about what you know," he mused, "we wouldn't have had 90 percent of the art in the world." What kind of knowledge about the French Revolution—first-hand knowledge, anyway—did Charles Dickens have to write *A Tale of Two Cities*?

***Automatic* people (from left): R.E.M.'s Mike Mills, Michael Stipe, Peter Buck, and Bill Berry.**

ANTON CORBIJN

R.E.M. are the most picked on and pawed at and pored over group of our generation, and, not surprisingly, they find it a little suffocating and rarely revealing. "I read the rock mags," shrugs Buck. "I feel like a pervert doing it, but I do. It's entertaining, but it has absolutely nothing to do with where the art comes from. Some of my favorite music comes from people who probably aren't really pleasant human beings. Someone like Bob Dylan, who can write with such compassion, and who, apparently, from what little I know, does not have a lot of that in his real life. . . ."

Peter and Mike handled all the interviews for *Automatic for the People*. They volunteered. Bill Berry simply hates it, and Michael has tired of all the unsolicited free psychoanalysis. Not that it's easy for the other two. They did four weeks of interviews, eight interviews a day, of Why isn't Michael here? How is it, coping with the pressure? Why don't you like videos? What do you think about Sinéad O'Connor? "It's kind of irritating," says Mills, "when Where's Michael? is the first question in *every* interview. I mean, Where's your editor? How come they didn't send somebody higher up in the magazine to interview me?"

For weeks they delivered much the same spiel: When they finished the new LP they found no common thread to suggest a title. Peter and Mike voted for *Unforgettable*, because they lost at the Grammies to Natalie Cole singing a song "written before we were even born," but instead they took the slogan of a soul-food restaurant in Athens. (One enterprising paper phoned up the owner, Dexter Weaver, at Weaver D's Fine Foods to discover that the band favor his vegetable plates—$3.78 with sweet tea—and that Michael is especially partial to his sweet potato soufflé.)

And they would skip through the LP's songs: "Ignoreland" and "Drive" are maybe the "political" songs. "Man on the Moon" is possibly set in some sort of surrealist heaven inhabited by Andy Kaufman, Elvis Presley, Antony, Cleopatra, and the asp. "Star Me Kitten" is really called—both in their lyrics and by the band in conversation—"Fuck Me Kitten," but they didn't want to court unnecessary fuss. "The Sidewinder Sleeps Tonite" maybe makes no sense at all, and Michael laughs in the middle because Mike Mills kept trying to get him to pronounce "Dr. Seuss" properly and he kept singing "Dr. Zeus."

I took one of those hundred-plus interviewing spaces in New York this autumn, writing for a British newspaper. When I entered, Mike Mills was studying Mary Gaitskill's piece on Axl Rose in the *Details* music issue. "I'm looking at this picture where Axl has signed this girl's butt," he says.

"It must happen to you all the time," I say.

"Actually, I've never been offered a posterior to sign. Other body parts—hands, arms, chests—but never a posterior."

In San Antonio, neither Bill nor Michael avoids or ignores me—I don't think they would want to seem rude; this is a group with manners—but it is clear they will not respond to questioning. When I ask Michael if he has a message for the readers of *Details*, he says, "I have nothing to say. That is my statement." I suspect this is what he would like the world to believe for now, but I also rather doubt the world will let him go so easily.

He seems to be enjoying himself. On the set, when people ask to take his photograph, he says, "If I can take a picture of you," and does. When he signs his autograph he simply writes MICHAEL and then 1992, sometimes drawing a peace sign between the two nines. In the longer breaks he rolls his own cigarettes, though he seems keen on not being photographed smoking in the on-set stills. He has this strange exaggerated body language—if he's scratching wax out of his ear, for instance, he'll insert his index finger and rotate it perpendicular to his head, so that you could tell what he was doing from a hundred yards away—a language that is either the sign of someone who knows he is being watched and plays up to it, or who has no self-consciousness whatsoever.

If he reminds me of anyone, it's Morrissey (though with Morrissey you have no doubt that affectation rules). These days they are friends, a relationship initiated by a series of unanswered letters from Stipe. This, Buck tells me, is something Michael has no trouble doing—contacting anyone in whom he is interested. Michael and Morrissey keep in touch by fax. But it was Peter who

had the most recent Morrissey encounter. He was in Tower Records in New Orleans looking for a new Troggs compilation. His path was blocked by a man who, when he turned around, transpired to be Morrissey. They reintroduced themselves.

"You're standing right in front of the T section," Buck pointed out. "I wanted to get something."

"Oh," answered Morrissey. "What are you going to get?"

Buck told him.

"You'll be sorry," Morrissey warned.

"I really like some of those songs," Buck insisted.

"Oh, it's better in your heart than it ever will be in real life," retorted Morrissey, who had chosen a girl-group compilation.

"Yeah, but that's life. I'm still going to buy the thing."

BETWEEN TAKES, MICHAEL NIBBLES ON GOLDFISH SNACKS. HE throws one at the photographer, Anton Corbijn. When Michael isn't watching, Anton gets even by placing one in the brim of Michael's hat. Michael is being filmed from above, so it will show up in the video shots. Unfortunately, when he jumps up onto the freeway's median, the goldfish leaps out and lands at his feet.

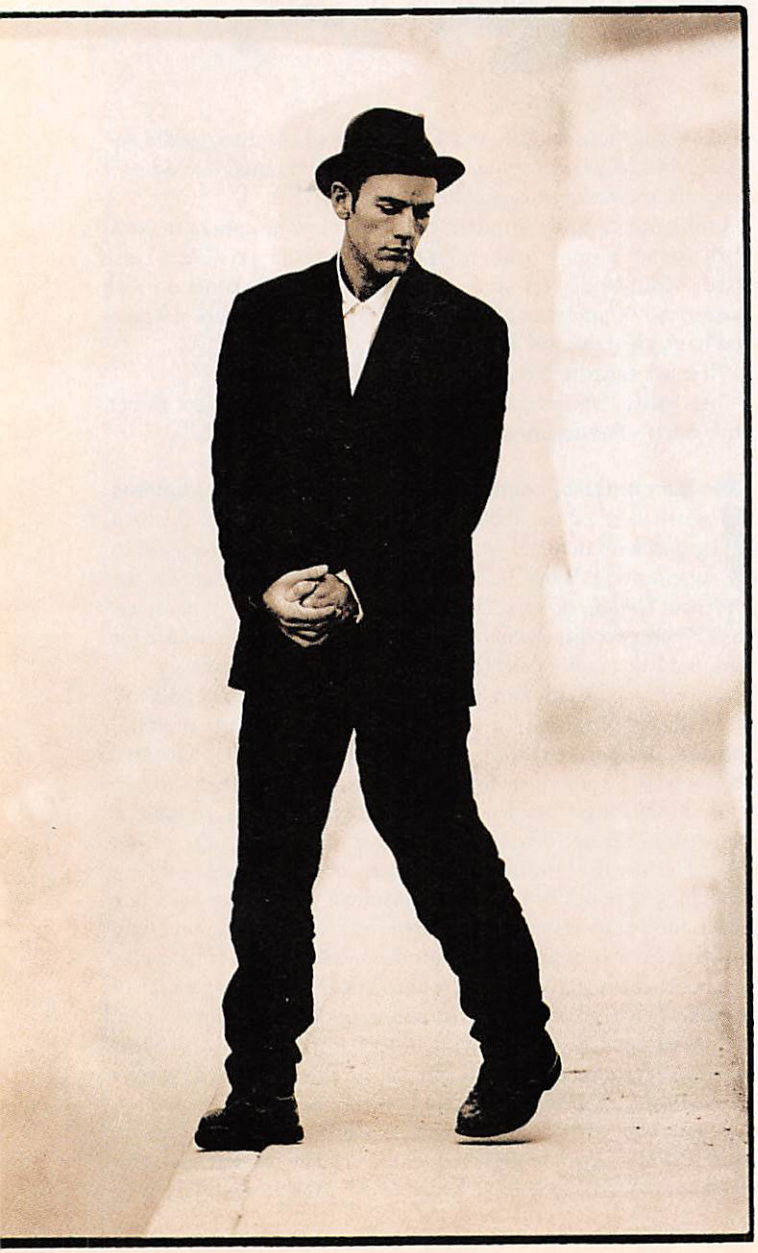
Later he jokes about this. "I was trying to look so cool, jumping up without my hands, and this goldfish falls off."

If it had stayed put, I point out, its significance would have been analyzed and deconstructed for years.

"Yeah," he sighs. "They'd write a book about it." Pause. *"From 'Fall on Me' to 'Everybody Hurts'—The Goldfish Legacy."*

Why "Fall on Me"? I wonder.

When they talk about the early years in Athens, you understand why R.E.M. don't ache with the need to make sense of the world. In a little, local way of their own, they had found a way for the world to make sense.



That's him on the highway: Michael Stipe on Interstate 10, San Antonio, Texas.

"Because they're still trying to figure that one out."

He's not joking. People do these things. A recent book on R.E.M., *It Crawled From the South,* expounds in detail a theory that "Losing My Religion" describes the shooting of John Lennon from Mark David Chapman's perspective.

LATER THAT NIGHT I GO OUT WITH PETER BUCK. HE WANTS TO EAT, and drink, Mexican. On San Antonio's riverwalk, the restaurants are overflowing, but at last we find a Mexican place—blasting an enticingly terrible Spanish version of Leo Sayer's "When I Need You"—that is literally empty. Buck orders in Spanish. "You learn how to say 'another drink' and 'please, without meat' in every language," he explains.

He sips his drink. A look of disgust. "It's a fuckin' wine margarita!" We check the menu—no liquor license. That's why the place is empty. "They got a couple of gringos in here who didn't know the difference," he sighs. We stay anyway.

Buck tells me he believes that it is good to have strongly held opinions and habits that you then change at a moment's notice. Like the way after *Green* he didn't pick up a guitar for a year and made himself write songs only on bass, mandolin, or dulcimer. Until recently he hadn't worn a shirt without a collar in eight years. Then earlier this year he went to the Gap in Athens. He'd seen these union suit–type shirts before and quite liked them, "but there was no way in the world I would spend nineteen dollars on a T-shirt." (He's a millionaire. Does this make him cheap or just honest with himself?) But this time they were on sale for $2.99, so he bought every single extra-large in the place, about forty of them. He hasn't worn a shirt with a collar since.

The night after his T-shirt conversion, someone came up to him at a party and said, "God, I heard you spent a thousand dollars at the Gap today." By typical rock star standards, this is a fairly benign rumor; to Buck it seems outrageous. Recently there was a much wilder story doing the rounds, especially in Europe, where it is still exchanged with sad fascination: that Michael Stipe (he's quite thin! he's not doing press!) is HIV-positive. It's the new sick all-purpose celebrity rumor. "As long as his family knows the truth, I don't think he gives a shit," says Buck.

They believe the stories come from a certain person who pretends to be both Michael and Peter on the telephone. He tells peo-

ANTON CORBIJN; FASHION: ROD CUMMINGS; GROOMING: JOHNNY VILLANUEVA; CLOTHING: VISCOSE-LINEN FOUR-BUTTON SUIT, $765, AND COTTON SHIRT, $150, BOTH BY PAUL SMITH

ple, as Michael, that he has AIDS; as Peter, that he's a junkie and living on the streets. "We'd just sold 10 million records and people were calling me, believing I was living on the streets. I'm sorry, if I want to be a drug addict I can afford to live in the best hotel room in town and be a drug addict." They get tested for this stuff regularly—insurance—but the rumors grate.

As the evening slides away, Peter Buck wants to explain that he is mad with the world. Always has been. "If I'd been happy with the world I'd be selling insurance or teaching English. Fundamentally, the people who change the world are the ones who don't like it. If Bill and Mike were satisfied with life they'd still be in Macon, playing in a boogie band. We're people who, in a lot of ways, wouldn't have fit, and we've managed to make ourselves a place in the world and managed to change a little corner of our world. We're very . . . I hate to use the word 'idealistic' . . . more *moralistic.* Idealism smacks of naïveté, and none of us are naive. But our lives are totally morally guided. Not the old morals—church on Sunday, don't drink, shine your shoes—that's bullshit. Mike and I were talking about this the other day, and he said, 'You know, if we were sleazebags we'd have a lot more fun.' I said, 'Yeah, but you have to be stupid to live with it.' "

We move upstairs to the bar. Peter orders some more drinks, and it is only now that I realize that all night he has been addressing the waiters as "sir." We drink on and he talks about the future. They quite fancy writing a film soundtrack—Bill wrote one alone for the half-hour film *Men Will Be Boys,* and they nearly did the score for the film version of Graham Swift's novel *Waterland.* They worked on some ideas (including a Glenn Miller–style version of "Fuck Me Kitten"), but while the producer wanted them, the director didn't. Michael has never written music (whatever his tales of being a childhood prodigy on piano, he has a profoundly modest keyboard talent in adulthood, and he can—says Buck—only play three guitar chords: G, C, and D). Nevertheless, there is solo material. Peter's heard some of it in the past; the principal instruments were organ and trombone. "Just say the world may not be ready for it yet." For his part, Bill Berry has a group fantasy: They'll play their farewell concert on New Year's Eve, 1999, encore in the next century, and then split up.

Buck says they have always had an agreement that if one of them leaves, R.E.M. is over. Himself, he would write songs and play guitar with friends, but he would never join another band. "It would be like if the love of your life died when you were thirty-five," he says. "You could date, but you're probably not going to get married again." A long pause. "Well, I wouldn't." All of R.E.M.'s songs are based around music written beforehand by the three musicians, often by sitting around together with acoustic guitars. "Some people," states Peter, "think we're these schleppers and that Michael does it all." Michael simply chooses which pieces he wishes to grace with his lyrics. It's a happy union. "I've worked with a lot of people," Peter says, "and I've never seen a band with chemistry as good as ours. It doesn't matter what you think of the end result."

So why, I ask, is it so good?

He shrugs. "We're all smart, and we're all assholes."

ON SUNDAY MORNING THERE IS A PHOTO ON THE FRONT PAGE OF the *San Antonio Express-News* in which, as the newspaper so accurately describes the scene, "Michael Stipe, lead singer of the rock group R.E.M. takes time out to check his teeth in the rear-view mirror Saturday during the filming of the band's new music video. . . ." It is very odd breakfast reading.

On the set, Michael stares at the snacks. "I want a goldfish but I'd have to clean my teeth." He swigs some Ozarka mineral water. Eventually he can resist the lure of the goldfish no longer.

"Are you making them swim?" someone asks him.

"They're swimming already," he says, pointing to his stomach. "Going to the big ocean." When he's done he produces a toothbrush—green—from his jacket and starts scrubbing.

A young girl wanders over to Michael and, grinning, he picks her up in the most delightfully natural manner.

"I want my mother," she cries.

He smiles and hands her over.

R.E.M. are filming this video now, a few days before Thanksgiving, even though it will probably not be released until well into 1993, because they plan to take their first extended official break. Until next July. During the hiatus Buck wants to write songs with friends (in particular with Johnette Napolitano of Concrete Blonde) and travel. Maybe Morocco, maybe Sicily. Mike will travel a little, too—maybe he and Peter will visit Australia. Bill will stay home. Maybe Bill and Mike will get in some golf. "I know it has a certain amount of *baggage* because it's played by rich people with terrible taste in trousers who are racist snobs, and I'm sorry about that," Mike says. "But golf is very meditational."

And Michael. There is his interest in photography. There is also C-00's film in development, *Desperation Angels.* (Oliver Stone is participating; and though Stipe neither wrote the script nor will act in it, he is heavily involved.) It is a tale of some hopeless, disillusioned people on a trip. Since the election, he has wondered whether it might be out-of-date "because now people are feeling positive in a way that they haven't for years." R.E.M. played their own small role in the recent changes. Before the election Michael introduced Bill Clinton and Al Gore at a rally in Georgia. According to Peter Buck, Al Gore stood up at the microphone and said: "Well, everyone knows that the Bush administration was out of time, and the Clinton/Gore ticket is automatic for the people."

"That's the vice president of the United States speaking there," mutters Buck. "You've got to think it is quite amusing."

IT IS HARD TO PLACE MOST R.E.M. SONGS ANYWHERE NEAR THE LIVES of their creators, but there is one on *Automatic for the People,* "Nightswimming," which is about, or at least takes its cue from, an actual reminiscence. *Nightswimming deserves a quiet night.* Back when they were younger they would go out and see friends play in Athens bands. Everyone would dance until the bars closed down. They knew a private lake a couple of miles out of town. They'd drive out, build a big fire, and go swimming naked. Sometimes there were forty people, sometimes just two. *The fear of getting caught. The recklessness of water. They cannot see me naked.* There they would run the gamut of youthful activities. The point of it wasn't sex, though it was certainly a by-product. It felt like a liberation—young people throwing off their shackles along with their clothes. *I forgot my shirt at the water's edge.* Mike Mills talked to a kid recently who asked him, "Weren't you worried you wouldn't be successful?" and Mills was shocked. When *they* were twenty-one or twenty-two they thought they were immortal. They thought they would live forever. *It's not like years ago.*

I ask Peter Buck and Mike Mills if they'd ever been back.

"I went back about five years ago to show it to someone," said Mills, "but we're far too old. It's great when you're twenty."

"There's snakes out there," nods Buck. "It's really muddy. I'm married." He laughs. "Anyway, I've got a swimming pool."

(Continued on page 123)

Diane Lane

Once forgotten, now unforgettable in *My New Gun* and *Chaplin*

It's been a while since we've seen you, but with three movies out this year, I was wondering if you're planning to reconfigure Warhol's equation.

Which is?

Two "fifteen minutes of fame . . . "?

Look, I'm not really in a very cynical mood today. There are days when I feel very cynical, but today's not one of them. Fame is relative; it depends on what you do with it when you have it. And God forbid you should get it without a plan or a sense of worth.

What's the biggest burden of fame?

Presuming to know, I guess.

You made your first movie, *A Little Romance,* when you were thirteen. What do you miss most about your youth?

Life is funny. You pass through this membrane called age, which you don't feel as you go through it. Then you realize that certain behavior is no longer appropriate. And you think, "Shit, I would like to stay seventeen for a few more decades."

Were you a rebel?

If I had been born a guy I would have been. But I was conditioned to restraint and worrying about how I came off. Still, there's a time, growing up, when you see yourself as an adult and you want more freedom than you're legally allowed to have. In that way I'd push the boundaries of what was acceptable. I'd steal cars and drive across state lines and stuff. I'm more stable now; I'm married, and my money's all tied up in real estate.

Before you made *The Cotton Club,* you were the most sought after thing in Hollywood. . . .

Don't forget *Streets of Fire*—the other major bomb of that year. . . .

What's it like realizing that you may not be the hottest thing anymore?

I became superobjective about it. I wanted to know who I was before presenting myself as hot shit. So I took my career off the market and went to Georgia for two years. I lived with my mom, got the chickens' eggs out of the coop, ate a lot of bacon, and stayed celibate. I didn't want to play the game—to go to Hollywood parties, memorize who was where and who did what . . . I don't have the calculating mind for that. I don't know if I'm lazy or if I think that's beneath me.

When is doing something bad good for you?

As long as you're conscious and you understand it's a choice, or it's a weakness, or it's an addiction, and you can sleep with it at night and it doesn't hurt anybody else.

What was the last bad thing that was good for you?

That last cigarette. There's a huge adjustment when you quit. I know—I've done it several times. It's a long-haul perspective. You can't just carve one thing out of your life. One thing is tied into everything, and cigarettes are still part of my program for the moment.

What's the biggest thing you've ever stolen from a hotel?

I've never stolen anything from a hotel. But I did go through a klepto stage when I was eleven. I would steal a bottle of nail polish a day from Lamston's because I never had long beautiful nails, and that was an investment toward my glamorous, womanly future. Every color, from green glitter to taupe rose.

What's more work, being married or being an actress?

They both require a lot of homework, but I think you can cheat more at being an actress. In marriage, you can't give 80 percent and kid yourself and say that's 100. You can when you're acting.

How long have you been married [to actor Christopher Lambert]?

Four years.

What's the worst Tarzan joke you've heard?

Me Tarzan, you Lane.

You went out with Jon Bon Jovi for six months. Did it upset you to go out with someone who had bigger hair than you?

That's a cheap shot! It was fascinating for me to see his history and realize how we are all products of our parents. His parents love him so much. His mother was a marine and she worked at the Playboy Club serving cocktails. His father was a marine, too, and he cut hair. He did Jon's and he gave me free haircuts. But did you ever have an affair and it's a total miscommunication from day one? It was like two images projecting onto each other with no real connection.

So that's why you became celibate . . .

That put me over the edge. I'd be with him on tour and he'd say, "Why aren't you off working?" It was 1985 and I was twenty. Maybe he sensed that because I was out of work I was playing the part of what I thought his girlfriend should be. I made cookies for the band at Farm Aid. I was such a fool. What idiot would do that? And then I'd have too much beer and throw up in their tour bus. I don't think Jon ever forgave me for my lack of social graces.

You're driving with your mate having an argument, and he goes silent. Do you stay quiet and go along for the ride or do you get out of the car and walk?

I browbeat him until he speaks. I'm not good with the silent thing. I start to panic, so I keep prying.

How do you know when it's love?

It's got to be chemical, because it's not rational. It's a warm feeling of no matter what happens I know I'll always feel this way about this person.

What is the one part of the male anatomy that most confuses you?

Two things. A chest without any breasts, without any stuff hanging off. And let's be clinical and call them testicles. They're so fragile, I can't think of anything to relate them to. Guys always say, "Don't hurt me there." They build up the value of their most fragile commodity. I find that fascinating.

What is your generation missing most?

Faith.

In?

Faith in good, in survival, in the future, in God, in ourselves, in being optimistic and not being cynical about it.

Do you have the faith?

Yeah, I do. I mask it pretty well to fit in with everybody else. But I do.

Give me five words that sum you up.

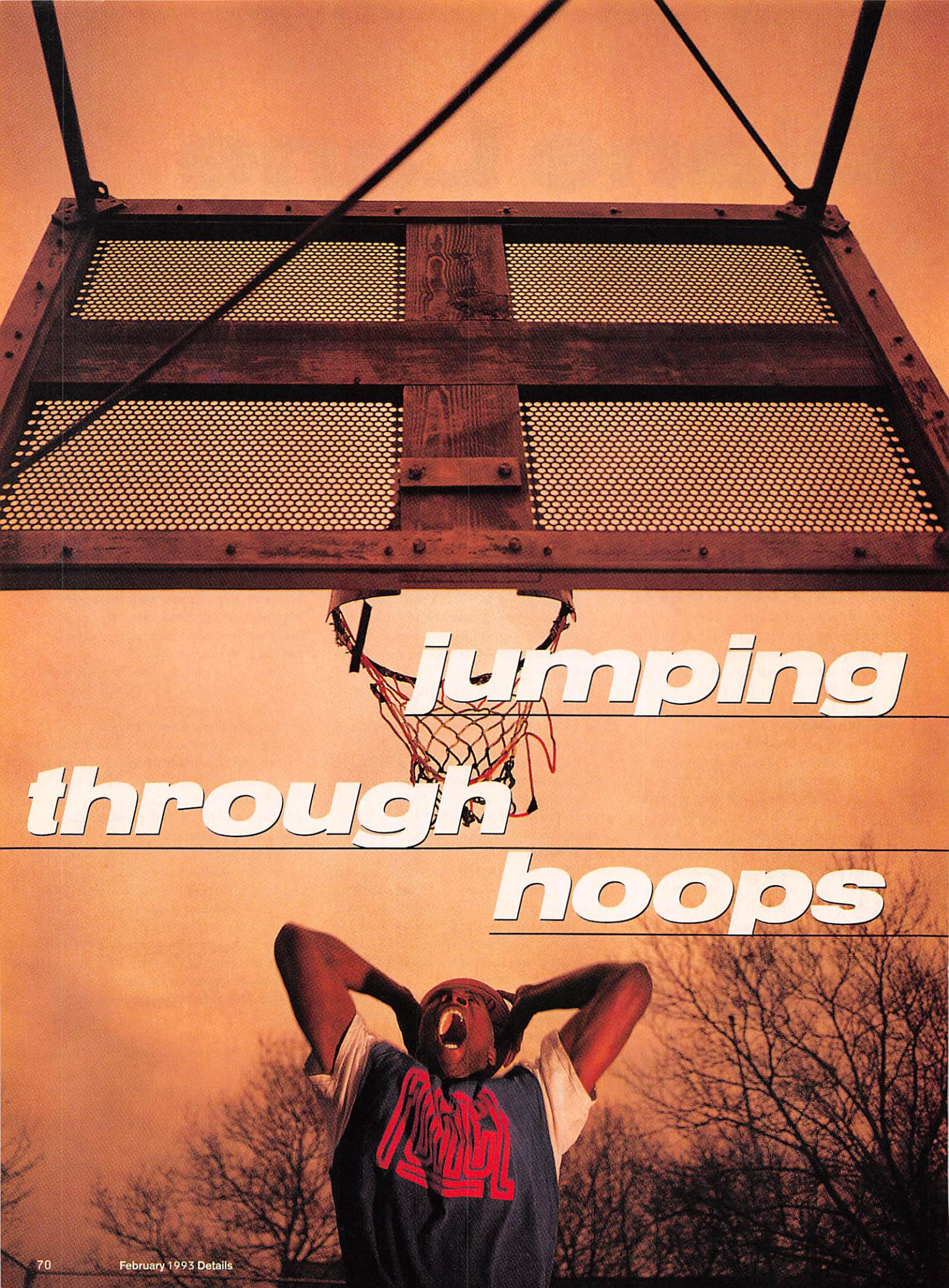
Oh, shit.

That's two.

Oh, shit, that's not fair. Is that five?

Interview by Joe Dolce, a features editor at *Details.*

KATE GARNER; FASHION: KIM BOWEN FOR VISAGES STYLE, L.A.; MAKEUP: KATHY JEUNG FOR VISAGES STYLE, L.A.; HAIR: JOHNNY WALKER FOR VISAGES STYLE, L.A.



jumping through hoops

Haven't you been up to see us? Here's a shot of our arena. Beautiful, isn't it? That's a $10 million building. Every game sold out. In four years you'll play in front of 3.5 million people. That's more than most pros! We're on TV more than any other Big East team. And we've been in the NCAA tournament for the last nine years. Now, you're gonna read in the papers about kids getting benefits. But I want to assure you, our lawyers are working around the clock and they've found no major violations. The headlines say PLAYERS GET CASH. *Shit, I gave twenty dollars Christmas money to one player. Big deal. Worst is, we'll lose a scholarship. But we won't be out of the tournament. Maybe we'll get a one-year probation during your freshman year, but we won't be out of the tournament. O.K., maybe—maybe—we won't play in the tournament, but that's it. Of course, I can't guarantee it. Anyway, have I mentioned the facilities? We got everything: Great weight room. Great student apartments. Socially, nowhere better. Parties at night in the apartments. And our players—they should run for mayor! Always the most popular guys in town. Four sets of practice gear by Champion. And any model Nike you want. Any questions?*

Brooklyn forward Tchaka Shipp is strong, fast, smart, and aggressive, and to sign him up, some of the country's top basketball coaches would promise just about anything. Darcy Frey brings back an exclusive look at how the recruiting game is played.

Six foot seven and 215 pounds, Tchaka helped lead his team to the New York City public-school championship as a junior.

JIM BOEHEIM, COACH OF THE SYRACUSE Orangemen, had been talking so long, and so insistently, that the room's hush, now that he'd finished, was jarring, like the pugnacious silence that issues from a telephone answered mid-ring. "Any questions?"

Tchaka Shipp didn't know what to say. At that moment he looked prematurely aged, weary, almost too tired to speak. It had been a very long week. Tchaka's senior year at Brooklyn's Abraham Lincoln High School had just begun, the '91–'92 season was still a month away, and already he was overwhelmed by a parade of men in paisley and pinstripes with huge attaché cases and gold NCAA rings as nearly every head coach in the Big East came to persuade Tchaka that his future was best served by spending the next four

DAN WINTERS

years at Syracuse or Villanova or Providence or Seton Hall. . . .

Being courted by some of college basketball's most charismatic coaches was supposed to have been intoxicating. "Don't let it go to your head," everyone had told Tchaka, before whispering cautionary tales about perks and promises, violations of NCAA rules, the lavishing of attention that turns poor ghetto kids into grasping preprofessionals. But that is an imperfectly rendered depiction of the recruiting game. Consider Tchaka's situation: He grew up with his mother and sister in the desolate Bedford-Stuyvesant section of Brooklyn. Each day in the parks, Tchaka played ball until he had shed the klutziness of a perpetually oversize kid and made himself into a player. In 1991, his junior year, he helped lead his team to the public-school championship, which was broadcast on TV from Madison Square Garden. Just turned seventeen and already six foot seven, he had earned a national reputation as a power forward who played like Buck Williams—all elbows and an insatiable appetite for the ball.

Tchaka is also a majestic-looking kid, with high cheekbones and a long sloping forehead that give him an Egyptian aspect, though the gold-rimmed glasses he favors tilt his image more toward Sidney Poitier. Outgoing and extremely bright, he had by his junior year already scored high enough on his SATs to meet NCAA requirements and was facing the prospect of four years at a top college and then a chance to "bring back the loot in the NBA," as he allowed himself to speculate from time to time.

Whether Tchaka would get out—and stay out—of Brooklyn, however, depended on whether he made the right decision about his recruiting. Tchaka was a true connoisseur of the game: He followed not only the fortunes of his favorite players—UNLV's Larry Johnson, Syracuse's Billy Owens, whose photos covered an entire bedroom wall—but also those who signed at top programs, earned their schools fat TV contracts with their brilliant play, then ended up without a degree or the first notion as to how to get a job. Tchaka was too smart for that. Still, choosing the right school was probably the most important decision Tchaka would ever make. And in order to make it, he would have to face a series of highly skilled recruiters and look for the cracks and fissures in each coach's pitch that would tell Tchaka whom he could trust and whom he could not.

"You know, Providence has got young guys at your position. But a freshman's gonna play at Syracuse," Jim Boeheim was saying. "Normally you'd have to wait your turn at Syracuse. But with Billy leaving early for the pros, we need another forward." The coach leaned back in his chair and hooked his thumbs in his belt loops. He waited for Tchaka to ask a question, but none was forthcoming. "I think it's a great situation for you," Boeheim said, filling in the silence. "And the earlier you sign, the better."

A starting position in his freshman year—this was an unprecedented opportunity. And look where Billy was going: third pick in the draft, soon to sign a contract for $2.8 million a year with the Golden State Warriors. Syracuse was big-time. Syracuse could get you where you wanted to go. But could Boeheim be believed? Among Tchaka and his friends, the coach had a reputation for "recruiting over"—that is, signing a player, then giving his starting spot to a better athlete if one should come along. It was tempting for Tchaka to think Boeheim would never do that to him. Still, someone in that room was being investigated by the NCAA, and it wasn't Tchaka. Boeheim's thumbs were still hooked in his pants. The coach waited for some reaction from the recruit. Tchaka met his gaze, but said nothing.

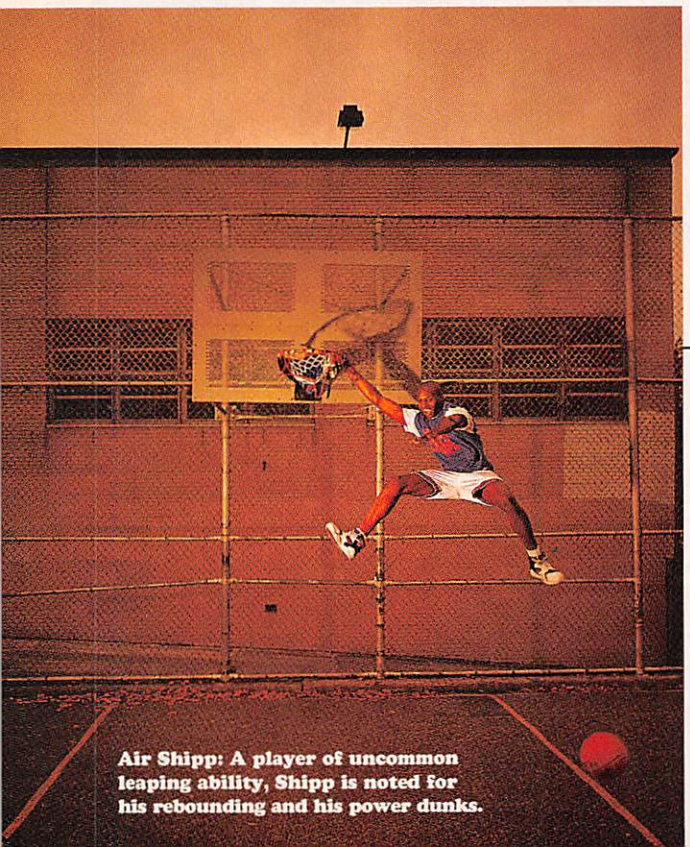
THE FIRST RULE OF RECRUITING IS THIS: BEFORE YOU CAN GET TO THE kid, you've got to get to his high school coach. At Lincoln, everybody goes through Bob Hartstein, head basketball coach for the last twelve seasons. No one receives a player's home number without Hartstein's approval. "If a coach calls a player when I tell him not to, then forget about recruiting that kid," he declares.

As a coach, the forty-two-year-old Hartstein is cast against type. He's a tall, thin man with tired eyes, a bushy mustache, and a way of shrugging his shoulders and turning his palms to the ceiling in a time-honored Yiddish gesture—the miffed uncle who didn't get invited to the bar mitzvah. "I'm afraid to go into the stands at a high school game now," he complains. "The college coaches swarm around me like vultures—crazy!" But he muddles through just the same. In the world of big-time high school basketball, a coach's success is measured by the number of kids he

"I can see the headline when Seton Hall: "PIRATES GET

has sent on to major programs. And as a result, the biggest names in college ball—Seton Hall's P.J. Carlesimo, Villanova's Rollie Massimino (who has since moved to UNLV), Providence's Rick Barnes—all make it their business to treat Hartstein with a deference not usually enjoyed by an overworked, underpaid employee of the New York City Board of Education.

Every day, Hartstein's mailbox would fill with greetings from the coaches—some for Hartstein, most for Tchaka. Here's one from Providence assistant coach Fran Fraschilla, along with a snapshot of himself standing in shorts by the side of a lake while holding up a fish: "Tchaka, growing up in Brooklyn, I never got a chance to fish much. Last weekend, I got a chance, and it's a good



Air Shipp: A player of uncommon leaping ability, Shipp is noted for his rebounding and his power dunks.

LEFT: DAN WINTERS; RIGHT, FROM LEFT: AL TIELEMANS/DUOMO; MITCHELL LAYTON/DUOMO

Darcy Frey is a contributing editor at Harper's.

thing it's not my occupation because I'd be in trouble. Can't wait to see you in July! —Coach Fran."

A Fordham coach takes a more direct approach, telling Tchaka about one scholarship recipient who became rich beyond his wildest dreams and later donated $10 million to the school. "Tchaka, this may be you someday. See how Fordham can change your life?" The coach ends his letter with the salutation: "Health, Happine$$ and Hundred$."

Here's another from Providence's Fraschilla, this time on vacation in Florida: "Tchaka, I'm sitting here watching the Bulls and the Pistons on Sunday afternoon. You have at least one thing in common with them: You play hard! Hope you'll keep thinking about the Friars."

Villanova assistant coach John Olive drops Tchaka a postcard just to let him know that "I'm here with Charles Barkley at Villanova. Hope to talk to you soon. —Coach O."

"Jesus, these guys could send Tchaka a scholarship just with their postal fees," says Hartstein. Grudgingly, he makes his way through the letters, creating one stack for Tchaka, another to be filed circularly. "Here's one for a *T-E-H-A-K-A* Shipp. The kid's got an unusual name. If they can't spell it properly, it doesn't show much interest, does it?" Gleefully Hartstein rips that one up and tosses it into the trash.

MUCH LATER, WHEN THE RECRUITING GOT PARTICULARLY COMPETitive, every coach would tell Tchaka they had admired him since he was a freshman. That would have been unlikely. Back then, Tchaka played on the junior varsity team and could barely get his feet to work in tandem. As a sophomore, he averaged four points a game; as a junior, six. He had no touch outside a three-foot radius of the basket and he couldn't catch a pass unless it hit him squarely in the chest. Occasionally, though, Tchaka would get the ball at the foul line, take a single dribble, and, with his extraordinary leaping ability, find himself eye-to-eye with the rim for a thunderous dunk. If his skills ever caught up to his athletic ability, there was no end to his potential—or "The Big P," in the coaches' argot. Excitedly, the coaches went over his vital statistics, as though Tchaka were a prize bull: "Let's see. Six foot seven and 215 pounds, the kid just turned seventeen, so that means he's still got another year of growth, maybe two. . . ."

I sign," says Tchaka, after touring THEIR SHIPP."

But Tchaka's Big P wasn't really put to the test until the summer before his senior year, when his height and his fortitude under the boards earned him a spot at the Nike all-American camp in Indianapolis. During July and August, while most kids are joining pickup games in the parks, the best players barnstorm the country with the summer teams, and the very best receive invitations to the Nike/ABCD Camp: a one-week affair in which 120 blue-chippers from across the country face each other—with plane fare, food, hotel room, and, of course, logoed shirts, shorts, and sneakers paid in full by Nike. It costs the company an estimated $200,000 to stage the camp. But it's an investment: It helps to insure, as seventeen-year-olds like Tchaka go from high school programs sponsored by Nike to summer camps run by Nike to college teams sponsored by Nike, that when the next Michael Jordan comes along he will sign his exclusive endorsement contract with—you guessed it—Nike. Shoe-company officials insist that Nike has no influence over where its campers will sign. But as TV commentator Dick Vitale put it in a speech to the players that week, "Remember: Nike's good to you, you're good to Nike, and that's what American entrepreneurship is all about."

The ABCD in the camp's title stands for Academic Betterment and Career Development, and the players do have to take classes from nine to twelve. But make no mistake: The camp's main purpose is to display the physical prowess of its 120 schoolboy stars. At the Indiana Pacers' preseason facility, Nike officials had arranged for three professional-length courts to be installed side by side, with three separate viewing areas for the coaches. Everyone was there—Duke's Mike Krzyzewski, Indiana's Bobby Knight, Georgetown's John Thompson, and legions of lesser-known coaches, most of them with the obligatory uniform: mustache, V-neck sweater, and clipboard poised on polyester knee. Only twice a year do so many top Division I coaches congregate in the same arena: the Final Four and this camp. Given the overwhelming blackness of the players and the general whiteness of the coaches, certain analogies are inevitably drawn. The *Indianapolis News,* in a headline that week, came up with one of its own: CAMP RESEMBLES STATE FAIR CATTLE EXHIBITION.

"Yup, a lot of horses here," said Seton Hall assistant coach Tom Sullivan. He and his boss, P.J. Carlesimo, settled in to watch one of Tchaka's games, glancing around the stands to see who else was there. Suspicion and paranoia run deep at these events. Someone spotted Carlesimo with a handbag. "Whaddaya got there?" the coach was asked. "Money," Carlesimo replied sarcastically. "I'm going recruiting." A few rows behind the Seton Hall staff, Bobby Knight took a seat next to his old friend Vitale, and the two could be heard discussing the rumor that one Big East school was offering stereos to its recruits.

Massimino (top) of Villanova stressed family; Syracuse's Boeheim hinted at a starting spot.

From the time the players first arrived, they had been told, on an almost hourly basis, to "just go out there and have fun." But none were so naive as to think this was child's play. Why else would there be so many solemn-faced coaches, scouting services, reporters, camera crews, and sneaker-company officials watching their every move? A more unforgiving audience would be hard to find. On the first day of competition, John MacLeod, the ex-Knicks coach now at the helm of Notre Dame, spotted Tchaka taking warm-ups and exclaimed, "Look at the body on that kid! Where's he from?" The coach admired Tchaka's physique until Tchaka missed a few shots. "He's got no outside shot," MacLeod said, sounding disappointed. Tchaka sent another fifteen-footer clanging off the front rim. "Man, he's got no shot at all." MacLeod turned his attention elsewhere. Plenty of other coaches, however, liked what they saw: Tchaka ran the floor well, played good defense, and cleared the boards on both ends of the court. Within days, Hartstein was so besieged by Big

East coaches he couldn't even go to the bathroom in peace.

Among the NCAA's many Byzantine recruiting rules is one that allows college coaches to watch—but not speak to—any player during competition at a summer camp. A few years ago, when the Nike camp was held in a cramped arena in New Jersey, players walking on and off the court were instructed to look the other way so coaches couldn't make eye contact with them. Here in Indiana, the players must sit on a bleacher separated from the coaches by yellow police tape. Nevertheless, the coaches have developed ingenious strategies for advertising their presence. The well-known faces—Knight, Thompson, Kentucky's Rick Pitino—simply sit mid-bleacher and wait for players to spot them. The less recognizable coaches wear T-shirts with giant school logos, then stand and stretch as often as possible. Carlesimo and Sullivan would always sit three feet behind Tchaka's bench. Providence's Fran Fraschilla would linger around public areas—hotels, airport lounges—looking to (as the coaches like to say) "get some bump," a chance encounter that might allow for a brief exchange of pleasantries.

A week after the Nike camp, Tchaka was walking down the hall at another basketball camp, complaining to his roommate about their dorm rooms. There was the ubiquitous Fran Fraschilla. "How ya doin'?" he asked.

"All right, but they got us in a real dump," Tchaka replied.

"Oh yeah? I'm staying at the Holiday Inn. It's nice." Fraschilla laughed nervously, perhaps wondering if he might be going too far. "I got the A.C. turned up, and we got a pool, too."

"Got some girls?"

"Well, I just called my wife, but I might be able to fix *you* guys up." The coach laughed again, then seemed to think better of the whole encounter and backpedaled away from Tchaka and his friend, still laughing, a hand extended by way of apology.

"WHAT'S HAPPENING!" ROLLIE MASSIMINO THRUSTS HIS THICK bear paw of a hand at Tchaka, and the two of them fumble momentarily as Tchaka expects a formal greeting and Massimino tries to execute some sort of soul shake. "How's your mama? How 'bout school, kid?" Tchaka is a little taken aback by Massimino's presumption of intimacy, but he's polite enough to play along. None of Tchaka's homeboys look much like Massimino, though. Massimino is short and round, with an ample jowl and thinning gray hair combed over a perennially tanned scalp. His dark pin-striped suit, the huge gold wristwatch with a big V in the middle, and the monogrammed briefcase he carries are all meant to convey a message: Come to Villanova and enjoy the good life, kid.

The NCAA permits face-to-face meetings between a coach and a recruit starting on July 1 before a player's senior year, and Massimino is the first in the door. Settling his considerable bulk into the cramped coaches' locker room at Lincoln High, Massimino spots a lush, four-color brochure from Seton Hall. The NCAA has banned color recruiting brochures and Massimino wonders if Seton Hall is distributing an old one to get around the rule. "That would be a good trick," Massimino says, marveling. Competition among college coaches may be fierce, but a mutual dislike of the tortuous NCAA bureaucracy always builds solidarity.

Massimino is here today with his son Tom, a Villanova assistant coach and a slightly less corpulent version of his father. Together they pop open their attaché cases and pull out six three-ring binders, each with color-tabbed sections: WHY THE BIG EAST, MEDIA AND TV, NCAA TOURNEY. Solemnly, Massimino arranges his fingers in a steeple and tries to lock eyes with Tchaka, but Tchaka looks uninterested right from the start. "In life, there's perception and reality, Tchaka. Life is more about perception. But the reality of Villanova is this: We're a family, very close, very selective. And I'm telling you like it is, as a friend. Because I'm not a recruiter." Massimino watches to see how that one goes over. "When you come visit our campus, we ask the kids on the team what they think of you. No one else does this, and if our players don't like you, we won't recruit you. That's the truth. Why? 'Cause we're a family."

There are certain lines every coach utters: "I'm not gonna promise you a starting position, but I *am* gonna promise you the chance to earn it" and "Your next four years will dictate your next forty." But coaches quickly size up their audience, then build their pitch around one theme. Having learned that Tchaka's father had died when Tchaka was eleven and that Tchaka had grown extremely close to his mother and older sister, Massimino is going to take a family-values approach today.

did Tchaka want to go to a program that needed title, and he thought the likelihood of that

"You want to go to a place that'll give you the help, the guidance, the love," Massimino continues, warming to his topic. "At Villanova, you'll come over to my house to eat. I'll even cook for you. 'Cause at Villanova, we play together, we eat together, we win together, we lose together, we cry together." Massimino is getting fairly worked up now, sculpting the air with his hands. "And ten years from now you'll call me, just to talk things over. 'Cause if you don't"—Massimino pauses, points his gold pocket pen at Tchaka with a severe expression, then lets his face break into a folksy grin—"I'll kick your ass." Tom laughs at his father's punch line; Tchaka smiles politely.

There was no doubt that Tchaka thought Rollie was a nice enough guy. Who wouldn't? He looked like someone's wealthy benevolent uncle, arms laden with Christmas gifts. But right from the start the idea of going to Villanova had filled Tchaka with a strange sort of dread.

Massimino glances at his son, and Tom, picking up the cue, slides over a three-ring notebook. "Here's something to show you the family component," Massimino says. He turns to a page with mug shots of all the players he has coached since 1974, with one-line descriptions of their present occupations. The page heading reads: SEARCHING FOR YOUR POT OF GOLD. Massimino draws Tchaka's wandering attention to a set of photos. "We have six brother combinations and one three-brother combo. No one in the country ever had three brothers on the same team!"

"True," Tchaka murmurs.

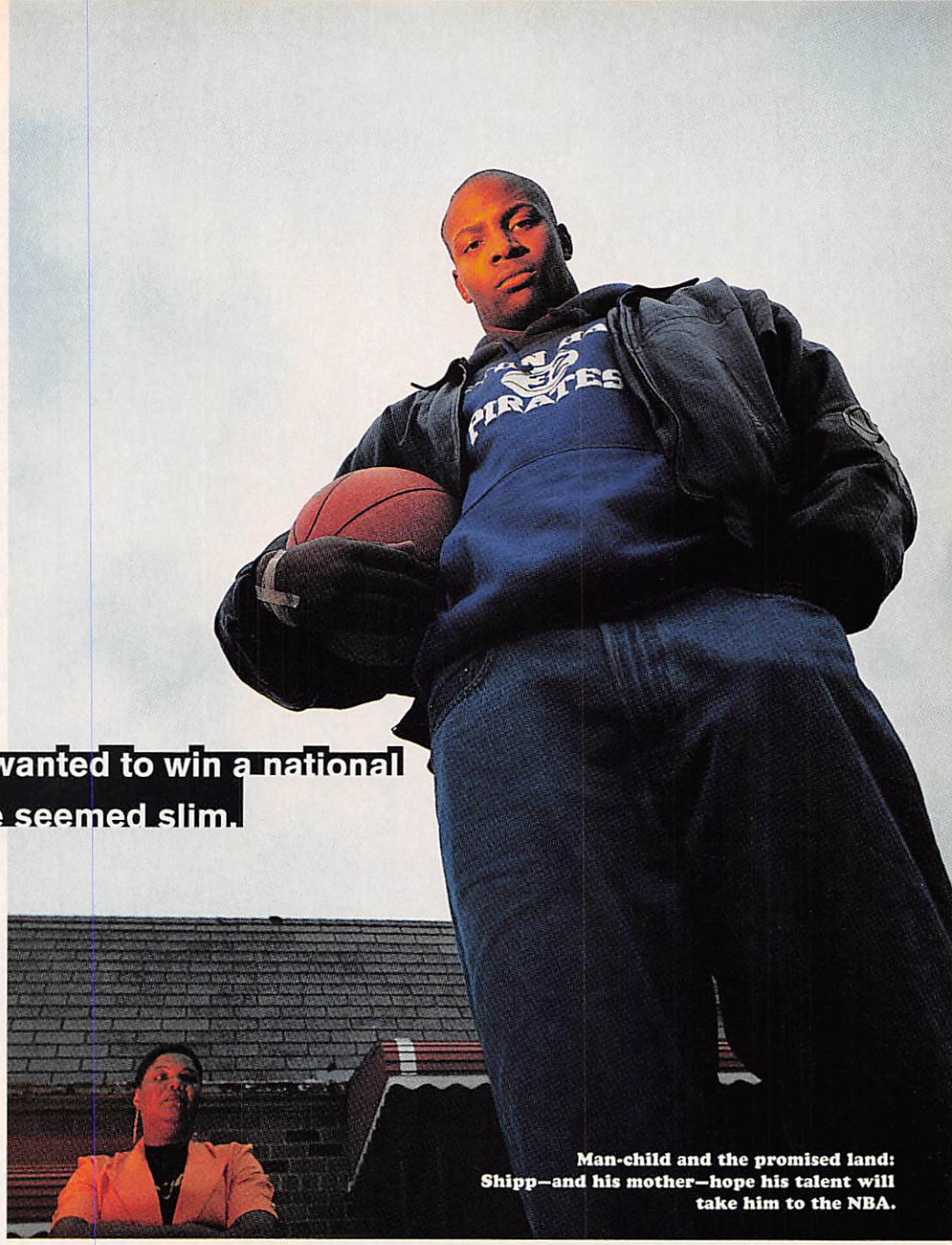
Maybe, Tchaka thought, it was Villanova's style of play that troubled him—a pretty sedate half-court game. That's fine when you're winning and trying to run out the clock. But Tchaka loved nothing so much as running the fast break, getting the pass from the point guard and throwing down a tomahawk jam. Besides, Tchaka remembered, Villanova wears L.A. Gear. Only geeks wear L.A. Gear.

"Tchaka, I could have folded up this book twenty minutes ago and said you're perfect for Villanova. And I don't say that a lot. Why? Because of what you can do—somebody a little bit bigger, a little bit better than the rest."

Tchaka no longer had a clue what Massimino was talking about. Words were streaming out of the coach's mouth—a wall of sound, signifying nothing. Tchaka's attention began to wander to thoughts of Fatima, his new girlfriend, and whether she was free that night.

"Every Christmas we get invited to visit crippled children at a nearby hospital. One of our players dresses up as Santa Claus. That could be you! Now you might say, 'Nah, I'm not into that,' but you give out cotton candy, you sing carols. And when it's done, you'll feel better. . . ." The meeting goes on for another half hour, but Tchaka is already lost, dreaming of dunks and taking his girl to *Terminator 2*.

building? Not really. He wanted to win a national happening at Providence seemed slim.



Man-child and the promised land: Shipp—and his mother—hope his talent will take him to the NBA.

DAN WINTERS

RICK BARNES HAS A DECK OF CARDS IN his hands. Standing in front of Tchaka, he riffles the deck one way—looks normal. Then he riffles it the other way—they're all the two of spades! Barnes puts a ball of paper under one of three cups, mixes up the cups, and tells Tchaka to guess where the ball went. There it is—gone! Here's a quarter hiding behind Tchaka's ear! If Massimino & Son came on like estate lawyers promising Tchaka a share of the family fortune, Barnes looks like some sort of graduate-student magic act. He is trim, handsome, with a soft Southern accent and merry blue eyes that radiate friendliness and good intentions. But he speaks so fast you have to keep replaying what he said to keep it all straight: How many balls are under the cups? And which card am I supposed to keep my eye on?

"If you don't want to work hard, don't come to Providence, Tchaka," Barnes begins. "We make our players get up for breakfast at eight. Even if their first class isn't until 10:30. Because I don't like guys running out the door at 10:20 with their shirt unbuttoned and looking like a mess. Impressions are important." Barnes runs two fingers down the front of his burgundy silk tie. "That's why I want you. You work hard. You play hard."

Assistant coach Fran Fraschilla—Fran the fisherman—picks up the ball. "You know, Tchaka, in Rick's first year Providence was picked ninth. Well, they won thirteen straight and went into the NCAA tourney. We fear nobody." So this is Providence's theme: The Little Train That Could. Tchaka wasn't a born star, but he made himself into an all-American; Providence may be a Big East underdog, but they'll fight to the bitter end.

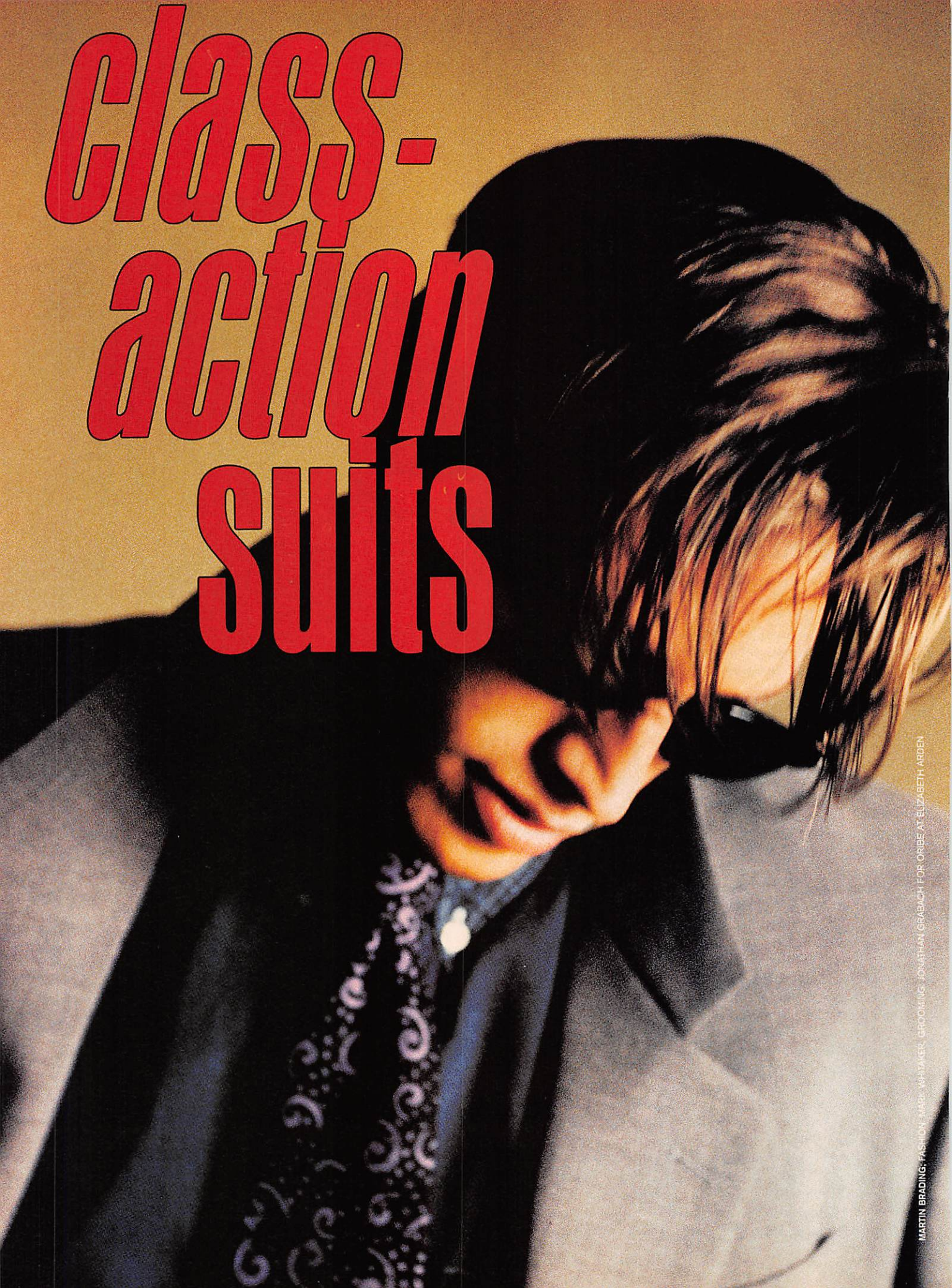
"I don't care if I sign Shaquille O'Neal," says Barnes. Hearing this, Tchaka allows his right eyebrow a slight elevation. He knows Barnes would kill for O'Neal, the LSU center who would go on to be picked number one in the 1992 draft. "I'm serious," Barnes continues. "I'd rather have Marques Bragg [a journeyman forward at Providence]. Maybe I'd find a spot for Shaquille, but he's not gonna take Marques's position."

Well, Tchaka thought, at least these guys are talking basketball, which Rollie didn't do. At least Rick looks and sounds like a coach. Rollie certainly didn't. But did Tchaka want to go to a program that needed building? Not really. He wanted to win a national title and, despite Barnes's can-do spirit, the likelihood of that happening at Providence seemed slim.

"There's a player who plays with Michael Jordan by the name of Scotty Pippen," Barnes is saying. "He didn't have exposure in college, he didn't play on TV, but he's great 'cause his heart is bigger than his chest. And you're that kind of player, too."

(Continued on page 126)

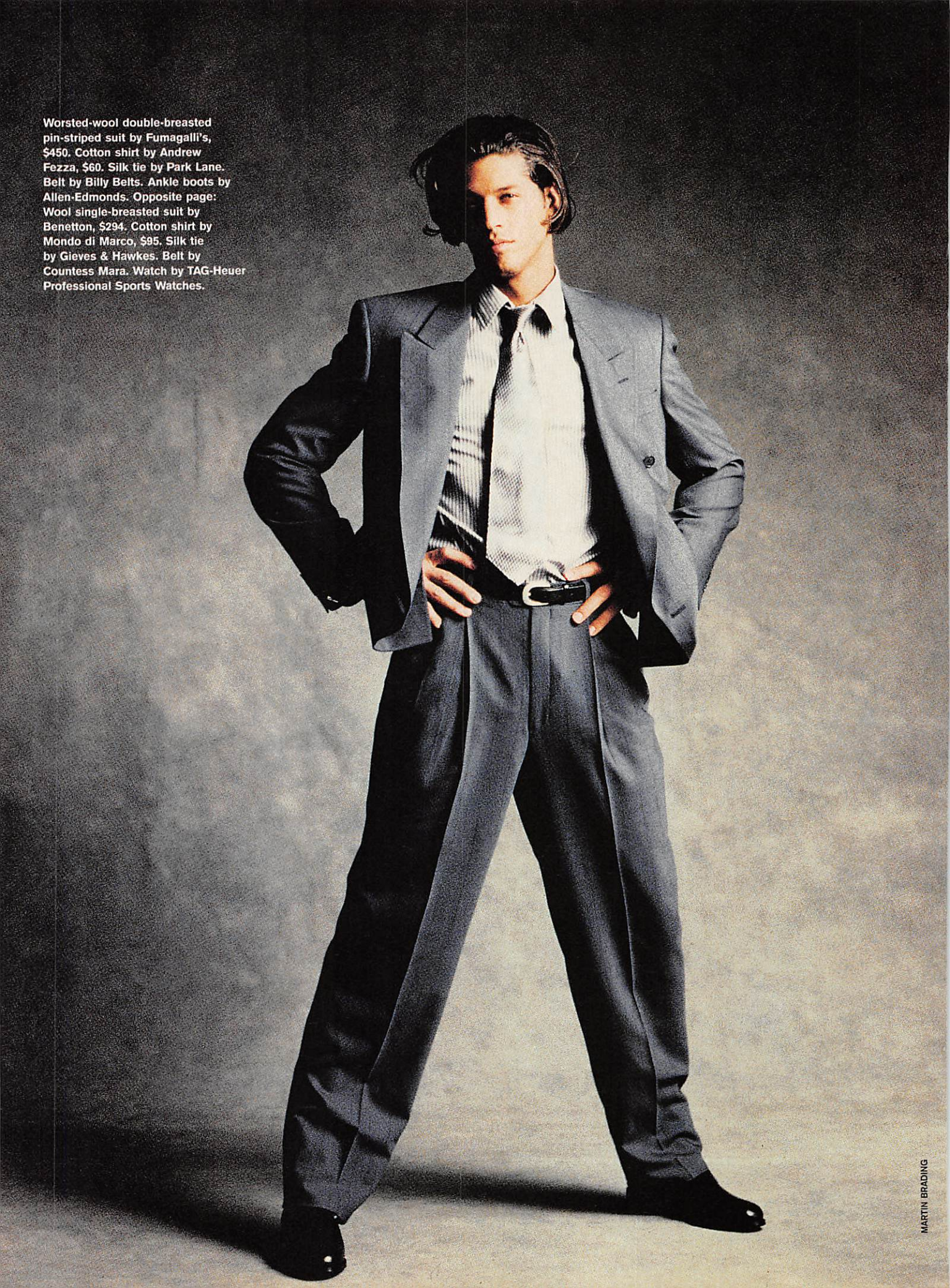
class-action suits



MARTIN BRADING; FASHION: MARK WHITAKER; GROOMING: JONATHAN GRABACH FOR ORIBE AT ELIZABETH ARDEN

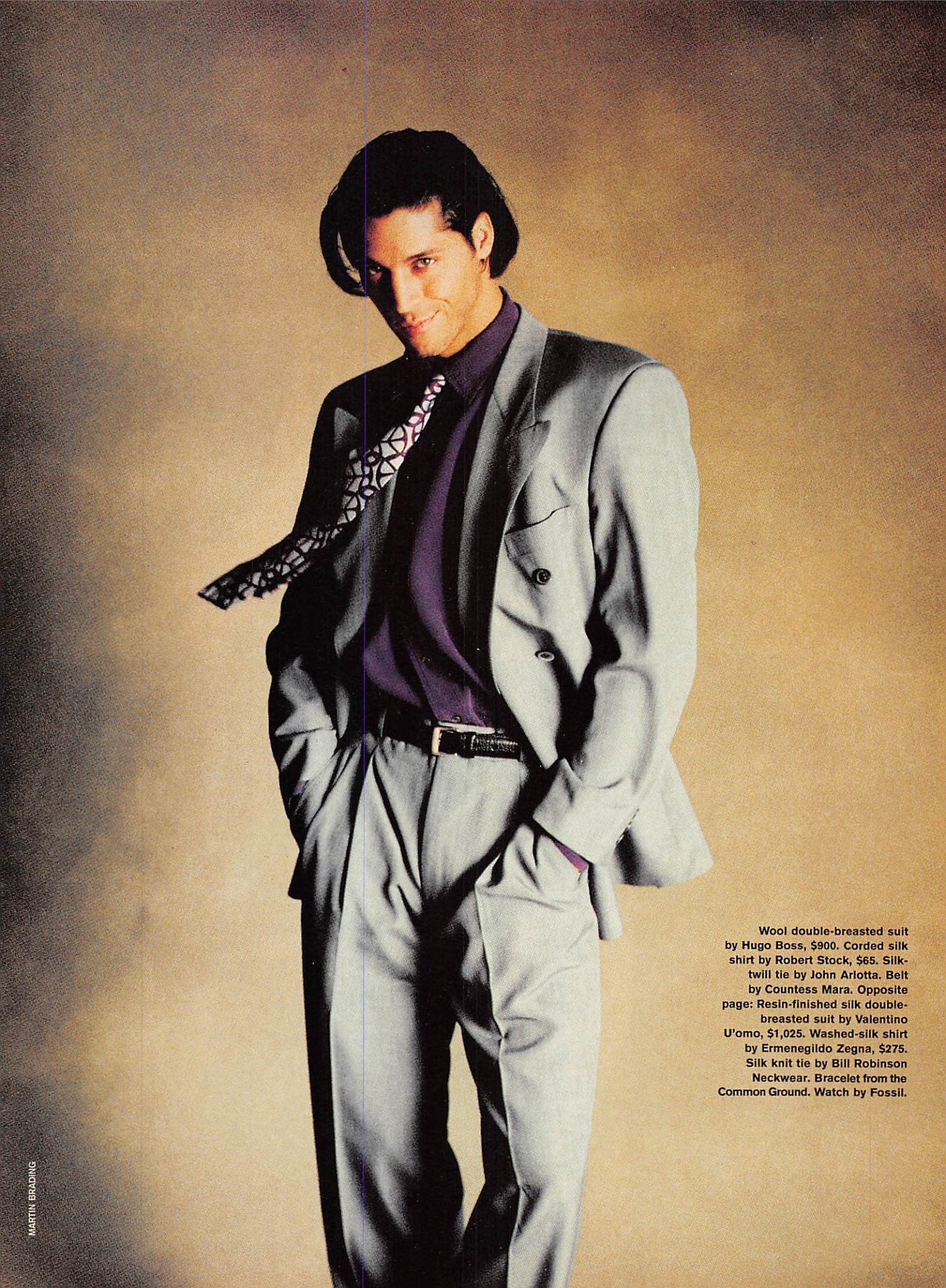
Worsted-wool houndstooth suit, $1,025, cotton shirt, $160, and silk tie, all by Paul Smith. Ankle boots by Allen-Edmonds. Opposite page: Wool single-breasted suit by Cerruti 1881 Couture, $950. Cotton-denim shirt by Hugo Boss, $150. Cotton tie by Henry Company. Sunglasses by X-isle.

The basic business two-piece gets a kick in the pants with richly colored shirts and ties



Worsted-wool double-breasted pin-striped suit by Fumagalli's, $450. Cotton shirt by Andrew Fezza, $60. Silk tie by Park Lane. Belt by Billy Belts. Ankle boots by Allen-Edmonds. Opposite page: Wool single-breasted suit by Benetton, $294. Cotton shirt by Mondo di Marco, $95. Silk tie by Gieves & Hawkes. Belt by Countess Mara. Watch by TAG-Heuer Professional Sports Watches.

MARTIN BRADING



Wool double-breasted suit by Hugo Boss, $900. Corded silk shirt by Robert Stock, $65. Silk-twill tie by John Arlotta. Belt by Countess Mara. Opposite page: Resin-finished silk double-breasted suit by Valentino U'omo, $1,025. Washed-silk shirt by Ermenegildo Zegna, $275. Silk knit tie by Bill Robinson Neckwear. Bracelet from the Common Ground. Watch by Fossil.

MARTIN BRADING

MARTIN BRADING

Wool single-breasted pinstriped suit, $595, and cotton shirt, $59, both by CK Calvin Klein. Tie by Ermenegildo Zegna. Bracelet from the Common Ground. Opposite page: Wool chalk-stripe single-breasted suit from JAII by Joseph Abboud, $500. Cotton shirt by Giorgio Armani Le Collezioni. Silk knit tie by Mondo di Marco.

For store information, see page 127.

Gonzo but Not Forgotten

BY DAVID STREITFELD

ABOUT TWENTY YEARS ago, *Rolling Stone* writer David Felton went to visit his colleague Hunter Thompson at a California hotel. The inventor of gonzo journalism "had a leer on his face and he was just slamming the door to his [room] as hard as he could, over and over again. Until it practically came off the hinges," Felton told writer E. Jean Carroll.

"He would slam it and then he would smile and open it; and he'd slam it again. It was because the guy upstairs complained about the noise. And Hunter's theory on those things . . . is that if somebody complains about the noise, you turn it up, not down, and they'll stop complaining eventually."

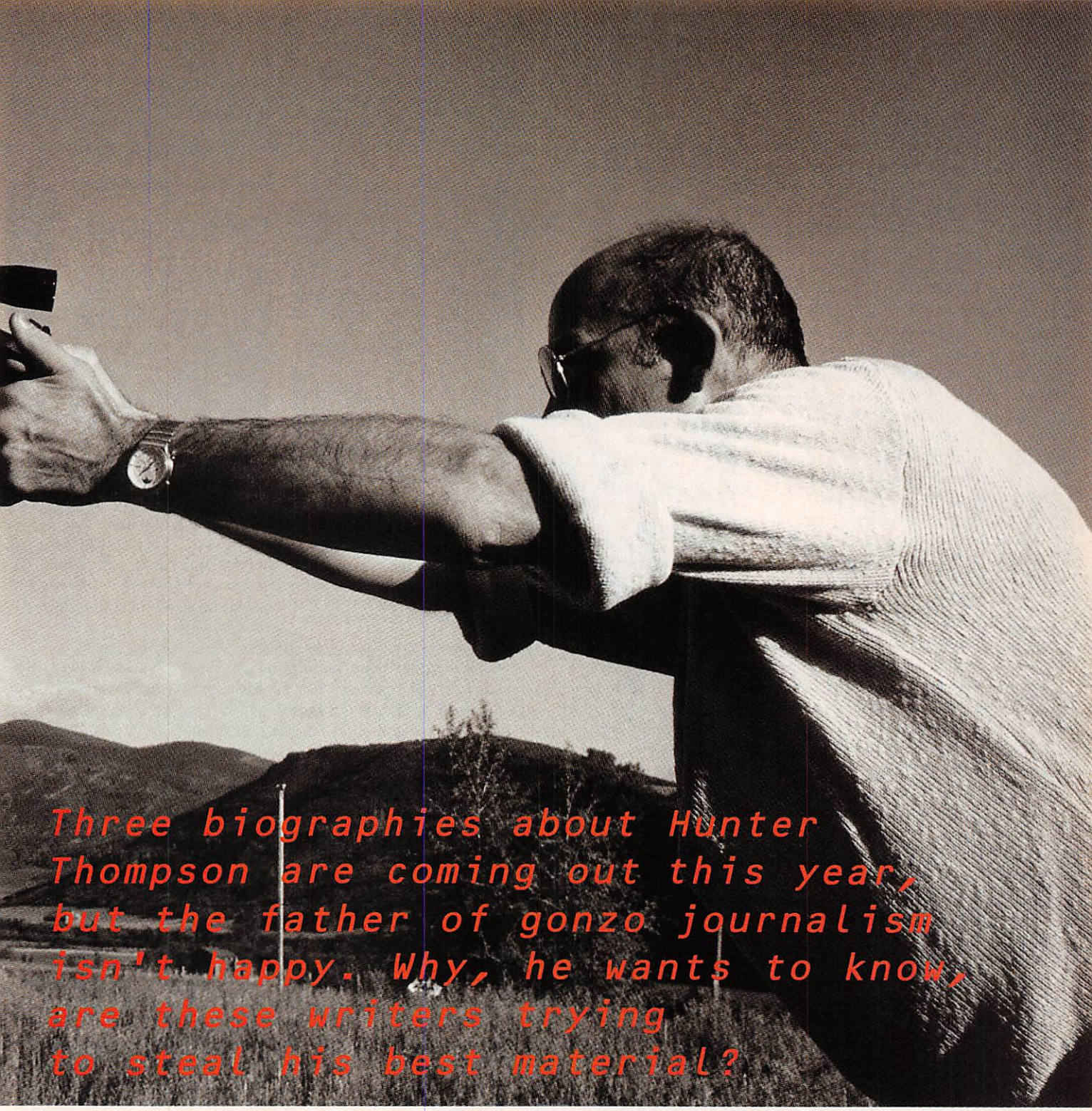
Thompson's been turning up the volume his whole life. It's his divine mission to make everyone realize just how far you can go when you're going too far. He did this as a teenager, when he reportedly set fire to a luncheonette—not as a calculated act of arson, but because he was experimenting with a cigarette lighter and wanted to see if the wallpaper in the place would burn. The antics haven't stopped since. A few years ago a fox killed one of his cats, so he trapped the creature and sprayed it with glue, tar, peacock dung, and feathers, blinded it with Mace, and then—this is the really cruel part—let it go free. To make sure people heard, he wrote a newspaper column about it, which set off an understandable storm of outrage.

During the thirty years between these two incidents, Thompson has gone too far just about every day. Helped along by booze, drugs, and enough energy to power a medium-size city, he's made a speciality of uproar. Most people, including the man himself, thought he'd die of excess a long time ago.

What's written down, we're assured, is only half the story. Part of it is catalogued in several books that should endure: *Fear and Loathing in Las Vegas* is a completely deranged effort that amply fulfills the promise of its subtitle, *A Savage Journey to the Heart of the American Dream*. There's also *Hell's Angels*, which, as a classic of New Journalism, equals anything Tom Wolfe ever did. Bringing up the rear is work that was influential and popular in its day (*Fear and Loathing: On the Campaign Trail '72*) but not terribly important now.

That's not a bad legacy—most writers don't even leave one book that will be remembered—but Thompson's greatest work of art has clearly been himself. In fact, his life is so colorful, so shot through with scandal and drama, that he's in danger of becoming the modern-day equivalent of Dorothy Parker. In the '20s and '30s, Parker was thought to be a serious writer of fiction and poetry, but what she wrote was long ago eclipsed by her penchant for amusing quips ("One more drink and I'll be under the host") and her pathetic life. You'll be lucky to find any of her work in a bookstore anymore, but there's usually a volume about her nestled in the biography section. The same thing could happen to Thompson, which might be one reason he's less than thrilled about the idea of anyone writing about his life.

Despite his notoriety, no one's done it until this year. Maybe they were afraid that as they approached his Woody Creek, Colorado, hideout, he would shoot them with one of the many guns he leaves lying around. Now, all of a sudden, three writers have made it to the finish line more or less simultaneously. *Fear and Loathing: The Strange and Terrible Saga of Hunter S. Thompson* (Thunder's Mouth Press), by Paul Perry, is out this month; *Hunter: The Strange and Savage Life of Hunter S. Thompson* (Dutton), by E. Jean Carroll, arrives next month; and *When the Going Gets Weird: The Twisted Life and Times of Hunter S. Thompson* (Hyperion), by Peter O. Whitmer, arrives in April. With typical irascibility, Thompson didn't cooperate with any of them and discouraged such intimates as his mother and *Rolling Stone* publisher Jann Wenner from helping as well. There was even talk of an authorized



Three biographies about Hunter Thompson are coming out this year, but the father of gonzo journalism isn't happy. Why, he wants to know, are these writers trying to steal his best material?

D. GORTON

biography to fend off the pack, but it never came together.

I ran Thompson down in Little Rock, Arkansas, a couple of days after the election. He sounded alternately reconciled to the books ("I've taken a lot of flogging over the years. I suppose it goes with the territory") and pissed off ("They get in the way. It's like people throwing gravel at you when you're trying to work").

Mild words, compared to the screed Carroll attributes to him in her book: "Degenerate little paparazzi! One of them has been sending out quarts of cheap wine to everybody she thinks I ever met. The other two are badgering my mother, who is eighty-five years old! I won't take this sleazy, low-rent harassment!"

The writer sending the wine—Sauvignon Blanc, actually, bearing the label HUNTER S.THOMPSON BIOGRAPHY, 1993—was Carroll herself. Her book is a curious hybrid. Half is simply reminiscences by friends and colleagues. As an oral history, it's pretty amusing, with anecdotes like this from Thompson's friend David Burgin: "Hunter had driven down in his new Volvo. About three days later he called me up and he wanted to know where his car was. And I said, 'Your car? I don't know where your car is. Where'd you leave it?' And he said, 'Well, I was at the *Star*.' And I said, 'Jesus, Hunter, that was *three* days ago.' And he said, 'My dogs are in it.' "

The other half is more problematic. It is supposedly written by "Miss Laetitia Snap," a fictional contributing editor to *American Wildlife* magazine who visits the writer in Woody Creek. An innocent as well as a real babe in the woods, Snap must indulge the writer's "perverted appetites." For instance:

" 'Now, Miss Tishy, dear, I'm not raping you,' said the Doctor in a deep voice, lifting my t-shirt, rolling back the straps of my pink lace $75 bra and kissing my firm, sweet, succulent, fully ripened bubbies . . . which were heaving in a state of excitement, in-

deed I was in a condition bordering on inanity—forsooth, when the Doctor said, 'Where is your hand?' I gave it to him. 'Put it here,' he said. At first I thought it was a drainpipe."

A little cutesy soft-porn goes a long way. In trying to write about Thompson using his own bag of tricks—just as he created the character of Raoul Duke in his own image, she's invented Miss Tishy—Carroll, unfortunately, turns her prose into parody.

"It would be foolish for a woman of my age who knows Hunter quite well to go out and profile him," explains the biographer, who as it happens won't discuss her age. "I needed to create a persona, someone who would be astounded at what he did. But almost every one of his lines is true." So, apparently, are their more physical moments.

Carroll notes that she and Thompson are now "the only gonzo journalists in America." Which doesn't mean they're a tight team at the moment; in fact, Carroll is the biographer that Thompson is said to be most upset about. "Hunter wants me stripped, with razors in my eyeballs, and hung up till the blood runs down my heels," she says.

Which, oddly enough, is more or less what Carroll would like to do to her competition. "Barbara Cartland will ride with the Hell's Angels before Whitmer and Perry get close enough to Thompson to tussle with him in a hot tub. They don't know Hunter, and I can't imagine why they're writing these books." In a press release sent out by her publisher, she calls them "hacks."

That's unfair. Both writers have special credentials for tackling Thompson: The first is a clinical psychologist, and the second has cowritten two books on near-death experiences, something to which Thompson is no stranger. Nevertheless, Carroll suggests a quiz for her rivals: "Ask them who his present girlfriend is. Who sees him before he goes to bed? What's he like in bed?" She was shouting somewhat the way Thompson does when he's excited, so I decided to follow through.

Whitmer, whose earlier book, *Aquarius Revisited,* was a where-are-they-now look at several key '60s figures, including Thompson, responded somewhat indirectly: "I don't know if David McCullough, who wrote the Harry Truman biography, ever knew Harry. But I know one thing—he never slept with him. Objectivity has its merits in doing a good biography."

Perry, who first met Thompson in 1980 when, as an editor at *Running* magazine, he actually got him to produce a piece on the Honolulu Marathon, was much blunter: "I don't know what he's like in bed. But I think there's a cardinal rule of journalism: Don't fuck your sources. I got my information the old-fashioned way. I stood up and did my interviews."

Still, as long as the question has been raised, what is this balding, twitchy, explosive, drug-crazed writer of near-genius like in the sack? "Fabulous," says Carroll. "Highly creative. He doesn't just do the same thing over and over."

That makes one thing clear: His horizontal exploits differ from his literary ones. All Thompson's work for the last twenty-two years fits in the gonzo category, best defined by Whitmer as "a balls-to-the-wall, accelerator-to-the-floor style of life for which Hunter Thompson [is] revered as the founding father and ace practitioner." For the college students and young men who have been Thompson's most devoted fans, Whitmer continues, ". . . Gonzo meant an excess of adolescence, like jumping naked into the swimming pool, or driving thirty-six hours nonstop to some spring break salt lick. Gonzo . . . was a brief phase of life, a window of carefree zaniness you pass through then joke about later when you were older."

The heart is a lonely hunter: Thompson's literary and romantic ally E. Jean Carroll (left). The fighting man himself circa 1958 (above). Hunter didn't graduate high school (he was in jail), so he joined the air force, where he was a sportswriter for the base paper.

For the man himself, it's meant something more. A girlfriend from his Louisville, Kentucky, childhood told Paul Perry that even as a youth Hunter was "always excessive, highly sensitive, highly experimental." His first encounter with the law came at the tender age of eight, after he and a bunch of friends trashed a park bathroom. After his father died, when Hunter was fifteen, things got worse. His friends were the children of doctors, lawyers, and successful businessmen. They drank—a big-time activity in bourbon country—and rabble-roused together, but there was one thing that separated them: His pals were destined for prestigious colleges and cushy jobs while Hunter, with poor grades and no money, wasn't going anywhere.

"He was left out when his friends were served a piece of pie. They got the silver spoon and he got the Polystyrene," says Whitmer. Ever since, Thompson's been getting his revenge. "He went through a fire-extinguisher period. He sprayed people with fire extinguishers," his ex-wife, Sandra, tells Carroll. "And he used to give people emetics," which cause vomiting.

IN THE BEGINNING THOMPSON TRIED TO WRITE novels, but not one was ever published. Recently he's been trying again. "His fiction was totally flat, it didn't go anywhere," an old friend tells Perry. "In hindsight, it seemed as though he needed some kind of immediacy to react to."

For a while, he got it from real life. The years between 1962 and 1975 were prime time for Thompson, an era when his inner turbulence was matched by convulsions in the culture as a whole. You name it, he was there: from Vietnam to Berkeley, from the Hell's Angels to Richard Nixon (he and the president talked about football), from Haight-Ashbury to the Super Bowl, as well as some things he'd prefer "not to mention until various statutes of limitation expire." Through it all, he fulfills his gonzo motto: "The only

David Streitfeld writes about books and publishing for The Washington Post.

LEFT, FROM LEFT: V.L. SMITH/PLAYBOY; NO CREDIT; RIGHT: D. GORTON

way to write honestly about the scene is to be a part of it."

Soon, though, the drugs, self-abuse, and the pressure of living up to his reputation as an "outlaw journalist" began to take their toll. Writing, never effortless, grew impossible. It proved easier to speak at colleges for a couple of thousand bucks a pop. "Show up, talk, drink, and get paid for it," writes Whitmer. "He'd been in training all his life."

Yet every time he was counted out as a writer, he resurfaced. His coverage of the Roxanne Pulitzer divorce trial in 1983 was widely acclaimed for its sharply etched portrait of the aging socialite: "At age thirty-one she looks more like a jaded senior stewardess from Pan Am than an international sex symbol. Ten years on the Palm Beach Express have taken their toll, and she would have to do more than just sweat off ten pounds to compete for naked space in the men's magazines."

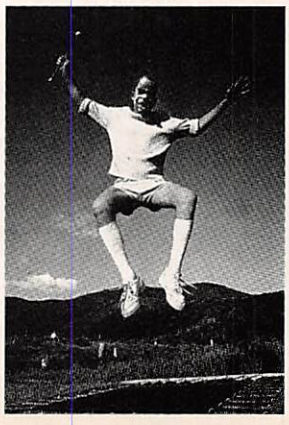
Unfortunately, the 1990 book in which that article was reprinted, *Songs of the Doomed,* also contained a fair amount of dross. Not surprisingly, it was his first not to make the best-seller list. When I interviewed him shortly after publication, he maintained that he was merely fulfilling an old contract.

At least that's what I think he said. Thompson's voice sounds like a lawnmower heard from a distance, and picking out individual syllables can be difficult. It didn't help that he insisted on opening the windows of his $600-a-night hotel suite—this was December in New York—to create a wind-tunnel effect.

All told, I received a vintage Thompson performance, livelier than anything on Broadway a few blocks away. An interview that should have taken an hour lasted six. In the beginning he refused to come out of the bedroom, having had his usual trouble waking up before early afternoon. When he at last appeared, he quickly cluttered the living room with carts from room service. He kept ordering more all afternoon for no apparent reason. Just the idea of being brought food for six seemed a comfort.

Sometimes there would be little explosions of temper, such as when he had to sign a poster for a publicist. Writing a couple of words is a routine task for most people, but Hunter couldn't quite manage it and would throw things in anger. Glass kept shattering. Still, he was a perfect host. Anything I wanted to eat, drink, or inhale was mine. He even answered a couple of questions. Risking his life for his writing career, he said, "wasn't a conscious decision, just more fun. . . . I never meant to become famous for high-wire dancing, but I'm afraid I've become addicted to my own adrenaline."

He also ordered $270.63 worth of flowers for his girlfriend, who was expected to arrive that day from Colorado. She was snowed in, however, and couldn't make it. Thompson was desolate. This is a man who needs a good woman around, whether girlfriend or assistant. In the early years, that role was filled by his wife Sandra, who discovered that pleasing Thompson was a challenge. Sandra told Carroll about his exploits as a freelance journalist in Latin America in the early '60s: "Hunter would send me a story, and I would type maybe five, maybe ten copies and send them to travel sections of newspapers. He wanted the articles individually typed. But it was O.K., because . . . I was taking lots of speed!" That's the spirit!



High on politics: Hunter as Nixon, 1988, at his Colorado farm.

During the mid-'70s, the marriage collapsed. For one thing, Sandra says, Hunter used to hit her. "One of those times I hit him back," she remembers. "Yeah, good. Except I just got hit a little harder." Since then, says Carroll, there's been an assortment of women who are both intelligent and beautiful. They're also self-sacrificing. "You can't have your own aspirations around Hunter. He takes twenty-four hours of total maintenance."

Also, when it's over, "they've either gained twenty or thirty pounds, or lost that much. And they're usually burned up, like pieces of spaghetti dropped in the flame." Apparently, the only difference between living with Thompson and living with a vampire is that Hunter's women eventually end up thriving.

WHETHER THOMPSON WILL CONTINUE TO thrive is a thornier question. He's already contributed his share to the culture, coining or popularizing expressions like "greed-head," "fear and loathing," "generation of swine," "eat shit and die." That should be enough. Why not let him rest on his laurels?

Because he's unwilling, for one thing. He keeps signing contracts for more books, promising bigger and better to come. Perry—whose biography, by the way, is the one to read—is doubtful anything impressive will arrive. "I hate to say it, but after 1985 Hunter kind of died for me. He hasn't produced anything worth a damn. This is a guy who rode drugs and alcohol to his own peak, and now he's ridden drugs and alcohol to the bottom."

Whitmer is more optimistic. "Hunter has always seen himself as a writer of fiction—a writer of great fiction, a great writer of fiction. What I hope is that he's creating that great book. I've got my fingers crossed."

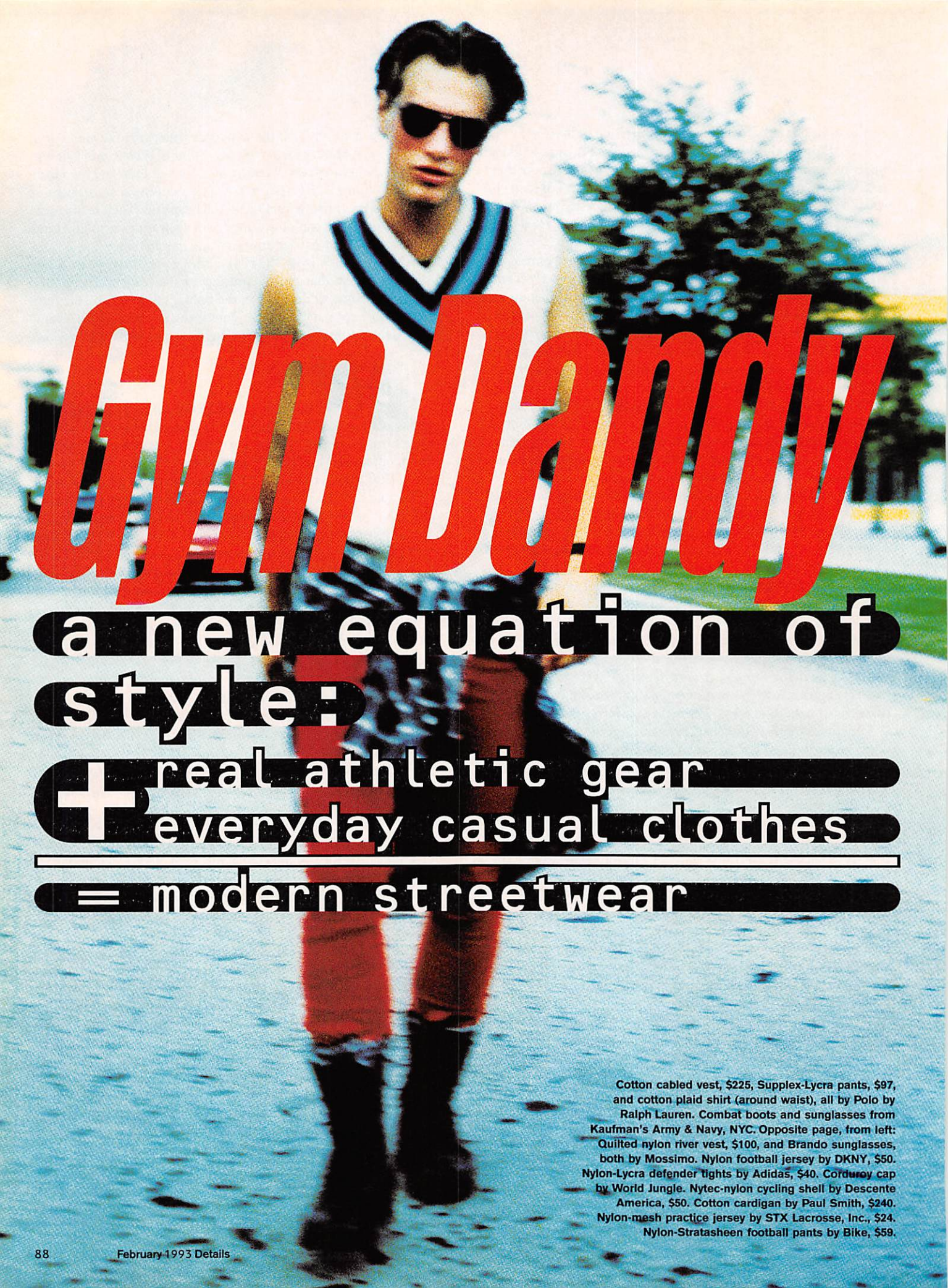
As for Carroll, who prays regularly at the altar of Thompson, you can figure out her answer. "Even at half-mast, Hunter's better than anyone working now. He will come out with a great book. I know. I've seen it."

Thompson is under contract with Random House for a novel titled *Polo Is My Life*—something he's been promising since the Eisenhower administration—as well as a nonfiction book. But before either of those sees publication, there will be an entirely different book, one that echoes past triumphs: *Better Than Sex: Fear and Loathing on the Campaign Trail, 1992.* The publisher insists it will be out this spring; the editor says he has much of it on his desk. Thompson seems to have been energized by the fact that Clinton blew Bush away. "Winning," he told me from Little Rock, "is always nice."

It would be nice to see him win another, too, however unlikely that may seem. Though he'll never be studied in high school English classes, in one sense Thompson is a traditional American writer: He started strong and faded in the stretch. Nearly all his best writing was done in his late twenties and early thirties. It was so long ago, he almost seems like an old man, even though he's only fifty-three. But he's had enough excitement for a platoon of ninety-year-olds and often looks like it.

"We're all worried he's gonna die," says Carroll. "Hunter has never said no to anything, and we all admire that. He drives 125 miles an hour, takes acid every day, has all these beautiful women around. . . . He's a god, a myth, a legend."

Or maybe he's just a man with an unusual mission: to get as close to the edge as possible. As he told *Playboy* in 1974, "I have never believed in that Guru trip about drugs. You know—God, nirvana, all that bullshit. I just like to gobble the stuff right out in the street and see what happens, just stomp on my own accelerator." •



Gym Dandy

a new equation of style:

+ real athletic gear
everyday casual clothes

= modern streetwear

Cotton cabled vest, $225, Supplex-Lycra pants, $97, and cotton plaid shirt (around waist), all by Polo by Ralph Lauren. Combat boots and sunglasses from Kaufman's Army & Navy, NYC. Opposite page, from left: Quilted nylon river vest, $100, and Brando sunglasses, both by Mossimo. Nylon football jersey by DKNY, $50. Nylon-Lycra defender tights by Adidas, $40. Corduroy cap by World Jungle. Nytec-nylon cycling shell by Descente America, $50. Cotton cardigan by Paul Smith, $240. Nylon-mesh practice jersey by STX Lacrosse, Inc., $24. Nylon-Stratasheen football pants by Bike, $59.

ENRIQUE BADULESCU; FASHION: ROD CUMMINGS; GROOMING: JOHNNY VILLANUEVA

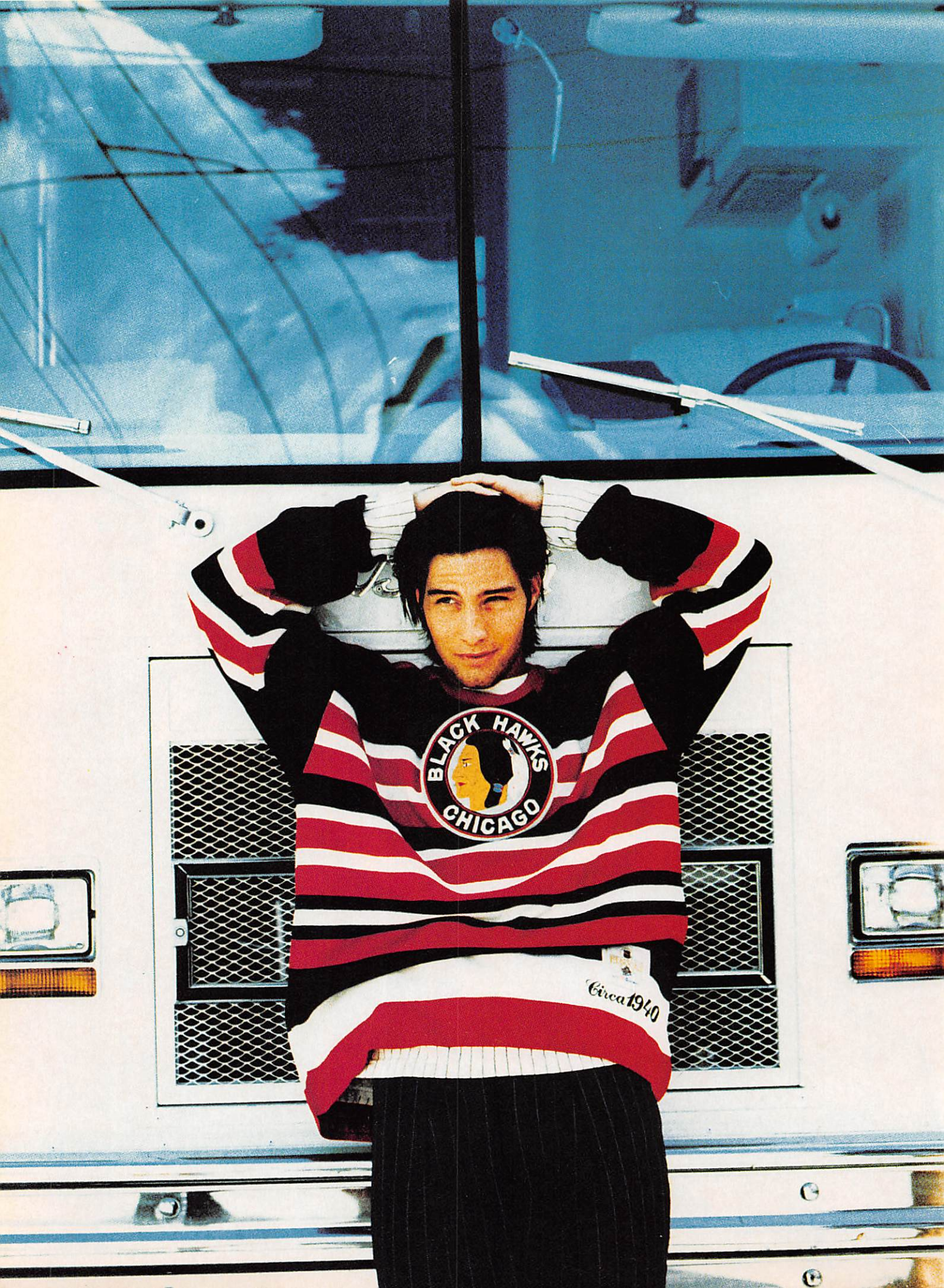
STOP

From left: Wool-flannel vintage baseball jersey by Ebbets Field Flannels, $150. Micro-mesh shorts by Mossimo, $36. Combat boots from Kaufman's Army & Navy, NYC. Watch by Timex. Necklaces by Armani Jeans. Right: Poly-mesh running pullover by Nike, $55. Cotton hooded pullover by DKNY, $82. Cotton thermal shorts by Redshirt, $30. Streetball basketball sneakers by Adidas, $100. Watch by Timex. Opposite page: Poly-nylon running jacket by Nike, $150. Cotton striped vest by Moschino Cheap & Chic, $305. Cotton shirt by Wilke-Rodriguez, $60. Jeans by the Gap, $38. Tie by Paul Smith. Belt by Mossimo.

ENRIQUE BADULESCU

Cotton-linen knit vest by Joseph Abboud Collection, $245. Poly-cotton soccer jersey by Adidas, $23. Linen trousers by Kikit Maurice Sasson, $90. Combat boots from Kaufman's Army & Navy, NYC. Sunglasses by Oakley, Inc. Watch by Timex. Opposite page, from left: Cotton yarn-dyed plaid shirt, $88, and belt, both by Armani Jeans. Cotton tank top by Jockey International. Wool-flannel baseball pants by Ebbets Field Flannels, $95. Socks by Gold Toe. Air Solo Flight sneakers by Nike, $95. Baseball cap by Pirate Surf. Denim baseball jacket by Marithé & Francois Girbaud, $96. Cotton rugby shirt by J. Crew, $48. Dri-fit terry-Lycra running tights, $60, and Air Trainer mid-crosstrainers, $95, both by Nike.

ENRIQUE BADULESCU


BLACK HAWKS
CHICAGO
Circa 1940

Silmond water-resistant vest by Pearl Izumi, $45. Cotton hooded sweatshirt by Adidas, $50. Denim jeans, $78, belt, and chain necklace, all by Armani Jeans. Watch by Fossil. Opposite page: Wool-blend replica sweater by Sport Maska, Inc., $129. French terry striped pullover by DKNY, $80. Linen-viscose trousers by Wilke-Rodriguez, $145.

For store information, see page 127.

ENRIQUE BADULESCU

Russ Meyer

The king of B-movies on DD cups and XXX ratings

What is it about two globs of fatty, glandular tissue that drives men crazy?

I don't think of it as fatty tissue.

Believe me, when you have them bouncing up and down on your chest that's what they are. Although mine are mosquito bites compared to the Vegas-style Venuses of Willendorf busting out from these laminated film posters adorning your walls.

I'm not comfortable in the company of anybody unless they're humongous. I'm talking about the old in-and-out, the horizontal. It's got to be that way or I'd rather play cards.

The size of the breasts in your films seems to have grown as the years have gone by.

Yes, well . . . there was one girl in *Mondo Topless,* Darlene Grey—she was naturally huge; she just stands up with all these other girls with implants.

That movie is so much fun to watch. Nothing but teased hair, tits, and transistor radios. I got this uncontrollable urge to discard my blouse, tear off my bra, and go go-go dancing in the streets.

That's good, I will remember that.

That's what I like about your films—they're fun, silly, joyous . . . buoyant.

Buoyant! Yeah!

I don't find them offensive, but you must have had some flak from an angry feminist or two.

I have, you know, occasionally. I showed *Pussycat* in Sacramento many years ago and they were out there marching with MEYER CONDONES RAPE signs. So I set up my camera.

***Faster, Pussycat! Kill! Kill!* is the ultimate postfeminist movie. Tura Satana is Camille Paglia's wet dream! When is your book *A Clean Breast: The Life and Loves of Russ Meyer* coming out?**

This spring. I've got five thousand copies at $350 each. Eight months later I'll bring out another five thousand and they'll sell for $1,200. I've got nearly three-quarters of a million dollars of my own money in this book. It's three volumes in a slipcase, over 2,500 pictures and "Bustoons"—cartoons drawn by Bill Ward. Unlike the other film books, this one will be successful. It's a fuck-and-tell book, not a kiss-and-tell.

If it becomes a book-on-tape, who would you have narrate?

Jonathan Winters.

Weren't you working on a film or video about your life that's twelve hours long?

I didn't finish it; it's smoldering in the corner. I got tired of it. That's why I got on the book. I was first involved with a German guy who wrote some synopses of the films, but the Germans are not known for humor so it was flatter than a Dutchman's fart. Now it's all written by Adolph Albion Schwartz, which is my pseudonym.

Adolph Schwartz was the homosexual Nazi in *Up!* who gets castrated then eaten by a piranha in his bathtub.

He was the perfect, emaciated Visigoth.

Nazis appear frequently in your films.

There's a romantic thing with those guys, the way they dressed in comic-opera costume. I play them as buffoons.

You were part of the film unit that followed Patton during World War II, right?

We were the photo company, Signacorp, that photographed the Third Army, which was Patton's army. We were in groups of three to five and we would be attached to divisions or regiments to get action pictures of the war.

Is there anything that you learned as an army cameraman that you've applied to your filmmaking?

I loved the aggression. I loved the war. I was the only one in my unit who wanted the war to go on and on. I felt certain I couldn't find the kind of job I wanted once it was over.

I hear there are a lot of Nazis in your upcoming film, *Up the Valley of the Beyond,* which is another collaboration with film critic Roger Ebert, the screenwriting genius behind *Beyond the Valley of the Dolls.*

Roger and I wrote this script back in '90, and it looks like we have financing. I want to use Hume Cronyn as Hitler. He's eighty-one years old and I think he'd be great.

Wow! Would he do it?

Sure. Who wouldn't love to be around naked women? And I want this girl Pandora Peaks as his daughter. She's got an H cup. She's billed as seventy inches but she's more like fifty. We used to go into restaurants in Palm Springs and people would get up and applaud. Not just the men—women, too. I'm going to use her as Eva Braun Jr.

Do you get a lot of fan mail?

Yeah, people wanting autographs. A pain in the ass. They give you all this snow job about how wonderful you are, how their life has been enriched. . . .

You're very famous for your editing. I showed *Beyond the Valley of the Dolls* to some young film buffs and they were blown away. One guy said, "Wow, this editing is more intense than Stone or Scorsese." Do you storyboard beforehand or just go with the flow in the editing room?

I know what I've shot. We had an instructor in the army, Capt. Arthur Lloyd. He shot all the *Our Gang* comedies. He said, "You take any scene and you make five shots—long shot, medium shot, close-up, insert, and then reestablish the action so that you can go to the next set." And that's what I do. I always break it down in my mind when I'm shooting. No storyboard—never had one, never will.

Do you map out how you want a scene played or do you just let the actors go with the material?

No, I wouldn't let the actors have the time of day!

All the acting in your films is consistently good and usually from people who are not professionals. Erica Gavin, the star of *Vixen,* has the most amazing quality.

Of all the women, she wasn't the most pneumatic—you know, outrageously abundant—but she had something else. Edy Williams, my third wife, loved that picture because she liked the idea of the girl selecting her partner. I like women who are predatory, who go out and make their needs known.

Have you ever seen any of David Lynch's stuff? It seems like he would be very much indebted to you.

Nobody feels that. That's why I've got to do this film. It could very well be my last hurrah.

You've always stopped short of doing outright hard-core. Why didn't you succumb to the temptation?

Hard-core's the toilet. Nowhere to go. As

Interview by Ann Magnuson, a 34C, who is performing her one-woman show, *You Could Be Home Now,* in Los Angeles this season.

DAVID LACHAPELLE; FASHION: ARIANNE PHILLIPS; MAKEUP: PAUL STARR FOR PROFILE, L.A.; HAIR: TEDDY ANTOLIN FOR VISAGES STYLE, L.A., AT ESTILO SALON; CATSUIT: EXIT 1; BRA: FREDERICK'S OF HOLLYWOOD; TIE TOP: HENRY DUARTE

much as I hold a certain degree of contempt for—what's his name? . . . the Italian? [Jack Valenti, president of the Motion Picture Association of America]—I think the studios have governed themselves and kept the wild men out. If they hadn't, these fundamentalist groups would have really wreaked havoc.

***Beyond the Valley of the Dolls* was originally rated X.**

It should have gotten an R. The first X was given to a picture with Marianne Faithfull.

***Naked Under Leather: Girl on a Motorcycle*?**

God, you're the only person who remembers that. Now, the director?

It wasn't Roger Vadim, was it?

No, Jack Cardiff—great British cameraman. He got the first X. I immediately applied as soon as it came out and I got the second X for *Vixen*. I wanted it because an X was valuable in those days. It had quality, it had importance, significance. It was bastardized later.

Are you familiar with Zalman King, who does this kind of flaccid, soft-core porn?

Zalman King? Sounds like some kind of a dish.

Why did you paint your house bright orange and green?

The proper colors are money green and racing orange.

And why are there bars on all the windows and doors?

As you can see, I have some very valuable memorabilia hanging on the walls.

Your house is a veritable shrine.

We don't like to say that. . . . That goddamn John Waters published the fact in *Rolling Stone* and gave my address, and I've been beleaguered by people—it's like they're coming to Mecca.

And what do your neighbors think of the color scheme?

The first time I painted it—vermilion and cream—a woman accosted me in the front of the house. She was jogging with an Airedale, and without stopping she said, "You ought to be ashamed; look what you've done to this neighborhood." And I retorted, "You better dump the jogging, miss, it isn't doing its job. . . ." She said, "You son of a bitch," and ran off down the street.

Do you have any particular type of music you use to create a romantic mood?

No, I don't need that. It's just off with the laundry!

Do you watch television?

I do, but it's generally when I'm eating. I eat at home a lot because I have to watch my salt intake. I need some kind of diversion. The only show I look at regularly is *American Film Classics*, providing it's some sort of noir film. Anything that's got W.C. Fields or the Marx Brothers I'll look at. Fred Astaire is a crashing bore. You can't get me to the switch fast enough.

Describe yourself in three words.

Tits are Russ [Tits R Us] . . . isn't that a great line?

Do you ever call any of those 900 numbers?

No. I wouldn't do that unless I could get Jessica Hahn. I'd like to use her in the film as the main disciple to Guru Perfect Moon, whom I hope to get Richard Simmons for, and Goldie Hawn would be great. She's had a great tit job.

Goldie Hawn had a tit job?

What are you talking about? I said Jessica Hahn. Goldie never qualified.

I'd love to see Richard Simmons in one of your movies.

I haven't got him yet, but we're going to approach him. He's humorous. Gay as he comes across, it'd be nice to have him.

How did you lose your virginity?

In a whorehouse.

Wasn't Hemingway involved?

That's right. I was twenty-one, and this was in a small town outside of Paris. Hemingway was there gathering material for a book in which he referred to four GIs who were sleeping in a tent outside the hotel because there were no rooms available. Anyway, a man who turned out to be Hemingway's lieutenant joined us and said Hemingway would like to do something nice for us. There was a great whorehouse in town, right out of de Maupassant: a madame with the bun of hair, fifteen great-looking ladies, and children running about the living room. I picked the girl with the biggest tits and she took me upstairs and was very sympathetic. I guess she sensed I didn't know what I was doing and she undressed me and pulled me down on her lyrelike loins. In about two seconds the quail took off.

Is it true that you use farts as sound effects?

Yes. Also a leg of lamb is great if you whack it with your hand—it's like a breast slapping a man in the face. Also, if you take a rusty nail and put it into a green Douglas fir and you take a big pitch bar and pull it out, you get a sound like a guy getting into a pussy that's so tight. It's excruciating.

I'll bet. What does "perverse" mean to you?

Injuring an animal or a child.

Does sex get better with age?

I don't think in terms of age. I can get it on all the time, providing it's with a woman who has a great pair of cantilevered—you know, arrogant, jutting, gravity-defying—tits. That old john will just leap right up, like that.

Last question: Any regrets?

Sometimes I wouldn't mind a couple of children.

Do you have children?

I have one illegitimate child . . . that's O.K., that's cool . . . he doesn't know . . . never will. Now my book is the child. In overview, if I had had a child, I would have wall-to-wall carpets, and drapes, and I wouldn't have been able to do what I've done with my life, because, well, first of all the marriage wouldn't have lasted because I would have been cheating all the time and I answer up to these things. But still, there are moments when I say, "Damn, I wish I had a kid." The sauce is still worthwhile.

JIM RYAN

another day. another swatch.
love
boredom
swatch
amusement
indifference
sunday
10:07 am
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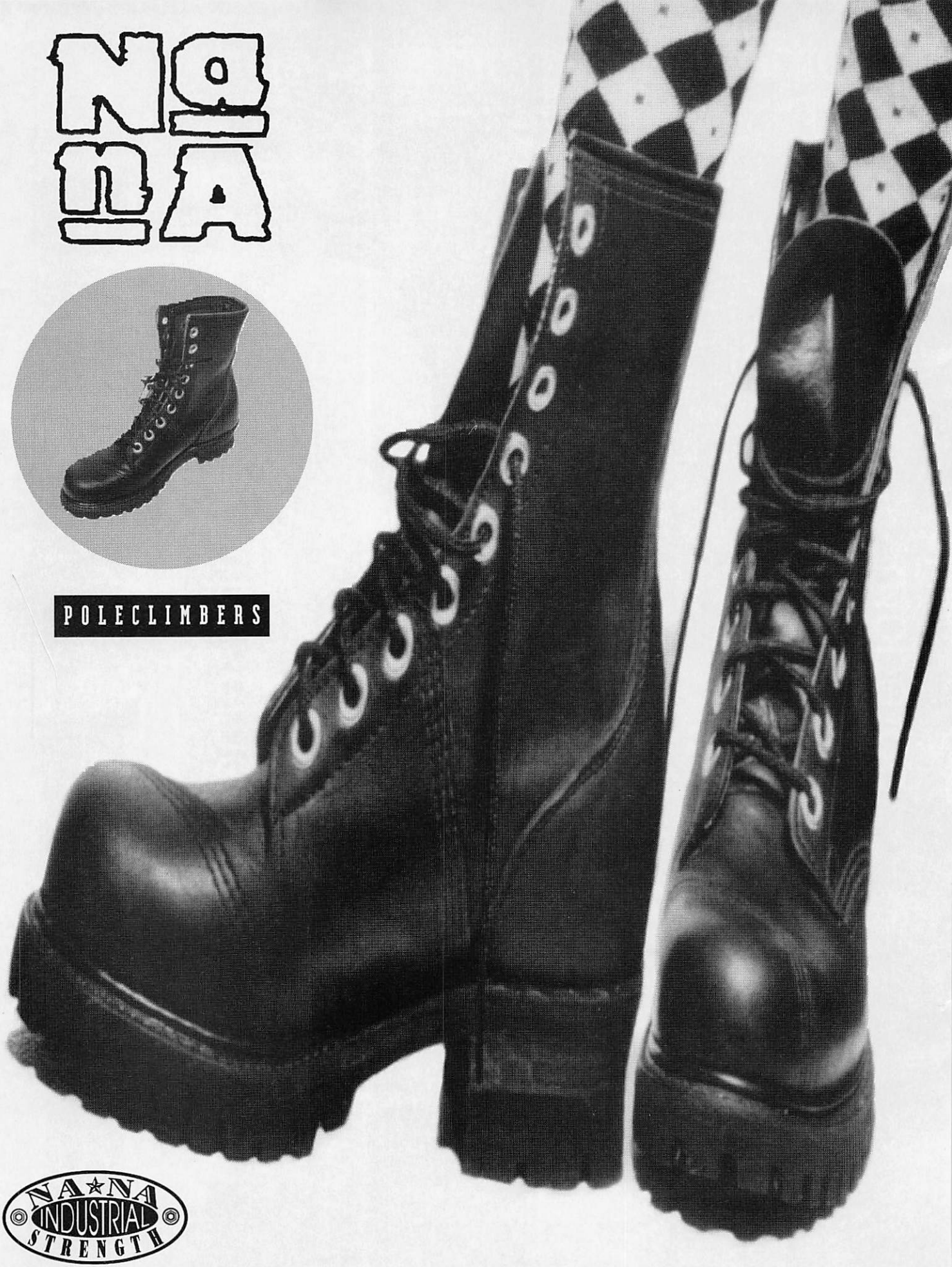

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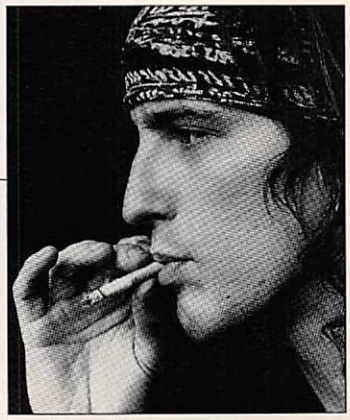
music, etc.

Barry White

Calling Dr. Love

"I have studied the science of man and woman for many years," **Barry White** told us, reclining in his New York hotel suite. White is celebrating two decades as a recording artist with a three-disc box of his bedroom soul music, *Just for You.* In the spirit of Valentine's Day, he described how he sets the mood for romance: "I have my tools, like a fireplace. A little white wine. Candles are inexpensive but give a beautiful light, just enough to see each other through whatever you're going to do. Some soft background music: It could be Barry White, or somebody else who puts you in that mood." But he wants men to be able to express their feelings. "Men tell me, 'When I can't say it, I put on Barry White.' When I hear that, I feel very sad. It's a shame that you have to put on another man's music to say what you want to say."


Izzy Stradlin

Diamond Dogs

We caught up with **Izzy Stradlin** on the eve of his world tour. Since leaving Guns N' Roses, Stradlin's formed the **Ju Ju Hounds**, featuring former Georgia Satellite **Rick Richards** on guitar and Bob Dylan sideman **Charlie Quintana** on drums. Having abandoned his decadent lifestyle when he moved to Chicago from L.A., Stradlin no longer consumes heroin, alcohol, or even Coca-Cola. "If I have a cup of coffee," Stradlin said, "it feels like my blood has turned into syrup." We asked Stradlin who looks after his dog, Treader (featured in the "Sweet Child o' Mine" video), when he tours. As it turns out, Treader has his own backstage pass. "He's a road dog," Stradlin said. "He loves touring, all the food and all the people. He's a happy camper."

Gruntruck

The Pushers

Ben McMillan, lead singer of Seattle's **Gruntruck**, the latest band of Northwest grunge-rockers, grew up on "mutant jazz bands" like Passport and Weather Report. "I also wanted to be **David Bowie**," he told us, "but he was too tall." We met Gruntruck in Florida, where they were on tour with **Alice in Chains** and **Screaming Trees**. Gruntruck's latest album, *Push,* embodies their philosophy: "To get drunk and have fun." Gruntruck got signed by a Roadrunner A&R man after a soused live show. "We were pouring beer on our amps to make them work," Ben remembered. "I don't know what he was thinking."

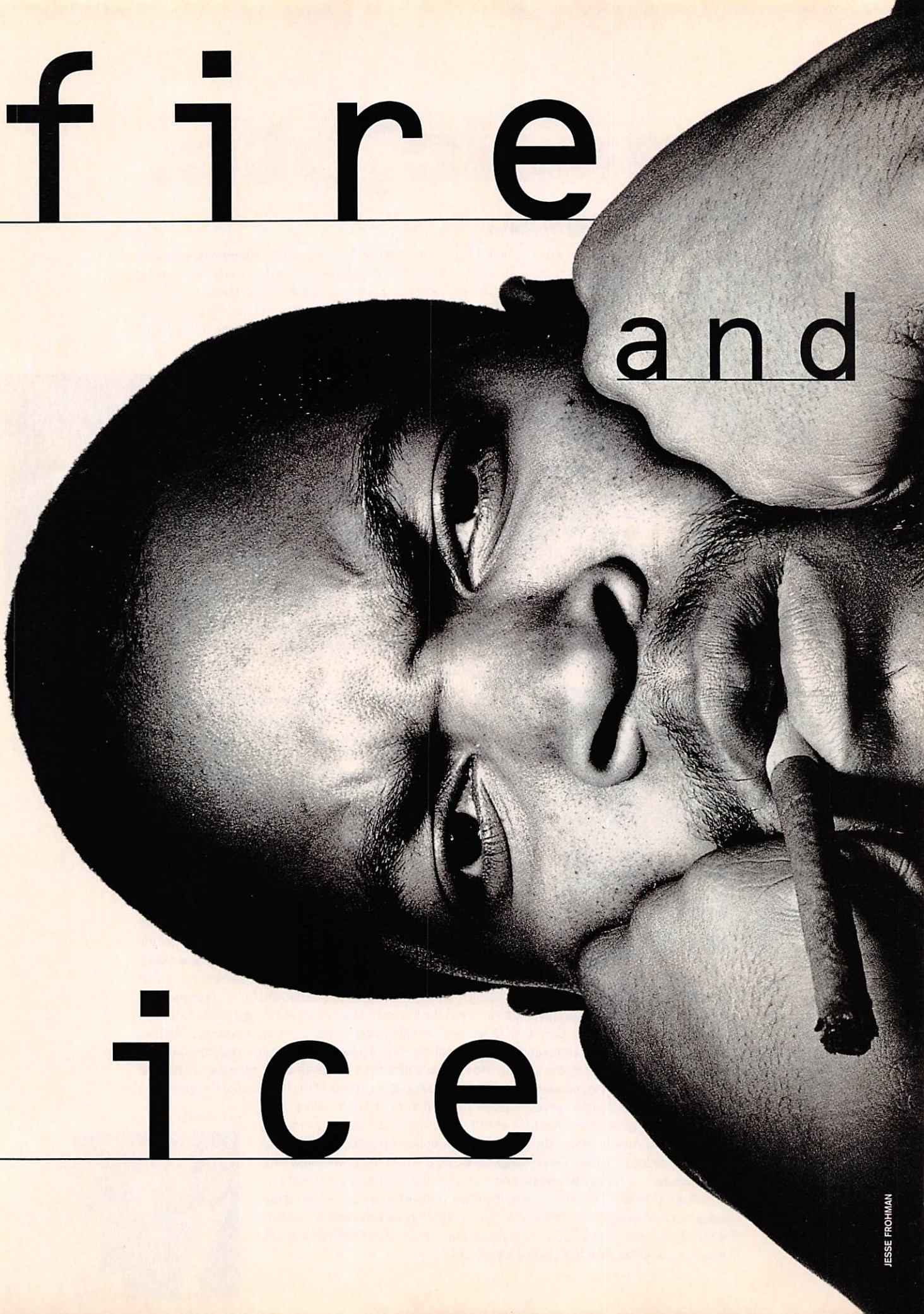
Information Society

While **George Michael** sues Sony to dissolve his contract, he's writing new songs for *Trojan Souls,* not a condom ad but an album of Michael's material sung by guest stars. Vocalists include **Elton John**, **Anita Baker**, and **Aretha Franklin**; **Bryan Ferry** and **Stevie Wonder** may also sign up. Michael has announced that if he cannot leave Sony, he will retire as a singer and record sequels to *Trojan Souls.* . . . **Mötley Crüe** have a new lead singer: **John Corabi**, formerly of the Scream. They've also lent their name to a Sega Genesis video-pinball game, *Crüe Ball.* Unlike *Moonwalker,* which features a superpowered Michael Jackson, Mötley Crüe do not appear in the game, although sandal-wearing skulls and exploding busts of Beethoven do. . . . T-shirt of the season: **Silverfish**'s HIPS TITS LIPS POWER shirt, recently spotted on members of **Lush**, **Th' Faith Healers**, and the **Jesus Lizard**. . . . Book of the month: *The Penguin Book of Rock & Roll Writing,* nearly seven hundred pages of rock criticism with a minimum of self-indulgent foam. The best efforts pulverize media hype by creating new versions of rock 'n' roll myths. **Steve Albini** delivers jaundiced reviews of albums he produced, while **Lester Bangs** conducts a posthumous interview with **Jimi Hendrix**. . . . **Randy Newman**'s next LP, due this spring, is a musical version of Goethe's *Faust,* with Newman as the Devil, **James Taylor** as God, and **Don Henley** as Faust. **Bonnie Raitt** and the omnipresent **Elton John** make cameos. Recently Newman explained, "It's actually an improvement on Goethe's version. I've tightened up the structure, plus it's in English."

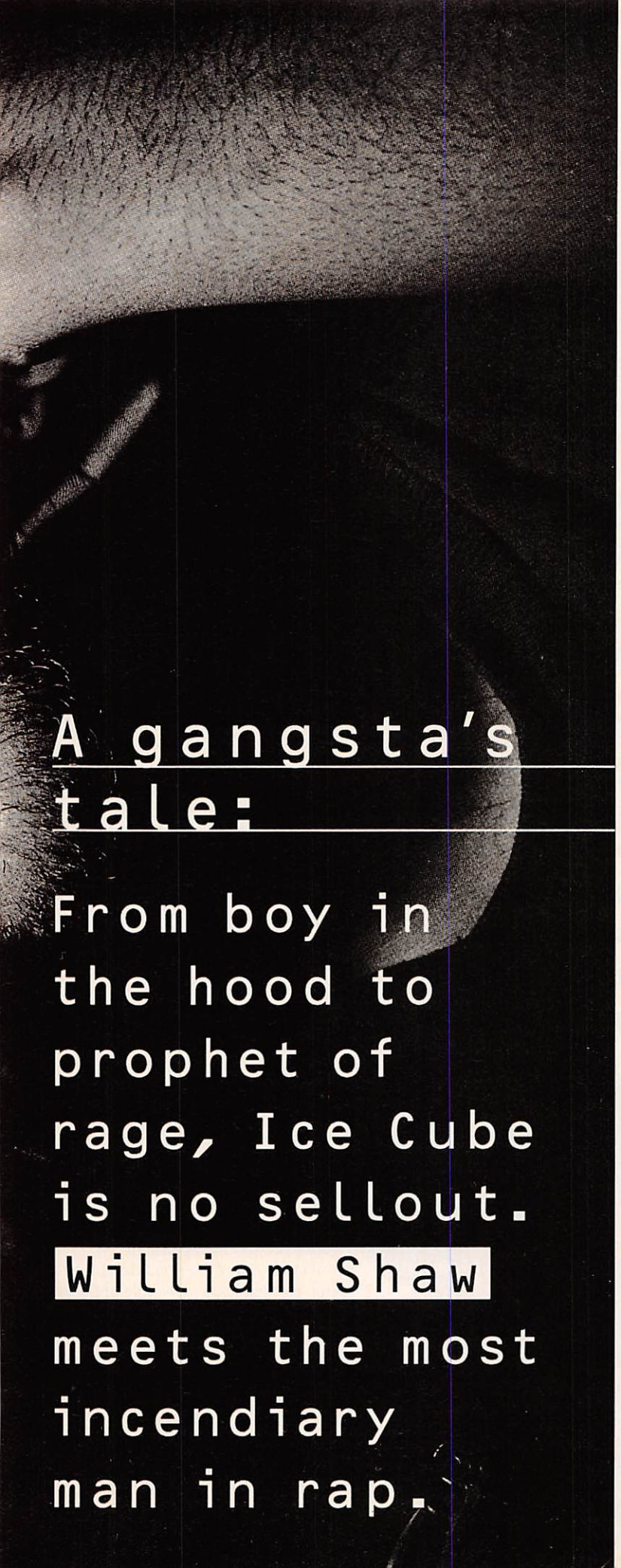
Silverfish

CLOCKWISE FROM TOP RIGHT: VISAGE; JOE BILLWORTH; KAREN MASON; MANUELA DILETTI/RETNA LTD.

fire and ice



JESSE FROHMAN



A gangsta's tale:

From boy in the hood to prophet of rage, Ice Cube is no sellout. William Shaw meets the most incendiary man in rap.

Ice Cube is hunched over the mike at the helm of his very own pirate radio station. He calls it Rebel Radio (broadcasting at 104.7 FM), and he's set up a temporary studio in a house in South Central Los Angeles to preview his new album, *The Predator,* and play a few of his favorite records. For Ice Cube, this is payback, his way of counteracting the censorship of rap music. He plays Body Count's "Cop Killer" and dedicates 2 Live Crew's "Me So Horny" to Tipper Gore. He's taped an announcement for the program, which goes: "We will not be silenced. We will say what we want to say and do what we want to do without fear, and if you want to try and censor what we want to do, this means war, straight up. Hardcore will never die."

Ice Cube opens up the phone lines, and Tom calls in from Orange County. Tom sounds twitchy and scared. "I was listening to your Rebel Radio and I think it is a bunch of crap," he blurts. "You're not bringing us together with this shit."

CUBE: Well, Tom, that's the only thing we've been trying to do is keep everything together. . . .

TOM: What—what are you doing *now?* I mean, this is *very* racial.

CUBE: Right now we're playing the hits they won't play on the radio.

TOM: *(speaking so fast he can barely get his words out)* Why do you think they won't play it on the radio? Listen to what you're saying here. This is, like, racist.

CUBE: The thing is, we're trying to get a message across and it's motherfuckers like you who come in always brown-nosing and shit. . . .

TOM: *(shouting)* Hey, fuck you, pal. *(click!)*

CUBE: Tom, suck a dick. Rebel Radio coming out yo' ass live and direct. Right about now we got Public motherfuckin' Enemy. . . .

THIS IS ICE CUBE'S IDEA OF FUN. AFTER ALL, THIS IS THE RAPPER WHO OPENED his first solo album, 1990's *AmeriKKKa's Most Wanted,* with a song that catalogued some of Ice Cube's favorite fantasies: killing policemen, shooting media folk, murdering "bitches" and prostitutes, gunning down rappers who'd gone pop or embraced Afrocentricity. . . . The list went on relentlessly until the world finally answered his bitter litany with a giant chorus: "Fuck *you,* Ice Cube." To which he gleefully taunted in return, "Ha ha! It's the nigga you love to hate!"

The Nigga You Love to Hate is a role Ice Cube has been perfecting over the years. At first, he pissed people off as a member of N.W.A and as the slickest, wittiest progenitor of gangsta rap; he was a master of B-movie scenarios that glamorized South Central L.A.'s underworld. He left N.W.A following a bitter wrangle about money with manager Jerry Heller. He has since forged close ties with Public Enemy and hitched his braggart rap to the cause of black separatism. Now there are a lot more people who love to hate Ice Cube. Critics were horrified by his 1991 *Death Certificate* album, especially the forty-five-second track "Black Korea," which seemed to encourage violence against Korean store owners, and by his apparently anti-Semitic jibe in "No Vaseline," directed at N.W.A and Heller: "You can't be a nigger for life crew / With a white Jew telling you what to do."

In New York, Guardian Angels staged a protest. Robert Christgau, *The Village Voice* music critic, decried the album as "the most politically divisive rap album ever." *Billboard* urged people to think twice before buying the album. Ice Cube doesn't understand all this criticism. He believes that he's been deliberately misunderstood: The white establishment is trying to censor the black community. "I'm twenty-three years old, black, fuckin' living in a war zone. There's no *room* for me to be anti-Semitic. It's not on the agenda."

Twelve months later, *The Predator,* Ice Cube's third album, is a response to his critics. To call it unrepentant would be an understatement.

It's as violent as anything he's ever done. Ice Cube's dark humor and love of Sam Peckinpah–style bloodletting burst out on tracks like "Now I Gotta Wet 'Cha," a song about shooting people. ("You're wet," Cube explains mischievously, "because your shit is bleeding all over the place.") On the other hand, this violence is more clearly directed than ever. The tumble of lyrics to "Now I Gotta Wet 'Cha" includes a fantasy about slaughtering the jury members of the Rodney King trial and frying up their hearts for dinner. It's not just hatred. It's his most aggressively political work yet, with sound bites from leaders like Malcolm X set against a stew of '70s funk samples. The gulf between Ice Cube's followers and liberal America has never been bigger. And Ice Cube isn't trying to build any bridges.

ON THE 1990 MINI-ALBUM *KILL AT WILL,* ICE CUBE raps a fictionalized autobiography in "The Product." Its torrent of classic Cube couplets traces his genesis back to a hot and sweaty night in 1968 when O'Shea Jackson was conceived. Ice Cube identifies with the male sperm. Even that single cell has Cube's cartoon machismo, fighting off the other spermatozoa to make it to the egg: "I was white with a tail / But when I reached the finish line—young black male!" In "The Product," Cube's violent father throws him out of the house, whereupon Cube turns gangster and ends up locked in jail. The real Cube's life was somewhat different.

Ice Cube was never a gangster. His father made sure of that, but it was touch and go for a while. The fledgling Ice was starry-eyed about the exploits of the local small-time gangsters. He still recites names like Ed and T-Bone as if these men had been pop stars. But of course Ed and T-Bone were two killers who ended up in the morgue.

Ice Cube was a precocious child. His brother and two sisters were much older, and he used to hang around them. When he was about twelve or thirteen, he called up his older brother's girlfriend to ask for a date. Big brother walked in the room mid-call; thereafter, he called little O'Shea Ice Cube. "He told me I was too cool for my age," Cube explains.

Around the same time, Ice Cube lost his virginity, an experience he describes in detail on "Doing Dumb Shit": "Even though the 'ho still worked me / I still knocked her boots from here to Albuquerque." "It was fun," he says now. "I guess after you get your first piece you're a different person." He ruined a new pair of sneakers climbing out of that girl's window when her father came home early one night.

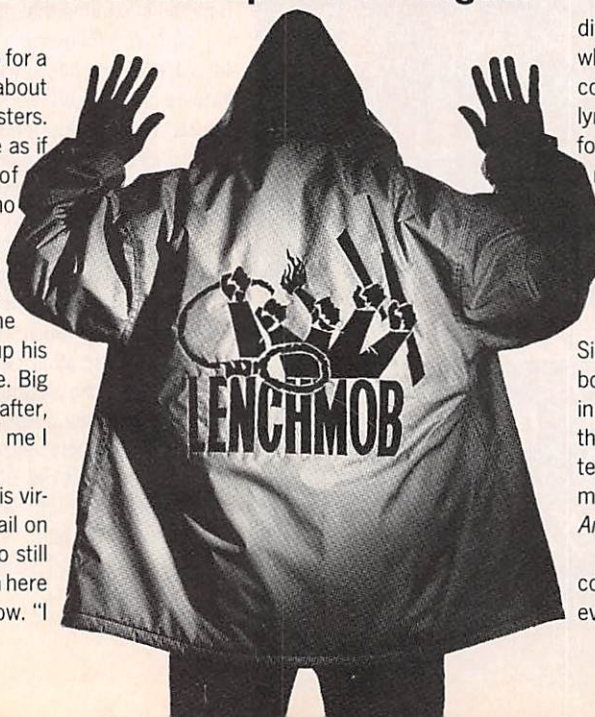
By fifteen he had decided that Taft High School didn't have much to offer. He took to sneaking out of school and trying to buy beer from the local store. When the owner refused to serve him, he picked up a brick and threw it right through the window. He's still got a scar on his leg from the fence he had to jump over running away from the police that day.

When Ice Cube's father realized his son was heading down the wrong tracks, he signed him up for football. Cube became a fullback and went back to school, but he remained fascinated with gangsters. "Guys I grew up with, man, they're murderers," he grins.

Ice Cube's records are full of death. Usually death by gun. He carries a gun himself, a 9mm Glock. He practices regularly at shooting ranges and reckons he knows how to use it. "I can hit pretty much everything I aim at."

He saw his first man killed when he was seventeen at a Kentucky Fried Chicken drive-in. Cube was sitting in the secondhand Volkswagen bug he'd just bought, trying to find somewhere to put down his Coke. Then these gangsters with guns ran past. They needed a car and chose the third one in line ahead of Cube. They told the driver to get out. "I guess the guy hesitated," says Cube. "They just gave him four good shots."

Ice Cube was starry-eyed about gangsters. He recites names like Ed and T-Bone as if he were listing pop stars. Of course Ed and T-Bone were killers who ended up in the morgue.



JESSE FROHMAN

A few months later, when he saw his second shooting, he was a lot cooler about it. He was queueing up at another fast-food stand when the guns went off, smashing all the glass around him. He got up off the floor and went outside to look at the man lying on the grass. The man's feet were still by the stool he'd been sitting on a few moments before, there was a hole in his head, and all his friends were crying around him. Cube went back to the counter. "You still taking orders?" he asked.

CUBE STARTED DREAMING ABOUT MAKING RECORDS in the ninth grade: He rhymed into tape recorders in his bedroom and entered the local contests. In 1986, a mutual friend introduced Cube to Eric "Eazy-E" Wright. Eazy-E had set up Ruthless Records with money he later admitted he'd made from selling drugs. Eazy-E needed new material, so Cube and another gangsta-obsessed local boy, Dr. Dre, wrote a rap for Eazy. It was called "Boyz -N- the Hood," and it became a benchmark for West Coast rap. After that song, Eazy-E, Dr. Dre, and Ice Cube became Niggas With Attitude.

But Cube's father persuaded him to drop the group and enroll to study architecture at the Phoenix Institute of Technology. Cube hated Arizona, and he started hanging out with a local dope man. When they busted the drug dealer, they took one look at Ice Cube's driver's license, saw he was from Los Angeles, and figured he was a big-time operator up from the city. At the age of eighteen he found himself locked up in a cell with thirty-five others. There was nowhere to sleep and the hot air inside was suffocating. "I didn't know what the fuck they were going to do with me. Plus you've got to watch your back. All the motherfuckers who were in there were *criminals!*"

After seventeen hours they let him out. Cube ditched the studies and went home to L.A., where he rejoined Eazy-E and Dr. Dre. Within a couple of years he was famous as N.W.A's chief lyric writer, mastering violent role-play raps. Before quitting he was responsible for N.W.A's most infamous moments, from "Fuck Tha Police" to "Gangsta Gangsta" and "A Bitch Iz a Bitch." Critics blasted them as homophobic, misogynistic, and pro-violence. The Nigga You Love to Hate was born.

For his movie *Boyz N the Hood,* director John Singleton cast Ice Cube in the role of Doughboy, the delinquent son who kills two gangstas in revenge for the murder of his brother. Since that critical success, he's had a part in the Walter Hill thriller *Trespass* and has sold a treatment for a film about drug dealers called *America Eats Its Young* to Universal.

Performing in an action movie like *Trespass* comes easy to Ice Cube. The hardest acting he ever did was when John Singleton asked him to

cry. "It's really hard for me to show emotion, to pull emotions out of the sky," he admits. "I haven't cried in eight years."

What made you cry then?

"Shit, I can't remember," answers Cube, uncomfortable with the question. "It was so long ago. Something to do with one of my friends who got hurt bad falling off a motorcycle and I didn't know if he was going to make it."

Crying's not something you do a lot?

"Huh," snorts Cube. "No."

JOURNALISTS REGULARLY CONFRONT ICE CUBE about his lyrical tales of sexual prowess and misogyny. He stirred up another hornet's nest on *Death Certificate* when he rapped the line "true niggas ain't gay." Misunderstood, said Cube. That was a metaphor. I read an interview with him once when he said he didn't know any gay men. Was this true?

"I don't know and don't associate with people that's, uh, you know, that's gay. And that ain't because they're gay and I don't want to be hanging with them."

That's strange, I say. Perhaps they're frightened to tell you that they're gay.

"That's on them. I don't, uh, agree with being gay because gay people can't reproduce. But if gay people want to have fun and do what they want to do, that's on them."

A week after the Rebel Radio broadcast, I meet Ice Cube in New York. He's come over to watch Da Lench Mob perform at Roseland and is getting some publicity work done while he's here. A photographer who's got a firm idea of what Ice Cube should look like is setting up a magazine cover shot. He lights Cube moodily from below and takes pictures of him making hand shapes while staring aggressively at the camera. He asks him to hold his fingers to his head like a gun.

Afterward Cube gets a cab to the MTV studios to record an interview. "If he starts getting intense, go in on his face," the show's producer tells the cameraman.

Ice Cube talks about his new album, he talks about his belief in the need for black separatism, he talks about revolution. When the interviewer asks what he thinks about Spike Lee telling children to skip school the day *Malcolm X* comes out, Cube answers, "My philosophy is stay at home every day."

"Wow," says the producer. The camera starts to go in on Cube's face.

To most of us Ice Cube represents a whole bundle of contradictions—sometimes lethal, sometimes exhilarating. But he feels he has everything clear in his own mind, and if people hate him for it, then it's working fine. The thing he's most sure of is the revolution. Ice Cube talks a lot about it. He's a different man from the gangsta rapper whose role was just to get out there and rub everyone the wrong way. Since one of Chuck D's Security of the First World crew passed on a tape of Farrakhan after they'd finished making *AmeriKKKa's Most Wanted,* his outlook on the world has changed. He believes fervently that April 29 was just the distant rumblings of something much bigger. That day he drove down Crenshaw Boulevard and saw the buildings burning and he loved it. Some neighbors, he noticed proudly, had gone and put up a sign that said BLACK OWNED on the offices of his new label, Street Knowledge. Nobody touched the place. He felt a sense of unity, a sense of pride, and a sense of control.

"I had my gun and I was ready for anything," he recalls. "That was a mood that everybody had. We're ready for anything and everything. They say two wrongs don't make a right, but it damn sure makes it even."

William Shaw lives and works in the London hood of Hackney.

Moonlighting

Taking a break from the feedback fury of his recent LPs, Neil Young mellows his mind, and his music, on *Harvest Moon*. Chris Heath trails the elusive genius through Europe.

Neil Young stands uncomfortably, large and frighteningly disheveled, in the foyer of a European hotel, staring blankly. Why is he here? Why did he ever agree to do this? The people at Warner Bros. told him his new record *Harvest Moon* could be the biggest seller of his career. If only he'd cooperate. And so, for the first time ever, he has agreed to do a promotional tour of Europe. Five countries, six days.

He looks alarming enough as it is, in his Harley-Davidson T-shirt and decrepit fringed jacket, his long hair drooping down in uneven clumps—as though it were cut in the dark by someone's children—from around the bald patch at the back of his head, his fuzzy mutton-chop sideburns quite out of control. He looks alarming enough as it is, but he has also vowed not to shave until the last interview is done, so his jaw is streaming with stubble, much of it gray. In two weeks he'll be forty-seven. When he looks like this—and this is his comparison, not anyone else's—he looks like that weird singer he used to know in the late '60s who would make up a different song each time he played the guitar. The one they locked away. Manson.

Neil Young's back hurts. That's why he stands in the foyer. Four months ago he stood out on top of a high California hill above his ranch and away he went. Paragliding. His first time. Two miles over trees and valleys and lakes. It was a rush, but he didn't really know how to land and so he was still flying along the ground, bouncing on his ass. Hurt his back. His calf hurts too, where he ripped a muscle playing softball. Between each interview he needs to stretch his legs. When he walks—mighty, loping strides—his hair and the tassles on his jacket bounce and flap in time.

THIS IS THURSDAY. HAMBURG. TWO DAYS TO GO.

I sit waiting with a group of German rock critics. I speak no German, and as the only words that leap out of their earnest guttural chitchat are "punk," "Seattle," and "Jerry Garcia," today I am glad that I speak no German. A press posse appears, looking downcast. They have just had a round-table interview with Neil Young and he has let them down. "He talked about computers for ten minutes," one journalist translates. She, too, now looks downcast. "I don't want to talk about computers."

Before our turn, the organized Germans call an informal but determined conference to decide on tactics and questions. One suggests, to general approval (they kindly confer in English), "The planet is a good general question." They also agree that questions will be asked clockwise around the table. I offer to forfeit my turn, confident of an as-yet-unconfirmed rendezvous later, though when my chance actually comes it will take all the self-control I can muster not to ask an open-ended question courting Neil Young's views on computer technology.

As we all file into the room, Neil Young paces out past us. "I'll take five," he mutters, and takes considerably more. When he returns, the *Harvest Moon* questions rain down. You can see in his eyes that in the last few days he has answered every possible question about its relevance to 1972's *Harvest*. He seems keen to distance the new record from its predecessor. He points out that *Harvest Moon* has just as much in common with his last studio LP, the feedback-laden *Ragged Glory*: "If you listen to both of those records with the machine playing in the other room, and have somebody vacuuming in here, and somebody over there with a generator running, and water running, and an argument with people yelling at each other, then what you can hear coming over all this other noise—the melodies—comes through and it's not that different." There is bemused silence. "That's a big test for me," he grins. "I call it the Wall Test. I turn it up and go far away so I can barely make it out and listen to it and see what comes to me like that."

In a way *Harvest* stands as the testament to everything Neil Young could have been—if he had been dull enough to want to be. It reached number one and set him up to be the king of smooth folk rock. He wished to be otherwise. For years he has talked of a sequel, but it's taken twenty years to arrive and even now he's in partial denial. In the sleeve notes to the compilation *Decade*, Young hand-scrawled these much-quoted comments on *Harvest*'s pop hit, "Heart of Gold": "This song put me in the middle of the road. Traveling there soon became a bore so I headed for the ditch. A rougher ride but I saw more interesting people there."

He explains that he'd begun writing one song on *Harvest Moon*, "You and Me," in 1975 and stopped specifically because one of the Stray Gators, Tim Drummond, said to him, "You ought to finish that song because it's like the songs on *Harvest* and if you finish that song we can do an album like that again." It took over fifteen years for Neil Young to find a second verse: "It scared the shit out of me."

If he hates people to think of *Harvest Moon* as *of* the past, he also hates them to think of it as *about* the past. "The real sense of the album," he mutters, "is: How do you keep going? How can you keep an old relationship new? How can you make love last? How can you bring the past with you?" *Harvest Moon* was recorded during full moons. He likes the full moon. It's good for creativity. In the old days people used to plant then, because they knew that the plants would do well. Neil Young believes in that kind of thing.

THE FAVORITE TOPIC OF ALL NEIL YOUNG INTERviews over the past decade has been his mischievous changeability, people struggling to find the logic in his twists and turns: for instance, *Hawks and Doves*' pseudo-Republican middle-of-the-road (1980), *Re·ac·tor*'s brain-crunching, mindless rock-out (1981), *Trans*'s vocoder-topped techno rock (1983), *Everybody's Rockin*'s pink-suited, dawn-of-rock-'n'-roll revivalism (1983), *Old Ways*' back-to-nature, fiddle-driven country (1985), *This Note's for You*'s brass-driven, bar-band blues (1988).

Young has been consistent in his explanation: He just does what he feels like doing next. That, and he has a conviction that seems almost paranoid but which is probably more a product of hazy days escaping the Establishment and imagining a new society while living in Topanga Canyon: to never do what they ex-

Shine on *Harvest Moon*: Neil Young in concert in Chicago, November 1992.

SILVIA OTTE

pect you to do. He laboriously explains how the songs just come. It's more like channeling than composition. Even the strange, wonderful, historical stories like "Powderfinger" and "Cortez the Killer" just turn up in his head. He'll write a few songs, record a session. When he has some sessions that fit together he'll release an album. If they don't, they go in the vault. He has nearly four hundred unreleased tracks being prepared for a mammoth retrospective.

He is not naive about each album's possible reception: "It never bothers me if I know it's not going to be a success. It's interesting to do something knowing no one's going to like it." He says maybe he should have used a different name on some records. "Percy Ragmont," he suggests, and pretends to review one of Percy's records. "Who the hell is he? I don't know, but it's *different*. Kinda like Neil Young with horns. I think there's two or three good things on there, and the rest is a piece of shit."

One of the Germans asks if *Harvest Moon* is especially close to his heart.

"All my records are," he says. "They're like my children." There is enough of a glint in his eyes to show he knows what a facile cliché this is, but enough determination in his voice to tell you that, in his own odd way, he means it.

It's funny, watching him cope. He sits there, like a cornered animal exhausted into submission, not by the sharp parries of hunters but by his own boredom, now reduced to telling simple truths to answer the expected questions. Occasionally a fine, strange answer squeezes out, like when someone asks about the feedback orgy of *Arc*. "I like feedback," he says. (He says this in the same matter-of-fact way that a child might announce "I like strawberry.") "To me, feedback is a sound you can control, but you can never stop it. Feedback goes on forever. It's almost like surfing."

He has a fine command of the deadpan. When someone presses him about the '60s he shrugs. "The '60s were fine." Pause. "The '70s were good." Pause. "The '80s were fine." Smile. "It's all the same to me."

The last flight to London leaves in under an hour. Neil Young and entourage—his manager, his wife Pegi, some record-company people—have a private plane. I do not. I leave just after my translator friend leans forward and sincerely

announces, "I'm interested about the role of the planet on the album. . . ."

LONDON, THE FOLLOWING DAY. I WAIT DOWNSTAIRS at the May Fair hotel. Everything is running late. "He has no sense of time," someone explains. The photographer from *Melody Maker* discusses with the editor whether they should fall back on that tried-and-tested Neil Young photo direction: "Give us the mad-eyed stare." When they do the photos he keeps his sunglasses on.

Eventually I am promoted to the anteroom next to the interview room. Neil Young, one day more unshaven, his hair one day shaggier, in a different Harley T-shirt but the same fringed jacket, sweeps through to answer nature's call. He fiddles for a while with the wall outside the bathroom, staring at it as though, if he stares long enough, a light switch will appear. His manager Elliot Roberts introduces him to me on his way back through and explains that I have been following him for two days waiting for a word. He grins at me. "Got the tickets for Tasmania?"

He talks to MTV Europe. The interviewer asks about his new video. Neil hasn't seen it yet: "I'm kinda nervous. I've never danced before in a video. It's 'Watch out Prince, here I come.' " When the main interview is over, the MTV man says, "Can I ask you some generic questions?"

"Can I give generic answers?" Neil replies. He answers them nonetheless: the legalization of marijuana ("They can do what they want"); the draft ("I think it should be voluntary, but I think it's good to stay in shape"); becoming more conservative as you get older ("Compared to what? When I get younger?"); monogamy ("I'll pass on that one"); the last book he read ("About a lady in Canada who discovered a cure for cancer"); most influential book ("My itinerary"); a luxury to live without in the next century ("Fossil fuels"); life after death ("The spirit is everlasting, but I'm not going to come back as a grasshopper").

It's over. Tomorrow he has a day off, then he flies home. All his promotional chores are completed. Except for me. By the elevators he stands, thinking. "Breakfast tomorrow," he says. "Around eleven."

AND SO, THE DAY AFTER THE LAST DAY, WE MEET over coffee and orange juice and mineral water. "I always leave the details until last," he says. In fact he says this several times, and it affords him some not inconsiderable amusement. He still hasn't shaved, but he is no longer wearing his promo-tour uniform, preferring a checked shirt and a prized George Jones tour jacket that a member of George's original band gave him in Nashville fifteen years ago. When we're done he's going to a toy shop. I ask why. "I just want to look at the toys," he says.

I mention a description I read of him: "the kind of guy who, if you get in a fight with, one of you dies."

He smiles. He knows what they mean, especially when he's looking like this. People always ask him why he isn't happy, and yet, inside, he's groovin'. But even his kids sometimes ask him, and sometimes their friends are scared by the way he looks, which makes him feel terrible because he loves kids so much. Still, they never stay scared for long, especially once he shows them his room full of toy trains.

Toy trains. That was what he wanted when he got some money—that and his ranch away from everyone—and that is what he got. He likes the engineering and technological challenges. He's always inventing things. All the new Lionel toy trains have control units designed by him. But also, he just likes trains.

Some people would say, I observe, that it is the mark of a man who doesn't want to grow up.

"God, yeah," he grins. "Sure, I never want to grow up. Me and Peter all the way, man."

Peter?

"Peter Pan."

"Feedback is a sound you can control, but you can never stop it. Feedback goes on forever. It's almost like surfing."

Neil Young's actual childhood has always seemed something of a closed book. The basic biographical facts are simple, but sparse. The son of a well-known Canadian sports journalist, he grew up his first ten years in Omemee, Ontario. As a child he had polio and was diagnosed as an epileptic. His parents divorced. He was given a plastic ukelele on his twelfth Christmas. He played on the Canadian folk scene, gigged with Rick James, joined Buffalo Springfield, and then, since 1969, aside from dalliances with Crosby, Stills & Nash, has made records under his own name. Most solo artists, especially as they age, spread their childhood all over their lyrics; in Neil's, a childhood barely seems to exist. I mention this to him.

"An interesting observation," he says, though not entirely with conviction. "I never thought about that." He now does so and after much deliberation mentions a song called "Mellow My Mind," about "fishing, juggling nickels, and those boy kind of things." This, the only song he can think of, was written seventeen years ago. "A lot of cobwebs in there," he apologizes. But he tries.

The earliest moment that comes to mind is when his granddad gave him five dollars (he saved it: "I was the kind of kid who hoarded") and "a holster and a gun set." He had his first great love affair when he was nine: "She was a girl named Mary Ellen. I think her last name was Blanche. French for 'white.' It was never consummated, but I remember asking my dad how old you had to be to get married."

We are interrupted by Pegi, his second wife. They have been together for fifteen years. She says she's going out; they agree to meet in an hour. "I'll be in the room," he tells her, "trying to find things." When she goes he says, "She keeps me in the straight edge."

Do you need keeping in?

"I imagine so," he says. "Yeah."

There is a well-established belief, I say, that you are a bit bonkers.

"Oh yeah," he concedes.

Do you encourage that?

"No, I try not to encourage that." He laughs. "Which shows where it would be if I did try to encourage it. I think it's because I look crazy. Maybe it's because I do what I want and I don't care what people think. People are so concerned with maintaining their cool, especially when they get to be thirty."

He's a nice man to chat with, more like an avuncular inventor than a pop star. Somehow Madonna's name comes up and he goes on about what a "fantastic artist" she is. A few years ago he sent a message asking her and Sandra Bernhard (he says "Sarah" but accepts my correction) to sing on his grungily intense version of the Drifters' "On Broadway" and to appear as two hookers in the video. He never got an answer. "Probably she didn't want to be seen dead with me," he shrugs.

Maybe, I submit, she wasn't too flattered.

He looks puzzled. "I think she could play an *excellent* hooker and I think she'd take that as a compliment. Hookers have got a lot of soul. I'm not saying they're less than me. I'm sure I'm prostituting something too, whatever it is."

HIS BACK IS BETTER TODAY. WHEN HE BOUNCED along the ground on that inglorious extended crash landing, he hurt his back in the same place he hurt it twenty years ago. A strange coincidence, I mutter. Legend has it that *Harvest* was so restrained and acoustic because he had hurt his back then.

He has to think about this. Then it comes back to him, recording in this brace, taking all this medication. He was skinny and unhealthy back then, and he put his back out trying to pick up these big bits of wood, slipping two disks and winding up on the operating table. He thinks his back is weak from the polio.

He caught that when he was six. Afterward

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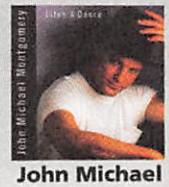
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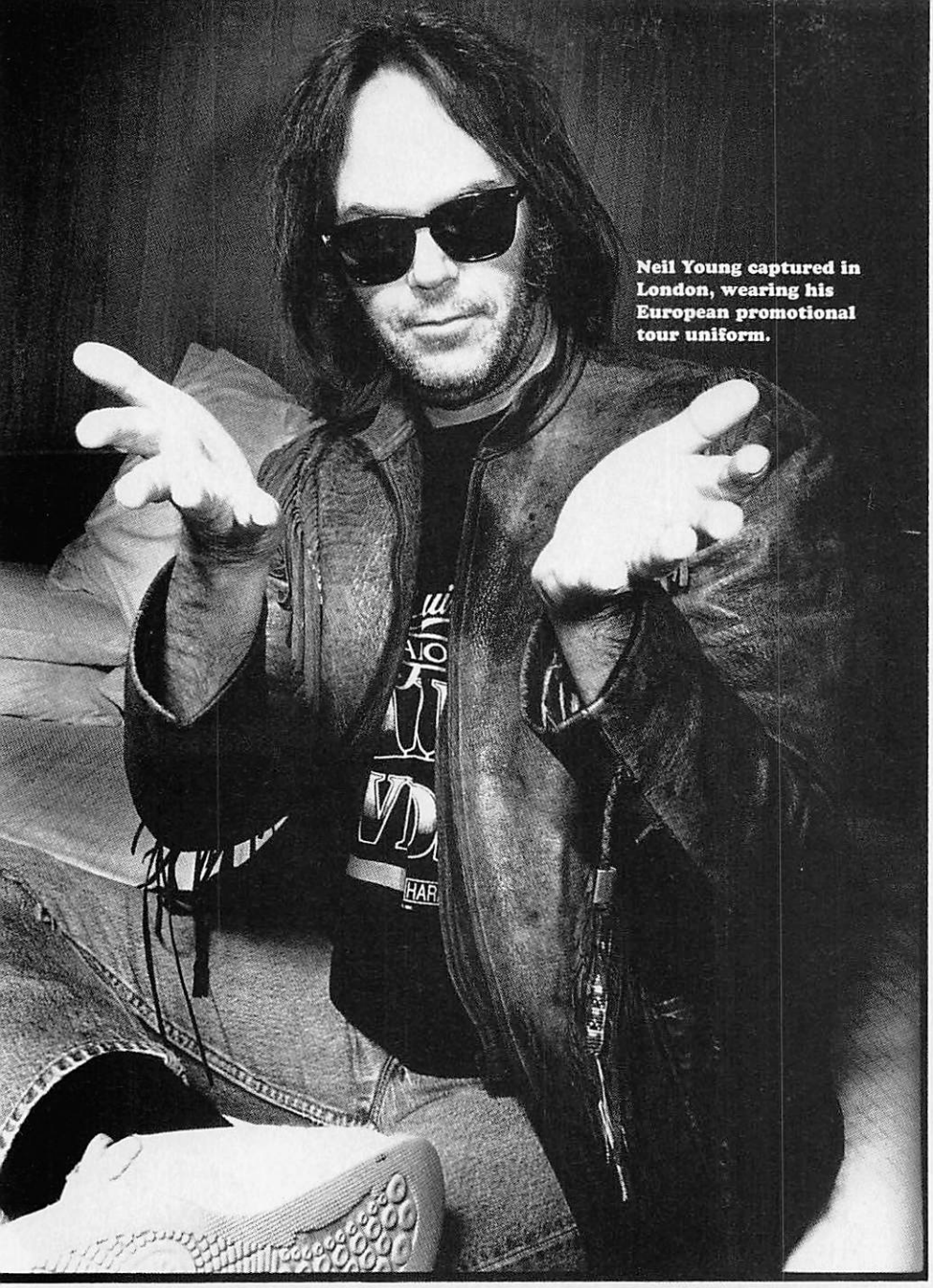

Neil Young captured in London, wearing his European promotional tour uniform.

TOM SHEEHAN

he had to learn to walk again, and nothing was ever the same. Even now, it feels as though the whole left side of his body is there, but not there. Sluggish. That's where those wonderful, slowly meandering, stilted solos come from. His right hand moves fast, but the left doesn't move fast at all, so he just developed his own thing. A while ago he had post-polio syndrome; everything felt tight again. That's when he started working out. He is supposed to do an hour and a half every day with his trainer.

The synchronicity of his back injuries can be no more than that—he recorded *Harvest Moon* before his latest mishap. But there is another aspect of his health that may have more to do with *Harvest Moon.* After embracing his noisy side for *Eldorado, Ragged Glory, Weld,* and *Arc,* he was diagnosed with a condition known as hyperacusis, a hearing problem where everything seems impossibly loud. To treat it he would listen to this sound-therapy tape. It worked, but meanwhile he could hear quiet things so well that he began to focus on them.

At home, Neil Young enjoys taking walks in the forest. The animals, the trees, a slight ringing in his ears. He used to have a hound dog called Elvis, before he got cancer and died. There's a song about his Elvis, "Old King," on his new record. He's now got a German shepherd–cross called Bear. He enjoys being with his children. There are three, and the older two, the boys, with different mothers, both have cerebral palsy. Just a coincidence.

He doesn't listen to much music. Maybe a little George Jones, some Merle Haggard, a dash of J.J. Cale. Never his own records. Later for that. "When I'm retired. I'll have the grandchildren come by and I'll say, 'Let's watch *Rust Never Sleeps*...' " and he mimes the expressions of several horrified kids. "Do we *have* to?" And then he says, "I'm sure when I'm in heaven I'll sit around listening to my old records."

So you're going to heaven?

"It's just an inner feeling I have. I'm gonna go the low road to heaven. Down, and then through, and then up."

We talk about religion. He says that aside from faith in love it's just a collection of stories: "Moses parted the waters, everybody ran through, nobody got their feet wet." We laugh. "I don't know which religion to believe in," he says. "There are so *many.* They're *all* right—all you have to do is ask the believers and they'll tell you." We laugh again, and he mutters, "Nature is my religion."

And it's then that he starts talking about interplanetary travel. He says he thinks the secret to it will be found in the natural world. He wishes it would happen in his lifetime.

Why?

"Because it's there," he says wide-eyed, full of enthusiasm. "How could we *not* go?"

I ask him whether, if he could go tomorrow, but he knew he could not come back, never see his family again . . . would he go?

He thinks for a long while. This matters. He wants to be honest. Afterward, just before we discuss his devotion to *Star Trek* (either generation), he will temper his decision, but first, after long contemplation, he simply says yes.

What would his wife think of him?

"I think she'd understand," he says. "It'd be the chance of a lifetime."

It is a vision of space we don't see much anymore: the idea that outside the earth's atmosphere lie all possibilities. That's how it was when I was growing up. I tell him that when I was five I went to the school costume contest as an astronaut. I came in third. This breaks Neil Young's mood. He sniggers. "If *I* had said that," he chortles, "you would have said, 'He dressed as an astronaut! He's been crazy for *years!*...' "

ONE DAY, RECORDING "DON'T SPOOK THE HORSE" for the noise-spewing *Ragged Glory* sessions, Neil Young fetched a bucket. In that bucket he placed some straw, and on that straw he placed some horseshit. Then, to perform the song, he stood with both feet inside that bucket. Just to get the right atmosphere. The right feeling. That day, he felt on top of the world.

A couple of years later, over breakfast, he is asked what the appropriate environment might have been to foster his heart-shimmeringly pure new record. It takes him a while to answer. When he does, through six days of stubble, with a gentle smile on his face, it is without any trace of irony, and somewhere in it is the reason you can like, and believe, and trust Neil Young just as much when he is soft and sentimental as when he is grungy and deranged.

"Standing in a bucket of moonlight," he says. "That would have been good."

Chris Heath profiled L.L. Cool J in the November issue of *Details.*

Carnie Wilson

The broad appeal of Wilson Phillips

Why did your parents name you after a carnival employee?

Excuse me?! *(laughs)* It's derived from "carnation." One night when my mom was pregnant with me, she and Dad were lying in bed and she said, "How about [naming the baby] Carnation?" And my dad said, "No, that's corny." Then my mom said, "How about Carnie?" And that was it.

Did you ever want to change it?

Oh, God, yes! Growing up I was called Connie, Carrie, Carly, Corny, and Carne Asada.

What's one thing about yourself that the sweet harmonies of Wilson Phillips don't reveal?

That "fuck" is literally every other word I say.

Well, then, can I ask you about . . . your sexual fantasies?

At what age? Honey, I was fantasizing when I was five! My first fantasy was Shaun Cassidy. But when you're that young, you don't really know what it feels like to make love. When we used to go to Caribou Ranch, where the Beach Boys recorded, there was this guy in charge of the ranch, and I remember being around him and feeling really . . . gooey. And I had a crush on my uncle, Dennis Wilson—but he was really fucked up.

One of the legends around your dad, Brian Wilson, was that he had a sandbox installed in the house to give him inspiration for Beach Boys songs. Did you ever play in it?

No—and it wasn't in a box, it was on the living room floor! But after two days it was ridiculous. There was sand all over, so my mom had it taken out.

Have you inherited any of your dad's more . . . bizarre qualities?

Well, he's compulsive and obsessive—I got that from him. And I have to admit that sometimes I think, "Oh my God, I might go psycho one day!" But when I was growing up, my mom told me, "Always believe in yourself and you'll be fine." And I do—I had to. Sure I could go crazy and say, "Oh my God, I didn't have a real father! He was a drug addict . . . and I'm fat!" But fuck that!

Did your dad's therapist, Dr. Eugene Landy, ever try to sit you down for a shrink session?

Sure he did. You know what I told him? "Fuck yourself." I'd tell him again. I'm not scared of him, that little rat. But now he's gone, way out of the picture.

What happened to your father?

It's called drugs. He had hang-ups his whole life and then his father gave him worse hang-ups, and that alone can make you crazy. Then try taking eight hits of acid at one time. What do you think *that's* going to do to you?

What did your father think of your song about him, "Flesh and Blood"?

He understands "Flesh and Blood," but he said something very funny about it which was totally Brian Wilson. He told my mom, "Marilyn, either they really love me, or I'm just a side of beef."

So you've made amends with him?

It's not done that quickly. Since "Flesh and Blood," people come up to me and ask, "Are things better between you and your father?" And that really annoys me. He was never there for me, you know? People just don't understand that it's not that easy.

In the tradition of punk bands like the Dead Kennedys, there's now a grunge band called the Fat Chick in Wilson Phillips.

What!? (gasps) Don't lie!

Swear to God!

Well . . . that's . . . *kind* of a compliment. But I want to find out who those motherfuckers are! In a way, yes, it hurts my feelings, but in another way I feel like a band like that must *like* us or something.

Have you ever gotten revenge on someone who's made fun of you for being fat?

No, I'm too scared of the karma.

Did you consciously go about developing your zany persona as a defense mechanism to deflect attention from your weight?

I've always felt that if you can make things in life funny, it helps. It's my Lucille Ball philosophy of life. I also know that if I'm walking down the street, eight out of ten guys won't turn around to give me a second look, but if they talked to me they would probably be interested . . . *(laughs)* and then there's the other two guys who don't *mind* the bulge! Anyway, I look good from the neck up. And I have great toes.

Do you think women in our culture are forced into thinking that only thin is gorgeous?

I think society's totally twisted today about those things. I've *never* been thin so I don't know what it's like. But I think I will be one day, when I let go of my fear. I can be sexy being heavy, and if you don't like that, then shove it up your ass.

You said "when I let go of my fear." What do you fear?

(pauses) The unknown, not knowing *how* to be thin. Three years ago I lost ninety pounds, and it was wonderful for my health, but it scared the shit out of me. It was so unfamiliar. I looked great but I didn't feel comfortable. To some extent that was about me not feeling I'm good enough as a person to feel sexy or to be desired physically. I guess that I eat to protect myself.

What prompted you to try psychoanalysis?

When I turned twenty-one, it dawned on me that I was really angry at my father. Whenever I would see girls with their dads, or even watch a movie in which the father tells his daughter, "Don't be home too late," even those little things got me real sad. I'd think, "Oh shit, I never had that."

What kind of dreams do you have?

Oceans and staircases. I dream about them all the time! I'm always climbing up staircases, always in the ocean, nose-diving into a huge wave or running from it. Obviously, when I analyze them I think this is the big problem: Either I go for my fear or I'm wrecked from it.

Did you ever meet Mama Cass?

No. *(whispers)* But I did meet the man who made her *the famous ham sandwich! (laughs)* Yes, I did! But it really wasn't the sandwich that killed her. He made her the sandwich and she took one bite and left it by her bed and then had a heart attack in her sleep. Damn that rumor! The guy still feels bad about it.

Do you think of yourself as a gay icon?

Yes, and I think it's great. This reporter I know, he says, "Do you know what happens when they play your videos at gay clubs in New York? They *scream* for you!" I *know* gay

Interview by Lance Loud, who wrote about the making of *Blade Runner* in the October issue of *Details*.

KATE GARNER; FASHION: KIM BOWEN FOR VISAGES STYLE, L.A.; MAKEUP: PAUL STARR FOR PROFILE, L.A.; LOCATION: PENINSULA HOTEL, BEVERLY HILLS; JEWELRY: DEANNA HAMRO

men aren't jealous of me. *(laughs)* I don't intimidate them! I don't like to characterize people, but I think gays appreciate women who are really out there—strong, dramatic types. And I do have a penchant for drama!

Do you answer chain letters?

I got a chain letter before we put out the first Wilson Phillips album. It said, "If you break the chain, you're gonna die and lose all your money. . . ." Hello? I don't think so. I may have been the only person in my high school class who didn't go on to college—but I'm also the only one who's sold eight million records. I throw chain letters away.

How does it feel growing up in the shadow of AIDS?

I've had sex with three guys in my life. I think it's important to be careful, not celibate.

Some people might say that since you grew up in the privileged world of money and success, you're out of touch with the harsher realities of life.

(pauses) I was spoiled from the day I was born—I'm not ashamed to admit it. I don't understand the value of money; I spend it like water. And maybe I don't know what the "real world" is like. But this is the family I was born into. I was lucky, I realize that. I support different charities—PETA and such—and I do what I can to help people in this world. I'm sure there are people out there who'll read this and go, "Fuck her, she doesn't know what it's like to be poor or work hard. . . ." But I have worked hard, I've had obstacles that I've had to overcome. And in terms of the world, I can't make that much of a difference either way.

Do you think Wilson Phillips' music is in touch with the feelings and attitudes of your generation?

Look, each new generation is getting a worse deal in life. Our generation now is losing its ability to be happy. Sure, I know some people think our music is corny and clichéd, but it's positive. Most of our songs are about hope and strength and standing up for yourself. That's a good message to give out to kids 'cause nowadays it seems like they're losing their spirit.

If Madonna had asked you to appear nude with her in *Sex*, would you have done so?

(whispers sweetly) Not a chance in hell! If she wanted to feature my toes, fine; otherwise, forget it! *(laughs)* But I'll tell you, I'm just about appearing nude in *this* photo.

Are you a Barbie looking for her Ken?

Yeah! My mother used to tell me, "There's never going to be a Ken doll out there—nobody's that perfect." But preppy guys turn me on. I love clean guys with a nice smell. God! I'm like a dog. I'll run after them.

Aural Sex

Musicians pick the songs they want to hear when they get romantic

En Vogue

1. "All the Man That I Need," Whitney Houston
2. "Always and Forever," Heatwave
3. "Desire," En Vogue
4. "Giving Him Something He Can Feel," En Vogue
5. "Let's Get It On," Marvin Gaye
6. "Slow Down," Karyn White
7. "In the Mood," the Whispers
8. "Between the Sheets," the Isley Brothers
9. "For the Love of You," the Isley Brothers
10. "Hooked on Your Love," Aretha Franklin

Barry White

1. "Mercy Mercy Me," Marvin Gaye
2. "In the Mood," the Whispers
3. "Didn't I (Blow Your Mind This Time)," the Delfonics
4. "Just the Way You Are," Barry White
5. "If You Don't Know Me by Now," Harold Melvin & the Blue Notes
6. "Someday My Prince Will Come," Miles Davis
7. "Call Me," Aretha Franklin
8. "The Secret Garden," Quincy Jones
9. "Save Your Love for Me," Nancy Wilson
10. "How Deep Is Your Love," the Bee Gees

Lemmy

Lead singer, Motörhead

1. "All I Have to Do Is Dream," the Everly Brothers
2. "It's Only Love," the Beatles
3. "Desperado," the Eagles
4. "On Your Shore," Enya
5. "Be My Baby," the Ronettes
6. "Candle in the Wind," Elton John
7. "I'm Too Sexy," Right Said Fred
8. "Tutti Frutti," Little Richard
9. "Sleep Walk," Santo & Johnny
10. "Love Me Like a Reptile," Motörhead

Dan Baird

Formerly of the Georgia Satellites

1. "Summer Wind," Frank Sinatra
2. "One Night With You," Elvis Presley
3. "Ridin' in My Car," NRBQ
4. "I'm in the Mood," John Lee Hooker
5. "What's Goin' On," Marvin Gaye
6. "Tell It Like It Is," Aaron Neville
7. "Madam George," Van Morrison
8. "Tell It Like It Is," Percy Sledge
9. "I Fall to Pieces," Patsy Cline
10. "I've Been Loving You Too Long," Otis Redding

Tori Amos

1. Anything by the Russians
2. *Passion,* music from the film *The Last Temptation of Christ*
3. Led Zep, complete box set
4. *National Geographic* mating calls of the king stag
5. Marvin Gaye
6. *Albinoni in Venice* (when you think your floor is a meadow)
7. "Miss You," the Rolling Stones
8. "Caught Up in the Rapture," Anita Baker
9. A piano
10. *Dry,* PJ Harvey

Al B. Sure!

1. "The Secret Garden," Quincy Jones
2. "Sexual Healing," Marvin Gaye
3. "Rock Me Tonight," Freddie Jackson
4. "Computer Love," Roger
5. "Moments in Love," the Art of Noise
6. "Reasons," Earth, Wind & Fire
7. "Always and Forever," Heatwave
8. "Insatiable," Prince
9. "Killing Me Softly With His Song," Roberta Flack
10. "Song 4 You," Donnie

The Soup Dragons

1. "D-I-V-O-R-C-E," Tammy Wynette
2. "Bodies," the Sex Pistols
3. "Holiday in Cambodia," the Dead Kennedys
4. "Gang Bang," Black Lace
5. "Je T'Aime," Serge Gainsbourg
6. "Shake Your Rump," the Beastie Boys
7. "Shoot Your Shot," Divine
8. "It's Raining Men," the Weather Girls
9. "Zoom!" Fat Larry's Band
10. "Physical," Olivia Newton-John

From left: Superchunk's Jon Wurster, Laura Ballance, and Mac McCaughan.

Chapel Hill-billies

Forget about Seattle. The newest postpunk scene thrives in North Carolina.

By Eric Konigsberg

Ricky Hicks and I are standing in the parking lot of the Cat's Cradle, the Madison Square Garden of Chapel Hill, North Carolina. Ricky, twenty-nine, is the guitarist for Finger, a Raleigh band who play shit-kicking, Johnny Thunders–inspired rock 'n' roll. Next to us, a bunch of girls in a Volvo wagon are drinking wine coolers and listening to the Knack. Ricky delicately pushes his hair behind his ears whenever he's about to say something. Just now, he's telling me about the song that brought punk rock back to town: "In the summer of 1990, 'Slack Motherfucker' was playing everywhere you went."

That song, by local heroes Superchunk, singlehandedly begat a scruffy, pop-punk scene in Chapel Hill, Raleigh, and Durham. And around here, "Slack Motherfucker" remains a glorious, twentysomething anthem. It's about working part-time at a Kinko's copy shop.

Inside the Cat's Cradle tonight, foxcore band Picasso Trigger wail with unspoiled angst, led by blonde singer Kathy Poindexter, nineteen years and 107 pounds worth of scabby-kneed horniness, kicking her microphone stand about the stage as she screams through something called "Colossal Man." During the guitar solo, Kathy wipes sweat from her face with her shirt, revealing a training bra and an anarchy symbol scrawled in Magic Marker on her stomach. She's wearing boxer shorts, Doc Martens boots, striped tube socks pulled up to her knees, and a T-shirt that reads JUGS. I think I'm in love.

After their set, Kathy and I discuss ninth-grade truancy. "I missed thirty-two days of my freshman year," she says, "riding the bus around Raleigh getting stoned. Man, I really had a complex."

Like a lot of rockers down here, Kathy grew up the bored child of a college professor. She joined Picasso Trigger at sixteen. "I used to be scene queen when I was fourteen, but now that I'm in college, I'm not as into it." She takes my notebook and scribbles in it: "Fuck all scenes."

Polvo (from left): Steve Popson, Dave Brylawski, Ash Bowie, and Eddie Watkins.

WELCOME TO NORTH CAROLINA, where the men are grad students and the women play bass. In the Chapel Hill–Raleigh–Durham triangle of sleepy, left-leaning college towns, English lit students argue structuralism on their front porches while listening to hardcore songs like "Wheelchair Full of Old Man." Chapel Hill is Old South grandeur—tobacco fields and tall pines enveloping Georgian mansions—with a fiercely progressive edge. It's a town with one good rock club (the Cradle), one hipster hangout (Pepper's Pizza), one cool record store (Schoolkids), and dozens of frat bars with names like Spanky's.

In 1982, hardcore band Corrosion of Conformity spawned a Raleigh punk movement that put the state on the map. Later, North Carolina, via twangy pop groups like the dB's and the Connells, earned the unfortunate rap of a second-rate Athens, Georgia. Then Durham boy Mac McCaughan came home from school in New York and jump-started a new scene.

McCaughan, a drummer/guitarist, got a job at a twenty-four-hour Kinko's in Chapel Hill, where he hung out with Laura Ballance. Romance struck, and Mac asked Laura to learn the bass and start a band with him. They played beautifully unambitious melodies coated with a patina of distortion. And they called it Superchunk. One of their first singles was "Slack Motherfucker." With their own label, Merge, Mac and Laura have gone on to sign some of the scuzz-guitar acts popping up around them, including Polvo and Erectus Monotone. Mac and Laura still operate Merge out of a spare room in Laura's apartment. And Merge's DIY ethic has given rise to area indie labels like Jettison, Wifflefist, and D-Tox.

These days, bands around here assume punk rock started with Sonic Youth (a compliment recently repaid by the Youth with their song "Chapel Hill," which is about Jesse Helms slam-dancing at the Cat's Cradle). The musicians I meet are shy and unpretentious, but they also display an unspoken fear of the future, of adulthood, of the prospect that every thrift store in town will run out of Levi's cords in slate blue. Even more troubling is the spate of record-industry promo-geeks flooding the area in search of a great-white-noise hope.

In North Carolina, those geeks might find something that looks and sounds like Seattle on Prozac. But where Soundgarden and other Northwestern groups blast power chords as a

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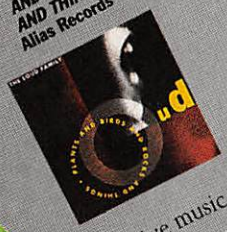

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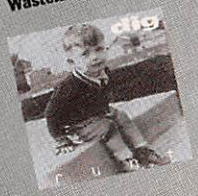

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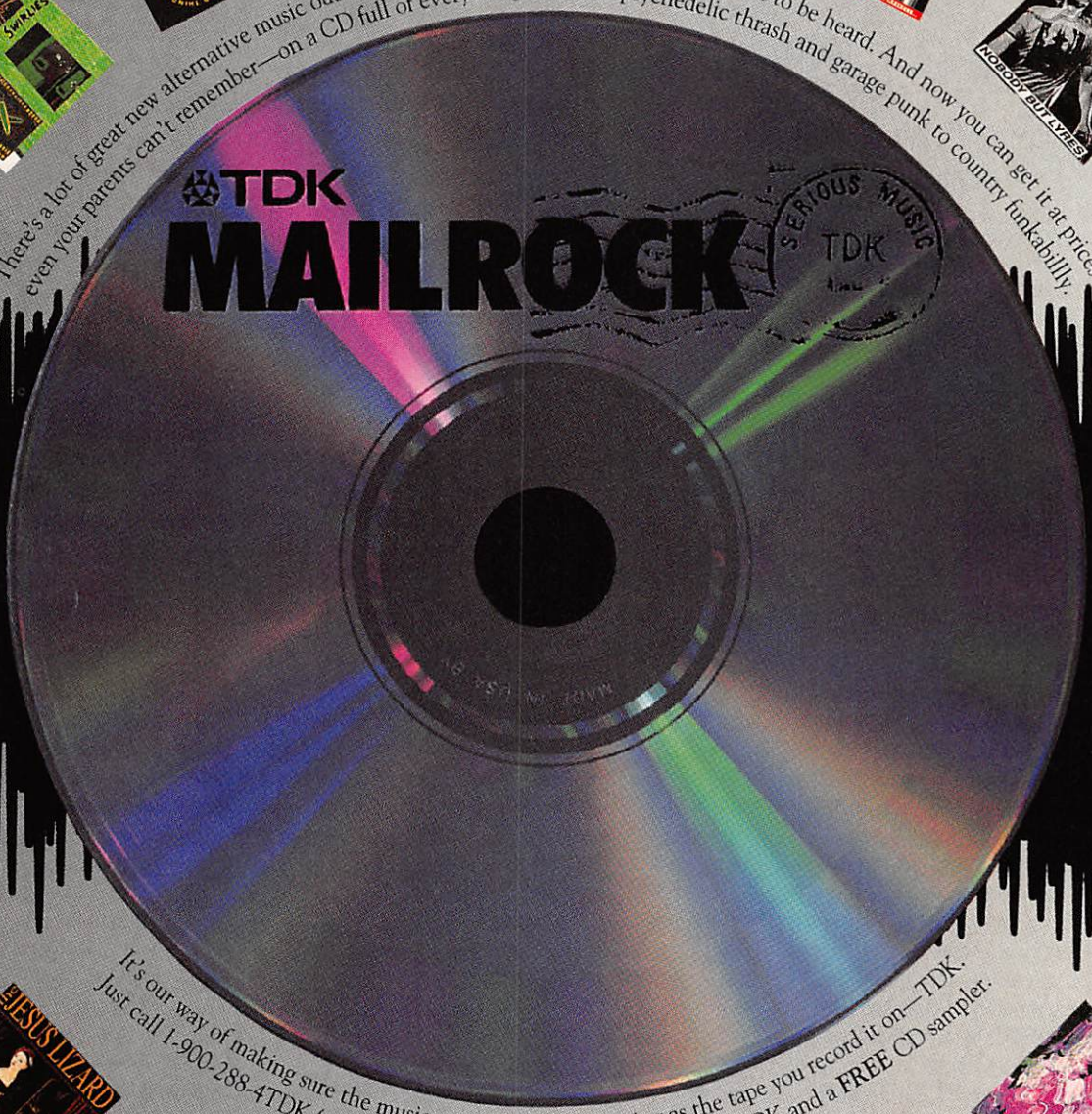

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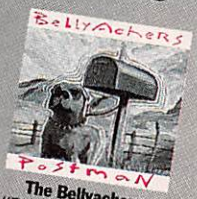

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cynical embrace of dinosaur '70s rock, N.C. bands shyly bury their gorgeous pop hooks in hazy gusts of distortion. Bubble gum is the repressed influence that returns in the music of area bands like Small or Metal Flake Mother. The lyrics from Erectus Monotone's "Hips" could've been lifted from a John Hughes film: "Sometimes I can't think with this brain / I can't speak with these lips / But I can dance with these hips." Superchunk's name itself could be a three-syllable scene manifesto—it's part metal, part Saturday-morning-cartoon cuteness.

ON A MUGGY, HIGH-POLLEN-COUNT DAY, SUPERchunk take me to the local swimming hole. As we float around on inner tubes in a cavernous quarry the townies know as Sugar Lake, Laura

From left: Picasso Trigger's Lisa Cooper, Kathy Poindexter, and Sam Mauney.

Ballance tells me about the scourge of the local music scene: white-rap, Chili Pepper clone bands like Johnny Quest that pack the Greek bars every weekend. But doesn't every town have a Johnny Quest? I ask. "Sure, but we have *the* Johnny Quest," she groans.

A bit later, Mac McCaughan and I go to a party at the home of Chuck "Chunk" Garrison, Superchunk's ex-drummer (and namesake). Laura won't come along: She's still angry with Chunk for telling people she was hot for him. In Chunk's tiny basement there are several dozen fresh-faced kids standing in sawdust and leaning against cinder-block walls to watch Zen Frisbee, this town's oldest extant punk combo. Dating way back to 1986, tonight's Zen Frisbee lineup features Chunk on drums and an ineffectual John Lydon manqué for a singer.

Every time he turns around, Mac is besieged by teens hoping to get signed by Merge. He cheerfully puts up with most of them, until he notices me lying half-asleep in the driveway. "It's five A.M.," he says. "Wanna go?"

The next night, I attend a battle of the bands between Polvo and Erectus Monotone. Like Sonic Youth, Polvo use weird tunings and layers of feedback to create multitextured, dissonant songs. The difference is that Polvo's dissonance is unintentional: Their guitars are too cheap to stay in tune. Onstage, they stomp around in slow motion like storm troopers, intermittently freezing in rock-action poses. Erectus's sound is looser, less artful; they're prone to TV-theme-song riffs. They cover Blondie's "Eat to the Beat," then illustrate a Tennyson poem with morose wails and lots of fuzz fx.

I stop by the home of Polvo guitarist Ash Bowie the next day and find members of both bands draped across ratty orange dorm couches. Ash sits, silent and skeptical, while the rest of the boys give one-word answers about politics and punk rock. Dave Brylawski, Polvo's other guitarist, tells me he wants to be a social worker, but right now he bakes bread at an Italian restaurant in Raleigh. Dave has a sheepish perma-grin, a neo-Caesar haircut, and a T-shirt that reads MEESE IS A PIG.

"So how did you and Ash meet?" I ask.

"In Spanish class," Dave says.

Ash sits up. "Yeah, he was wearing that shirt, and I said, 'Hey, Meese *is* a pig!' And the professor went, 'Siéntate!' and Dave stood up and said, 'No, we have *rights!*' "

The phone rings, but by the time someone finds the receiver, hidden under a sofa cushion, the caller has given up. One of Ash's friends stops by, trying to round up some people to drive to Raleigh and smoke pot on the capitol steps. "We try to do it every Sunday," he says.

Before I leave, I ask about Kathy Poindexter. I'm crushed to hear that she and Polvo's Steve Popson are a sometimes item.

"Of the people here, she's the one with star quality," Dave says. "She'll be huge."

"You mean like Tiffany?" asks Monotone guitarist Kevin Collins.

"No, more like Cicciolina."

On my last night in North Carolina, Kathy Poindexter offers to show me around Raleigh. She points out old punk-rock hangouts, like the Char-Grill, then takes me to a friend's house. "You are gonna love this place," she says. "I was scared to come here for a while 'cause I thought they were gonna give me a swirlie." In a room cluttered with tampon dispensers, Shaun Cassidy figurines, and posters advertising corn dogs, Kathy's friends are watching a children's potty-training video.

Somebody asks Kathy how she liked Polvo's show. "Fine, except that Popson forgot to put my name on the guest list and I had to pay three bucks to get in," she says as she turns to me. "That's the way it is down here."

Eric Konigsberg is a reporter for *The New Republic*.

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Dinosaur Jr

Where You Been (Sire/Warner Bros.) Shaggy, sullen, and sentimental, J Mascis is the guitar antihero for the *Slacker* nation. On *Where You Been*, the second major-label album by Dinosaur Jr, the trio Mascis leads, he has reined in his antisocial instincts enough to make his most accessible album yet, filtering out the murk of Dinosaur's early sludgefests without sacrificing the cathartic solos the way 1991's pastoral *Green Mind* did. Set off by light strumming or a quiet organ, the tortured riffs rock harder than ever. On "Get Me," Tiffany Anders's harmony vocals add a touch of sweetness to the gloom; "What Else Is New" climaxes with booming drums and a mock orchestral Mellotron straight out of the Stones' "Moonlight Mile." Mascis has also added a plaintive falsetto to his sonic repertoire, which means he now whines like Neil Young in two different octaves. Where Mascis's lyrical insecurities used to center on adolescent angst, now he's matured as far as twentysomething ennui. As always, his tossed-off lyrics and shambling melodies careen between apathy and anxiety. But whenever Mascis sounds like he might collapse from the strain of his own inarticulate depression, he expresses himself the way he knows best: with an eloquent, distortion-drenched solo. Ted Friedman

Belly

Star (Sire/Reprise) Tanya Donelly's singing and songwriting were long the liveliest thing about the antiseptic Throwing Muses; now she's quit the Muses to front her own trio. *Star* often delivers the twisted passion of the early Pixies; these tracks include the fierce, possibly feminist "Slow Dog" and the fiercer, possibly sicko "Dusted." Other cuts (such as the creepy, wailing "Low Red Moon") offer what Sinéad O'Connor, whose voice Donelly sometimes recalls, abandoned when she decided to become a junior-miss Natalie Cole. Donelly's intriguing lyrics remain remote throughout, as with "So that kid from the bad home came over to my house again / Decapitated all my dolls." **Brantley Bardin**

Boukman Eksperyans

Kalfou Danjere (Mango) In 1991, Boukman Eksperyans released their first American album, a bracing mix of Haitian-roots *vodou* music and Caribbean rock that flew in the face of the soca, disco, and dancehall coming from the islands. But immediately after the LP's release, the band lost one of their lead singers, while Haiti lost its president in a coup. They could have muted their politics, downplayed their rhythms, and become a party band. Bravely, Boukman have rethought their sound, emphasizing an acoustic feel and raw harmonies, making an exceptional, much darker album. "Bay Bondyè Glwa" is as hypnotic as it is unpronounceable, while "Jou Nou Revolte" revels in its seductive, unstoppable beat. **Brian Cullman**

Flipper

American Grafishy (Def American) Flipper, San Francisco's seminal sloth-rockers, have finally caught the reunion bug, five years after the heroin overdose of their leader, Will Shatter. Despite Shatter's demise, there's plenty on *American Grafishy* that sounds familiar, although much of it is tinged with nostalgia. While Flipper's bass attack still rumbles, these grunge-rock ancestors now sound dangerously up-to-date. "Some Day" sounds more like Fugazi than a vintage Flipper shoutathon, while "Flipper Twist" and "May the Truth Be Known" drift close to straight metal. There are no false notes in the new Flipper's cacophony, but also nothing as compelling as their '80s anthem, "Sex Bomb." **Mike Rubin**

Jesus Jones

Perverse (SBK) After the success of 1991's "Right Here, Right Now," singer/guitarist Mike Edwards said he aspired to reinvent rock music. An impossible goal, of course, but one swollen with the group's characteristic energy and idealism. Over the twelve electro-rock songs on *Perverse*, Jesus Jones shift gears at an exhausting rate, sounding at times like a fusion of Queen and U2 ("Devil" and "Don't Believe It") and making the occasional foray into murky ambient music while loading up with avant samples. "Zeros and Ones," a cacophony of found sounds, is an information-age anthem; on the top-speed "Magazine," Edwards sings, "It's just like the real thing but better written." Jesus Jones—in the scheme of English pop bands less self-important than the Stone Roses, older and wiser than EMF, more serious than Pop Will Eat Itself—make their earnest sentiments very danceable. **Christian Wright**

King Missile

Happy Hour (Atlantic) Somewhere between free-form poetry and novelty rock, these deadpan rants to music are as sharp and silly as the Lower East Side gets. On "Detachable Penis," King Missile's leader John S. Hall drinks too much at a party, misplaces his member, and ends up having to pay seventeen dollars to buy it back from a guy selling used junk on Second Avenue. Not surprisingly, the more conventional songs don't stick out, but Dave Rick's amazing guitar work flows comfortably from grunge ("And") to psychedelia ("Take Me Home"). Despite the catchy tunes, Hall essentially remains a stand-up bohemian. **Ted Friedman**

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Magnapop

Magnapop (Caroline) The quirky Athens band Oh-Ok have somehow become a seminal group. Their first significant alumnus was guitarist Matthew Sweet; now drummer David McNair and vocalist Linda Hopper have returned with this catchy collection of demos, some produced by Michael Stipe. They bolster their art-rock with an unfailing flair for well-constructed hooks. Guitarist Ruthie Morris sharpens the songwriting: Her distorted flailing gives the dramatic "Garden" a dirty punk makeover. Deadpan vocals and Shannon Mulvaney's shimmying bass turn "13," Big Star's classic piece of adolescent melancholia, into an elastic dirge, while "Merry" sports an irresistible one-word chorus ("Me-eh-eh-eh-eh-eh-ry!").
Jason Cohen

Nirvana

Incesticide (DGC) This is not a Nirvana album proper, but a collection of odds and sods, singles, and demos. Nirvana's predilection for classic pop is easy to see in the dum-de-dum bassline of "Sliver" (which has the same effect as Paul McCartney's bass in "Taxman").

"Been a Son" is all napalm guitars over a witty lyrical turn on male entitlement, showcasing Kurt Cobain's ability to write verse that seems simultaneously profound and bubble-headed. "Aneurysm" is the best thing on the record, a violent lurch between tightly coiled rage and cross-eyed thrash. Unfortunately, most of *Incesticide* is nowhere near as good. There's lots of twist-and-scrape guitar, lots of ranting hardcore, and hardly any ideas. On "Hairspray Queen," a demo from 1988, Nirvana resort to third-rate fake funk. Dave Grohl, Nirvana's current drummer, doesn't play on "Hairspray" or *most* of the rest of this compilation. He's the band's swinging secret weapon and he's sorely missed. Without him, Nirvana is loud, intense, and, amazingly, kind of boring.
Pat Blashill

The Pooh Sticks

Million Seller (Zoo) "I'd like to hear guitar but I can't play one, so turn on the stereo!" Hue Pooh confesses to kick-start "Let the Good Times Roll," an anthem that, with its catchy chorus and cheers for rock 'n' roll, defines *Million Seller*.

Having begun their career as a bubblegum garage band, recycling everyone from the Four Seasons to Neil Young (while pretending to be just as famous), the Poohs here pretend to sell out. A kaleidoscope of glossy production, chunky guitars, and cornball pop touches, *Million Seller* celebrates stardom, depressed *Sassy* readers, and teenage romance. On "Jelly on a Plate" and five other tracks, Hue is overwhelmed by vocal harmonies so saccharine that it sounds like the Archies, the Bangles, and the Mormon Tabernacle Choir all dropped by the studio. **Jason Cohen**

Stereolab

Switched on Stereolab (Too Pure/Slumberland) If My Bloody Valentine and their British dream-pop peers didn't make your ears bleed, they might be as captivating as Stereolab. On these collected singles, including tracks such as "Contact" and "The Light That Will Cease to Fail," Stereolab bend their droning guitars and pulsing rhythms into lullabies. But unlike many of their fellow shoe-gazers, they showcase their pop-song structures instead of obscuring them. Don't try to make distinctions between the choruses and the verses, however, because you won't find them; instead, Stereolab let their overcast harmonies and chugging chords mutate almost imperceptibly behind a curtain of shimmering distortion, while lead singer Seaya Sadier sails above it all. Constantly complementing the band's guitar wash is a Moog (a '60s analog precursor of the synthesizer), which alternately sounds like an ethereal choir and an aquarium pump on the fritz. If all this sounds fun but insubstantial, consider Stereolab's lyrics. Sounding distant and bored, Seaya warbles sweet melodic fragments such as "Everything remains to be done / To devastate the ideals of family ...and religion / Doo doo doo." Who knew that you could incite a revolution while reclining in a La-Z-Boy chair? **James Hannaham**

The The

Dusk (Epic) Modern psychology will tell you that good children who behave badly are crying out for help. With that in mind, you could almost forgive The The frontman Matt Johnson for an album like *Dusk*. Though Johnson's debut LP was one of the best of the '80s, his steady regression now seems complete. His existential angst remains, but it's blunt and commonplace now: "Can the world really be so cruel?" he asks for the umpteenth time on "Sodium Light Baby." Yes it can, especially for those who back such sub-Morrissey lyrics with arrangements halfway between the *Saturday Night Live* band and INXS doing slow drags. Speaking of sub-Morrissey, Johnson's ultimate sin is squandering Johnny Marr's jangle on cuts such as the flat yet Smithy "Slow Emotion Replay." *Dusk* is bad enough without downgrading two careers.
James Hannaham

Various Artists

Synergy (Double J) From the glittery days of turn-of-the-'80s disco come these remixes of classic Salsoul dance workouts. Some are merely house renovations, others ("I Got My Mind Made Up (Techno Mix)") completely transform the song. Insistently rhythmic, Salsoul's proto-house was distinguished by its thumping, sensual bass, percussive punctuation, and string accents. But their true fever was for the flavor of the diva, the large-voiced women who can turn on a dime from vulnerable to fierce. Accordingly, this LP features the Chaka Kahn–esque vocals of Starlena Young on Aurra's "A Little Love"; three dramatic tunes by First Choice, the Supremes of garage; and the estimable Loleatta Holloway, who weighs in with the proto-new-jack strut of "Gotta Be #1" and a synth-fortified version of the much-sampled "Love Sensation."
David Keeps

Sound Bites

Mary J. Blige

What's the 411? (MCA/Uptown) A church-trained belter, Blige shows off a slew of vocal styles on her debut album and makes the typical mid-tempo new-jack grooves into something extraordinary. The best: "Reminisce," a sex- and tear-stained reverie that lets her display her penchant for jazz showboating.

Eddie Money

Unplug It In (Columbia) Money, a perpetual journeyman, sounds surprisingly limber and expressive when freed from the bombast of his studio sound. A Caribbean-flavored reworking of his 1978 hit "Two Tickets to Paradise" turns the guitar-rock war-horse into a wistful fantasy.

My Little Funhouse

Standunder (Geffen) Sex Pistols producer Bill Price spices up this debut album just enough to make these young, Irish Def Leppard soundalikes stand out from the rest of the big-hair crowd. Their "I Want Some of That" has both power and pop.

Henry Rollins

The Boxed Life (Imago) Spoken-word Rollins: two discs of spiels, Nietzschean pronouncements, object lessons, and jokes.

Therapy?

Nurse (A&M) These Belfast rockers make organic sounds that ape industrial ones: Guitar spasms mimic cowbells while the drums simulate nails being pounded into cement. The self-absorbed lyrics reach their morose nadir on "Accelerator": "I got no motivation / I don't need any friends."

Reissues

The New Old on CD

The Allman Brothers Band The Fillmore Concerts
(Polydor) The classic *Allman Brothers at Fillmore East* album, expanded and fleshed out with further jams from the same 1971 shows, for 135 minutes of Southern-blues, guitar-solo nirvana. Highlight: the twenty-two-minute version of "Whipping Post."

Earth, Wind & Fire The Eternal Dance
(Columbia/Legacy) Three discs of '70s soul at its slickest, with a horn section and astrologically minded lyrics. But leader/drummer Maurice White matched EW&F's sheen with funk ("Shining Star"), a jazzy Beatles cover ("Got to Get You Into My Life"), and some disco masterpieces ("September," "Boogie Wonderland").

Aretha Franklin Queen of Soul
(Atlantic/Rhino) Aretha's classics on four discs, ranging from her earliest smashes ("Respect," "Chain of Fools") to self-assured funk ("Rock Steady") to her yearning 1976 hit "Something He Can Feel." Over half the music here has never been available on CD: Criminally, Aretha LPs like *Young, Gifted and Black* are still out of print. This eighty-six-track package showcases Aretha's piano playing and her voice, still the most awe-inspiring in pop music.

Jefferson Airplane Jefferson Airplane Loves You
(RCA) Although the Airplane were prone to aimless blues jamming, songs such as "Volunteers" and "White Rabbit" hold up today. But with fifty-one tracks over three discs, this box dilutes their best work. Look instead for the two-disc *2400 Fulton Street.*

B.B. King King of the Blues
(MCA) Four untiring discs spanning 1949 to 1991, including such classics as "Sweet Sixteen" and "The Thrill Is Gone." For all his star collaborators over the years (Stevie Wonder, Bobby "Blue" Bland, U2), B.B. never strays far from his winning blues formula: brokenhearted lyrics, loping rhythms, and sorrowful yet sly guitar solos.

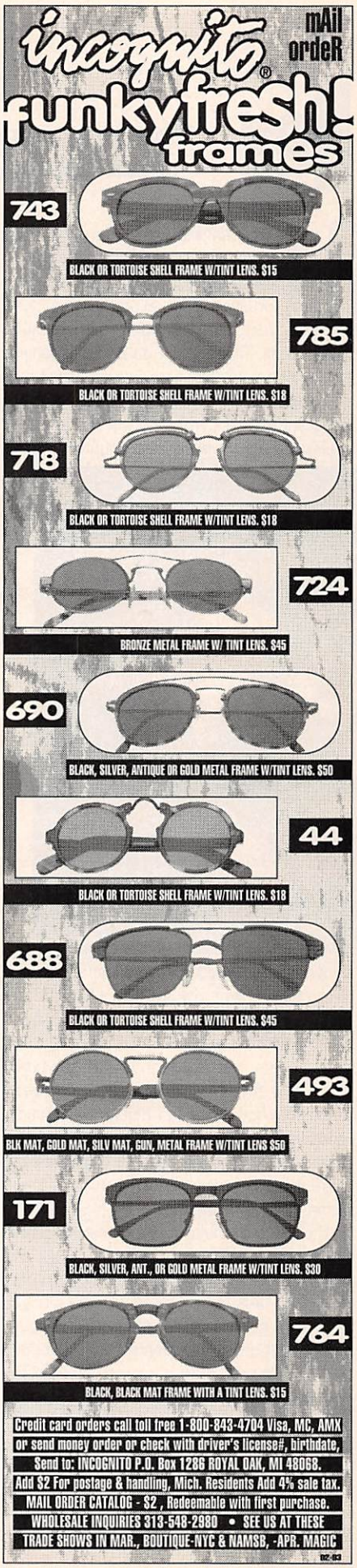
Timothy Leary You Can Be Anyone This Time Around
(Rykodisc) On his 1970 album, apparently designed to be heard under the influence, Leary preaches the gospel of mind expansion while an all-star band (Buddy Miles on drums, Steven Stills on guitar, Jimi Hendrix on bass) jam behind him.

Dusty Springfield Dusty in Memphis
(Rhino) Now best known for her cameo in the Pet Shop Boys' "What Have I Done to Deserve This," Springfield became a star in the '60s with her husky voice and gift for phrasing love songs. Recorded with a top-notch Southern band, this 1969 LP is her finest.

Time Zone World Destruction
(Restless) Four mixes of the apocalyptic 1984 collaboration by Afrika Bambaataa and John Lydon (a.k.a. Johnny Rotten), with monster beats, Bambaataa's gruff baritone, and Lydon's distinctive whine all preaching doom.

Various Artists The Stiff Records Box Set
(Rhino) During its life, from 1976 to 1987, Stiff Records specialized in twisted British pub-rock from the likes of Elvis Costello ("Alison") and Nick Lowe ("I Love My Label"). But its roster also included Madness, the Pogues, and Tracey Ullman, and the company remained firmly committed to mocking the rest of the music industry. These ninety-six tracks from "the world's most flexible record label" are diverse, uninhibited, and at times unforgettable.

Hank Williams Jr. The Bocephus Box
(Curb/Capricorn) Songs from nineteen different albums between 1979 and 1992, plus rarities and live tracks. Country music's unrepentant rocker, Williams covers songs not just by his father, but by Aerosmith, Warren Zevon, the Georgia Satellites, and ZZ Top.



Hey, DJ

The new country: bodies by Nautilus, hearts by Nashville

By Robert Christgau

You can pretty much forget country music unless you're old enough to care deeply about monogamy—one-on-one love in all its passion, comfort, consternation, impossibility, and routine. That's why I doubt the Nashville hunks have siphoned much support from Nirvana, Madonna, or Public Enemy; I think Garth Brooks, Billy Ray Cyrus, and the rest generate their numbers among natural country fans and converts who've had enough Richard Marx and Bryan Adams. As a city boy with a taste for the stuff, however, I worry anyway. If necessary, I can live with the square chins, cubic pecs, and cowboy hats, and I have no use for the purist claim that there's no true country between honky-tonk get-down and bluegrass high-and-lonesome. But I know that it's rarely beautiful people who sound the best. So I surveyed the current crop of male country albums with uncommon trepidation.

Stacy Dean Campbell

The basic formula hasn't changed. Almost every country album contains ten songs and lasts thirty or thirty-five minutes, though some new guys—like Travis Tritt, who's now into guitar solos—stretch the length a little. Because the key unit is the song, album filler is assumed, and because the form is so narrow, even the rare collection as consistent as Randy Travis's 1988 *Old 8 X 10* or Clint Black's 1989 *Killin' Time* or Garth Brooks's 1991 *Ropin' the Wind* may strike outsiders as samey or thin. So in this genre, best-ofs make sense.

Ricky Van Shelton's *Greatest Hits Plus* (Columbia), for instance, offers a big fourteen selections from a journeyman who rode in on the neo-traditionalist wave of the late '80s. Shelton's fluid baritone isn't long on character, but as a proven hitmaker he ropes in more than his share of can't-miss stuff. Ballads as well-turned as "Life Turned Her That Way" (betrayer), "Somebody Lied" (betrayed), and "Just As I Am" (redeemed) embody an old Nashville adage: It's the song, not the singer.

Just kidding. Country fans treasure familiar voices as much as they do fetching tunes and pithy Americanese, and not trained or pyrotechnic voices, either. They prefer a talky attack that signifies unpretentiousness, just like the drawl that goes with it—an approach epitomized since 1985 by the easy, subtle, deceptively rich baritone of Randy Travis. Sold separately and programmed with no historical logic, his two new *Greatest Hits* (Warner Bros.) packages are a rip—all twenty-two tracks would fit on one CD. But he's so committed to simplicity that the songs hang together like the work of seven weeks instead of seven years. The first volume is more classic, but its companion includes my favorite of his many off-the-rack one-liners: "Since my phone still ain't ringing / I assume it still ain't you."

Worried about the hunk invasion, Travis has been doing time in the weight room, but his muscles haven't gone to his head. His previously unreleased new songs here are as hooky as his hits and treat marriage as an experience rather than a subject to be exploited. Clint Black has been rather less vigilant. Spoiled by fame or Hollywood or his own manly profile, he's devolved from the terse, guilt-stricken reflections of *Killin' Time* to the soggy homilies of *The Hard Way* (RCA). Imagine how trite and condescending a song called "A Woman Has Her Way" could be, and you'll have an idea what Clint considers sentiments suitable to a matinee idol.

Garth Brooks

This is what I feared from country's pop breakthrough—schmaltz, oomph, and other musical steroids. If Black's relatively mild case is exacerbated by his mild voice, Billy Ray Cyrus's capacity for overstatement only reminds us that the bigger the instrument, the grosser you can get with it. And though I'm glad the guitaristics on *T-R-O-U-B-L-E* (Warner Bros.) distract hunk-rocker Travis Tritt from the sexist jive of his countrified *It's All About to Change,* Hank Williams Jr.'s style of Allman Brothers imitations is not my idea of great Nashville. So I'm afraid my favorite crossover king is also the world's, or at least the suburbs'.

Like anybody who sells 27 million albums, Garth Brooks is accused of a lot of things, most of them bland. He isn't even a hunk; as early critic Ken Tucker put it, "he has a face like a thumb with a hat on it." But not all suburbanites are as stupid as Michael Bolton believes. Brooks knows a good song whether it's his or someone else's, and he always adds the right quantum of expressiveness to his sweet, strong, unspectacularly adaptable voice. *The Chase* (Liberty) is burdened by the responsibilities Brooks believes come with success: The lead single is the first song in Nashville history to inveigh, however discreetly, against not only racism but homophobia. There's nothing as wicked as *Ropin' the Wind*'s "Papa Loved Mama," which doesn't bat an eye when Mama fucks around or when Papa runs her over with his truck. But "Somewhere Other Than the Night," about sex on the farm, and "Learning to Live Again," about a divorcée's blind date, typify his smarts, and only the rodeo song rankles. Having mastered the kind of nice-guy aura that has escaped pop superstars since the days of Cole and Como, Brooks could yet get away with being a liberal.

And give Garth this: His megabucks translate into venture capital for eccentrics who might otherwise be counted too risky for Music City. Stacy Dean Campbell's *Lonesome Wins Again* (Columbia) is so classic it resists not just schmaltz but steel guitars, so bare-bones it doesn't countenance puns—this is country music as unalloyed sentiment, the sheer tuneful essence of the thing, ringing high and lonesome in your head whether you remember the words or not. Dennis Robbins's *Man With a Plan* (Giant) is country-rock honky-tonk by a songwriter with an eye. Unlike Tritt, Robbins doesn't regard women as torturers or receptacles, and when he tells a joke, which is often, the only one who winces is Dennis.

Two debuts of this quality in a year may not be a Nashville record, though it is since I've been counting. But it's reason to put one's trepidations aside.

Robert Christgau is a senior editor at *The Village Voice.*

TOP: COURTESY SONY MUSIC; BOTTOM: COURTESY LIBERTY RECORDS, NASHVILLE

Higher Ground

(Continued from page 31)

Young wrote in his now-famous ruling. "It would be unreasonable, arbitrary, and capricious for DEA to continue to stand between those sufferers and the benefits of this substance." The DEA appealed the ruling and won last March, on the basis that marijuana has not been thoroughly tested for safety.

"The claims that marijuana is medicine are false, dangerous, and cruel," one DEA administrator said, likening the plant's advocates to snake-oil salesmen. He instead recommended the FDA-approved Marinol, a synthetic form of THC manufactured by a pharmaceutical company. Patients who have tried Marinol and doctors who have prescribed it, however, contend it is not nearly as effective in combating nausea as smoked marijuana, mainly because it's impossible to keep pills in the stomach. Marinol also costs significantly more. Dr. Lester Grinspoon of Harvard Medical School believes that oral cannabis products like Marinol are "clearly less effective than smoked cannabis, which shamefully has not yet achieved its rightful place in our treatment of cancer."

"The DEA keeps rejecting requests from private and public research scientists to conduct legal studies, making it impossible to come up with the evidence necessary to prove that marijuana is medicine," says Allen St. Pierre, NORML's assistant national director. "It's basically a catch-22 and they know it."

Before the DEA won its appeal last year, Dr. James O. Mason, chief of the Public Health Service, announced that until the government finished a review of marijuana's reported benefits and dangers, his office would withhold it from the additional sick people who had been approved by the government to use it and also stop processing applications. Mason said that he was concerned about a surge in new applications, especially from AIDS patients, and the message it would send if Health and Human Services were to approve them. Apparently worried about undercutting the Republican administration's hard-core antidrug policy, Mason said, "If it's perceived that the Public Health Service is going around giving marijuana to folks, there would be a perception that this stuff can't be so bad."

Still, another spokesperson for the Public Health Service denied that the government has started to include the sick in its war on drugs. "We know that marijuana contains substances which can cause lung problems," said Bill Grigg, "and AIDS patients are prone to pneumonia and other lung infections." While that is quite possibly true, it's also true that if the sick were given sinsemilla, with its higher levels of THC, they wouldn't need to put as much smoke in their lungs to benefit from pot's positive effects.

Ironically, at the same time that government agencies were warning the public about the possible dangers of medical marijuana, medical experts in Washington advised the government that benzoyl peroxide, a possible carcinogenic ingredient in popular acne medicines, could remain on the over-the-counter market while new studies were conducted, because its benefits outweighed its potential dangers.

KEN JENKS CONTINUES TO TRAVEL FOR ADVOcacy organizations, speaking out in favor of legalization of pot. Lately, he's seen some changes for the better. In the fall, two more counties in northern California joined San Francisco in approving measures recommending that marijuana be legalized for medical use. While these don't actually change the federal law as it stands, they send out a message to law enforcement officials that they're going to have a hard time prosecuting cases in counties where the juries of registered voters they will be selecting at trials are more likely to be in favor of medical marijuana than against it. With similar initiatives on the drawing boards in Los Angeles and San Diego, it may not be long before a statewide change is possible. The California office of NORML has drafted reform legislation that will be presented early this year.

When Jenks is home, he advises people who call with questions or who need help filling out the discouraging piles of paperwork needed to apply to the government for medical marijuana. He talks to the press openly and generously. Sometimes his cat sits on his message machine and cuts off messages. "He's mad at me for traveling so much," Ken says with his little laugh. He's taking a lot of drugs, including AZT, and his spleen is infected, but he says that on most days, he feels pretty good. "Marijuana helps," he says. "I couldn't be taking these drugs if it wasn't for marijuana. It makes you feel better, and on top of that it makes you hungry."

Like Elvy Musikka, he has to smoke five joints a day to benefit from the low-intensity strength of his legal, federally grown medicine, which is, no doubt, not the best thing for his lungs. "They could improve the quality," he says. "They have the technology. Free enterprise could do a much better job. If it was better, I wouldn't have to smoke so much. Still, it's free and it's legal and it *does* work."

Ken Jenks isn't one to complain. "I'm not gonna be disappointed if the laws haven't changed before I go," he says. "I'm just gonna be happy to have done my part. I know eventually it'll be legalized." •

Enigmatic for the People

(Continued from page 67)

THE DAY GOES ON. SOME OF THE CREW ARE NOW singing their own version of the song, retitled "Everybody Flirts." Someone tells Michael and he nonchalantly mutters, "Everybody has to pee." Michael talks to some of the extras, solicits their stories. So do I. Fran, a middle-aged California transplant who was on *General Hospital* seventeen times, is surreptitiously spending the day translating "Everybody Hurts" into Spanish; she thinks it would be useful for Hispanic youth. Hal, who spends the video ripping pages from the Bible and throwing them off an overpass, was discovered selling roses by the crew. I ask him who he is supposed to represent. "I have no idea," he replies. I ask him the secret of selling a rose. He shrugs. "It sells itself." Hector, an education clerk and part-time actor, is fascinated by Michael Stipe's face: "He's got a lot of topography of texture, and stories on his face. I'm an artist, too, so I go to bars to look at guys like him." Hector smiles. "I've gotten into a lot of trouble for doing that."

Two horses that previously starred in *Rambo III* are brought in. A helicopter carrying a second camera crew hovers above—they will shoot one of the horses running between the deserted cars, presumably as the video's final shot.

"I think it symbolizes freedom," says Peter Buck wryly. "Horses are always freedom in videos. It's Video 101."

I ask Mike Mills about this symbolism and he says a few things about its effective absurdity, and of its suggestion of a more environmental form of transportation. Then he smiles. "It's just a video," he says, "not the elucidation of R.E.M. They have to be fairly true to what we are—there won't be many, you know, video babes and exploding mirrors—but other than that, each one is not a peephole into what R.E.M. is."

Michael chats to the extras around him. I don't know what exchange takes place—something about the cold, I think—but suddenly they are lining up to give him a hug, led by a very fat man in biker leathers. Peter stands apart, quiet, watching the horses.

"Can I have a photo?" one of the extras asks him. "I need to use up my film." Pause. "Sorry. That sounded terrible."

"I know." Peter shrugs amiably. "We're the rhythm section. You don't really care."

Behind him Michael Stipe sits on the ground. He takes off his shoes. This event has an evident fascination for those around him. They, and I, watch as he begins to take off his socks. He looks up and flashes a smile: "I'd advise you to stand back." •

Mac Daddy

John Turturro hits it on the head with his directing debut, *Mac*

By James Kaminsky

"You're kiddin'. Somebody said that about *me*?" Midway through lunch at a SoHo diner, the wired, guy-next-door affability of John Turturro has cracked. His hands, which usually seem to have a life of their own, are now frozen mid-jab. Heavy-lidded eyes fix me with a stare. He no longer resembles Paulie, the gentle neighborhood-store owner he played in *Jungle Fever,* the role Turturro's wife assures me is closest to the real man. Right now he seems closer to Heinz, the prototypical Turturro psychopath from *Five Corners,* a Bronx homeboy who whacks a penguin to a pulp with a two-by-four.

I've just told him that a filmmaker who worked with him complained that "... once Turturro decided things weren't going well, he was in my face the whole fucking shoot." "Now I'm gonna be obsessed with figuring out who said that," says the thirty-six-year-old actor/director, with a slightly feral grin. "There are one or two movies I've done where I was a savage, 'cause no one knew what they were doin'." He shrugs. "Making a movie's like building a house. You're goin' against the elements, and the budget, and time. Thing is, you build something bad, you can kill somebody. You make a bad movie..."

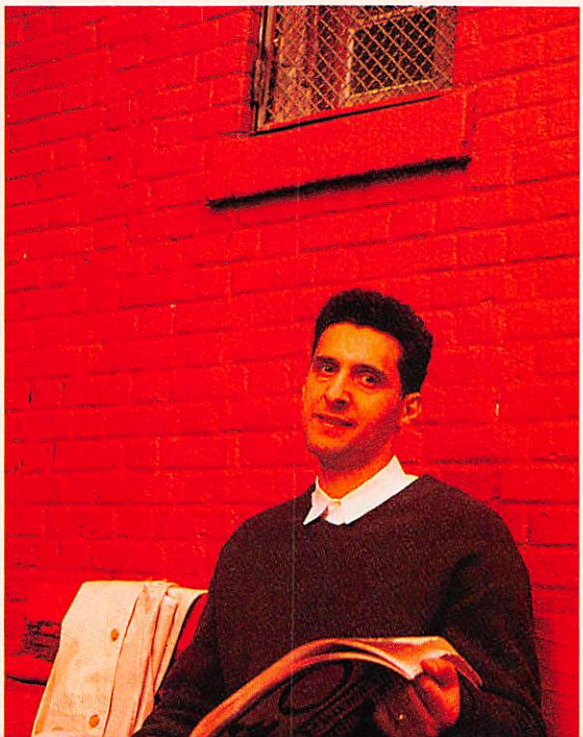
The house-building analogy is no accident. After The Year of Turturro, circa 1991—back-to-back kick-ass turns in *Jungle Fever* and *Barton Fink,* and a Best Actor Award at Cannes—his number was on every casting director's auto-dialer. Turturro put them all on hold and used his new power to realize a dream project. *Mac,* a film Turturro directed, cowrote (with playwright Brandon Cole), and stars in, finally opens this month after snagging the Camera D'Or for best first feature at Cannes last year.

Loosely based on his builder father who died in 1988, *Mac* is a funny, tough, richly textured look at three Sicilian brothers in the '50s who start their own construction business. It costars Turturro's wife, Katherine Borowitz, and a slew of unknown actors, many of whom have worked with him since his days at State University of New York and the Yale School of Drama. Part *Mean Streets,* part *Bicycle Thief,* part stylized home movie, *Mac* is a semi-tragic meditation on the immigrant experience and the lost era of craftsmanship. *Wayne's World* it's not.

But it is the logical extension of a career that might seem crazy by Hollywood standards. After exploding onto the New York theater scene in the early '80s, Turturro charted the dark side of urban man in movies like *The Color of Money, Do the Right Thing,* and *Miller's Crossing.* He turned down a role in *Moonstruck* and blew off a burglar part in *Home Alone.* "I was doin' Shakespeare at the time," he says. "I don't lie awake thinking: 'Jesus, I could've been in *Home Alone 2.*' "

He's clearly not that fond of some of his recent films, including the overwrought gangsterfest *Men of Respect* and the wacky Ur–Marx Brothers comedy *Brain Donors.* "I hate movies that are full of these macho fantasy guys." He puffs out his chest, a Stallone-on-speed caricature. "The nature of drama, even comedy, is watching life in its most extreme state." He smiles. "Extreme characters have been good to me."

His wife is quick to agree. "John understands sickness very well," says Borowitz. Even the Coens, who wrote the role of Bernie in *Miller's Crossing* expressly for Turturro, were surprised by his intensity. Says director Joel Coen: "The horrible *weaseliness* that John brought to it was certainly something that neither of us could have pictured." Spike Lee put it best in his book on the making of *Do the Right Thing:* "That motherfucker," he wrote of Turturro, "can act his ass off."



Growing up in Queens, the middle of three brothers, Turturro's talents were encouraged by his mother, a former jazz singer. From his father he learned about another type of artistry when he started working summers in construction. Like most kids, he wasn't that crazy about his dad's business, but years later he began to see its dramatic potential. "In a way it reminded me of a blue-collar *King Lear.* It's physical, it's vital. And if you screw up, you can die."

He started writing. And writing. Throughout the '80s, Turturro and his actor buddies staged scenes from the work in progress, then titled *Steel on Steel.* But when he began shopping the screenplay around, he got the cold shoulder. "It was hard to convince people to put money into something that wasn't exploitive or piggish. There's no bullshit happy ending."

Finally, in 1990, he convinced *sex, lies and videotape* executive producer Nancy Tenenbaum to meet with him. She had already turned the script down several times. "In the first half hour, I told him why I wasn't interested," Tenenbaum recalls. "The next half hour he dispelled each of my doubts, and by the last half hour I found myself talking him out of going with anyone else."

For filmmaking advice, Turturro turned to his mentors: Scorsese, the Coens, Lee. For seed money, Tenenbaum went to MTV Networks, which financed the filming of short scenes and used them as on-air bridge devices. Spliced together, they became a trailer to lure investors. The suits still balked at the largely no-name cast, but Turturro held his ground and hired Carl Capotorto and Michael Badalucco as his on-screen brothers. Ellen Barkin took a small role as a beatnik, and Columbia/TriStar Home Video agreed to guarantee most of the $3 million budget. In the end, Turturro brought his vision to the screen intact, from the Sicilian-inspired folk chant under the opening credits to the answering-machine message from his dad that closes the film.

Lunch is over, and Turturro is off to Europe for a small part in a Peter Weir film. But his mind is still in the past. "When my dad was sixty, I saw him attacked by a group of paperhangers," he says. "He was supervising this job, and he complained that the paper was going up lumpy. Next thing, these guys are going toe-to-toe. I jumped in and had my rib fractured. I was upset all day, seeing these guys beat my father. But it was also exhilarating because we were fighting over something good."

James Kaminsky is a freelance writer based in New York.

HUGH HALES-TOOKE; FASHION: ISRAEL SEGAL; GROOMING: DANIEL HOWELL FOR IVY BERNHARD

Movies

Dispatches from the front row

Alive

(Touchstone) Gore-hungry theater audiences should appreciate this raw, real-life tale of teen rugby players downed in a plane crash and forced into cannibalism. And if watching Ethan Hawke and Vincent Spano chew on their teammates doesn't turn you off red meat forever, you'll definitely cancel any upcoming flights after seeing the plane crack up in the snow-packed Andes. Graphic and disturbingly real, with as much of a happy ending as possible. **Rob Medich**

Chaplin

(TriStar) There's no questioning Robert Downey Jr.'s dead-on performance here; he *is* the Little Tramp. But he's also in a hollow picture that may as well have been a silent one. Where's the lurid sex, the egoism, the internecine Hollywood battles, the obstinacy, the genius? Bio-pic master Sir Richard Attenborough (*Gandhi, Cry Freedom*) goes heavy on the reverence, light on the risk taking; and he finds the clown's postcoital life more interesting than its buildups or climaxes. Sorry, Charlie. **Devon Jackson**

Ethan Frome

(Miramax) Edith Wharton's tragic triangle involves a stolid New England farmer (Liam Neeson), his invalid wife (Joan Allen), and the pretty cousin (Patricia Arquette) who comes to help out, bringing disaster with her. What happens to all of them should haunt you, but watching this film becomes such a grim chore that you're just grateful to get out of the theater alive. Even Wharton's prose was never this prosaic. **Michael Sauter**

Man Bites Dog

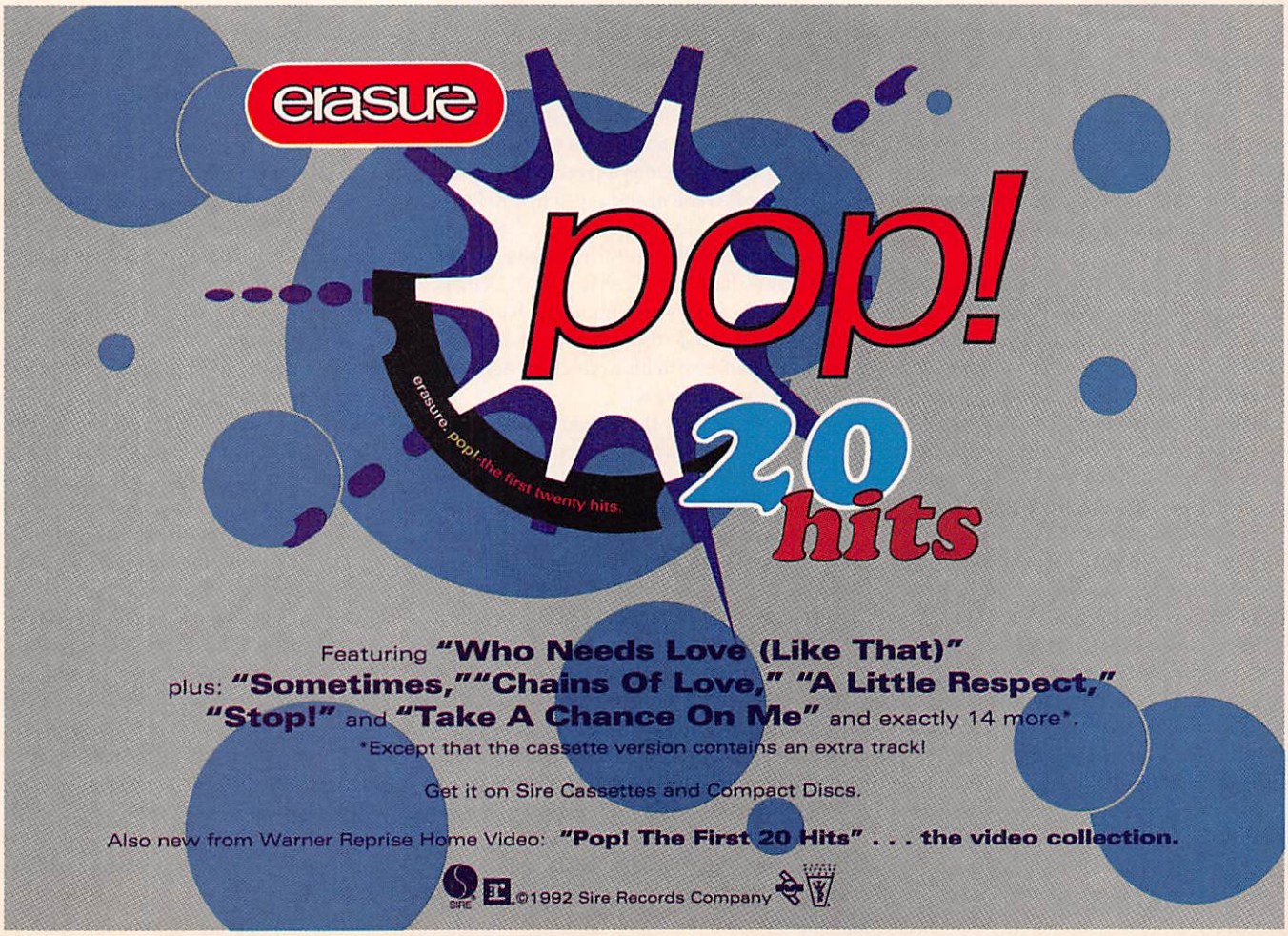
(Roxie Releasing) Benoit Poelvoorde has a De Niro–esque charm as Ben, the charismatic killer of women, children, pensioners, and postmen in this low-budget black comedy that became a controversial phenomenon in Cannes. Besides reciting poetry, Ben likes to deliver critiques on the decline of modern aesthetics—often while he brutally murders, or disposes of, his victims. All for the benefit of an on-screen camera crew making a documentary on him and his "work." Original, savagely funny, and, finally, genuinely shocking. **Jim Shelley**

The Oak

(MK2 Productions) Director Lucian Pintilie attempts to expose the "theater of absurd chaos" that was Ceaușescu's Romania in 1988. That means the liberal use of vomit, brown tap water, an air-bombed baby calf, a gang rape, a woman carrying her father's ashes in a Nescafé bottle, and just about every other shock prop. The movie's set up as the story of a teacher trying to bury her dead dad, but you'll be hard-pressed to decipher the point. Says one character during a lighter moment, "If only hell were like this evening." Oh, but it is. **Rob Medich**

Used People

(Fox) This movie's depressing title might well be changed to "What's to Laugh? You Cry Then You Die." Shirley MacLaine, as Pearl Berman, accepts a date from a hot-blooded Italian grandpa, Marcello Mastroianni, on the day of her husband's funeral. Let's just call it *Terms of Endearment* meets *Moonstruck* on Geritol. You're better off renting director Beeban Kidron's other movies, *Antonia and Jane* and *Oranges Aren't the Only Fruits.* **Linda O'Keeffe**



Jumping Through Hoops

(Continued from page 75)

"It's true," adds Fraschilla. "If one guy we've seen this summer epitomizes what Coach Barnes stands for—you know, blue-collar work ethic—it's you."

Everybody was always commenting on how hard Tchaka played. But rebounding—how hard was that? How about hitting that fadeaway baseline jumper or taking the rock to the hole? In other words, having some fun, not just boxing out all the time. Occasionally, with his team trouncing its opponent, Tchaka would pull down a rebound and dribble coast-to-coast while Hartstein screamed, "Pass the fucking ball!" Lighten up, Tchaka would think, it's just a basketball game.

In conclusion, Barnes says precisely the wrong thing: "I don't know if you'll be a shooter, but I like you because you play hard. That's your best talent. I won't promise that you'll start, but I'll give you the chance, and if you get it, you'll have earned it."

So that's it, Tchaka thought. The other guys get all the minutes and all the shots, and I come in to rebound and play defense.

Having finished his presentation, Barnes stands and smooths the front of his snowy white shirt. He shakes hands all around, and then, as an afterthought, reaches into his breast pocket for his deck of cards. When he pulls them out, all fifty-two scatter to the floor. Tchaka peers over the table and sees each trick card stamped with a two of spades. He laughs giddily, happy to have made it through another presentation, happy as well to have caught Barnes at his own game.

ON THE MORNING TCHAKA WOULD MEET WITH the coaches from Seton Hall, he woke up at four A.M., nervous as a cat, unable to sleep. He did his laundry. He watched some college games on tape. He drank a couple glasses of strawberry milk, his favorite meal. Then he put on his sweatpants, a Nike T-shirt, and his black Air Jordans, and the two of us drove out to Seton Hall, just outside Newark, New Jersey.

Seton Hall is one of those small schools where the whole place seems to be built around its athletic facilities. And why not? Who had ever heard of the school until P.J. Carlesimo became head basketball coach in 1982 and began building its shabby program into the best in the Big East? Our guide today is Tom Sullivan, the lanky, laconic assistant coach who, though no less ardent in his pursuit of Tchaka, has kept a respectful distance until now. Sullivan is a former Fordham basketball star himself, and he has a no-nonsense, tell-it-like-it-is manner that contrasts immediately with the almost baroque styles of Massimino and Barnes. Of course, Sullivan is also trying to tell Tchaka precisely what he thinks Tchaka wants to hear, but he does so in a disinterested manner, as though he were a librarian referring Tchaka to the Dewey decimal catalogue.

"Let me show you our arena, though I'm sure you've seen it plenty of times on TV," he says. Sullivan leads us into the Pirates' gym. At this hour the place is empty, still, and Sullivan wisely says nothing while Tchaka looks around at its polished parquet floor, the Big East banners hanging above one basket, the seats rising steeply up to the rafters and imagines the place filled with screaming fans. It's a far cry from the gyms Tchaka is used to: a high school court, which had a pillar in the middle, and Lincoln's gym, where the floor is so slippery from overuse that players slide on its surface as if playing in a sandbox.

"Let's take a look at the rest of the place, shall we?" Sullivan leads us down a long corridor and into the players' locker room, though it isn't like any locker room Tchaka has ever set foot in before. The carpeting is a plush royal blue: Pirates' colors. The lockers are made of a rich gleaming wood, and above each is a color portrait of a player on the team. In the middle of the room, two gray leather couches are artfully arranged in front of a state-of-the-art TV and video system.

"You're 6'7", is that right?" Sullivan asks. "Well, you'll find these lockers are built for you." Like a game-show host, the coach opens up a locker and points to its array of shelves, most of them eye-level with Tchaka. "The guards come in and say, 'How'm I supposed to get up here?' Don't matter." Sullivan swats the air. "We don't want guards. We want guys like you." Tchaka slowly circles the entire locker room, running his hand over the smooth wood, the upholstered couches. Sullivan stands with his arms crossed, letting Tchaka roam the place.

Our next stop is the weight room, where even in the off-season players are working out. "We insist our guys lift," Sullivan explains. "Nothin' fancy. Just give me plates and bars and let me see how much you can put in the air." Sullivan has the tough talk down perfectly. "In our league, Tchaka, you can never factor out strength. The Big East is a rarefied level. Every day you're going up against the best." Sullivan lowers his voice, confidentially. "And from this league, you can go on to the next one." This, truly, is music to Tchaka's ears: the first coach to say that he thinks Tchaka could play in the pros.

Sullivan is now leading us back through the maze of corridors to a small office equipped with three VHS machines, a TV, and a computer. Here, Sullivan explains, the team's technical wizards take tapes of, say, a Georgetown game and string together ten examples of the Hoyas in-bounding the ball. Then the Seton Hall team will watch all ten plays in a row to familiarize themselves with their opposition. "At this level, Tchaka, basketball takes on a complexity. Some are ready, some are not. We try to give you as much information as you need to win. Not," Sullivan looks Tchaka in the eye, and Tchaka is all there, listening to every word, "because we're just nice guys. But because we like to win, too."

"I saw you play in that Virginia tournament," Sullivan continues, segueing neatly from one winning moment to another. "I saw you hitting those fadeaway baseline jumpers." Tchaka looks momentarily puzzled—he's not sure he's ever hit a baseline jumper in his life—but he certainly likes the image that comes to mind. "Yeah, that's right," Sullivan goes on. "I've seen not just your moments of brilliance but your games of brilliance, too." Tchaka is beaming now, swept up in the image of his place on a Seton Hall team marching toward a national championship with Tchaka hitting from the baseline . . . Tchaka executing a spin move past his defender for an open dunk . . . Tchaka throwing in a baby hook with one second to go and the crowd chanting his name. . . .

After the tour is over, Tchaka and I head over to a pizza joint just off campus. There's a pretty girl about Tchaka's age behind the counter, and as soon as Tchaka walks in the shop she asks if he's a Seton Hall player. "Might be," Tchaka says coyly.

"Well, I hope you'll decide to come," she says. "If you do, I'll be seeing you around." The girl smiles demurely, then disappears to fetch his pizza. I look at Tchaka: He's grinning at her, at me. He spreads his arms in a gesture that seems to take in the whole place—the campus, the gym, the locker room, and this goodwill ambassador behind the counter—and says, "It's fly, D! It's fly!" We settle into a booth, and Tchaka can hardly contain himself. He starts shaking hot peppers onto his slice. "I like it here. They were straight up with me. Told me exactly where I would fit in. No funny business. I like the uniforms, the colors, the sneakers. Providence wears Converse, Villanova wears L.A. Gear, but Seton Hall wears Nike, Nike, Nike!"

I try to alert Tchaka to the sheer volume of hot peppers he is sprinkling on his pizza, but I can't get his attention. "I even like the way it sounds," he goes on. "Where you goin' to college? Goin' to Seton Hall. *Word!*" His pizza is now officially inedible. "I can see the headline when I sign: PIRATES GET THEIR SHIPP." Tchaka bites into his slice and blithely swallows a pound of peppers. Pizza flambé couldn't get his attention now. •

where to buy it

Pages 34–35: **Working Class**

Anthony Tarassi at Bergdorf Goodman Men, New York; Ron Ross, Burbank, CA; Louis, Boston, Boston. **B.C. Ethic** at the Cockpit, New York and Los Angeles; Fred Segal, Los Angeles; Nordstrom; Merry Go Round; Urban Outfitters. **Big Smith** at select farm stores. **Carhartt**, call 1-800-833-3118 for store information. **Clobber**, call 213-617-1918 for store information. **Dickies Workwear**, call 1-800-DICKIES for a free catalogue and store information. **Diesel** at Detour, New York; Charivari, New York; Bloomingdale's, New York; Fred Segal, Los Angeles; American Rag, Los Angeles. **Georgia Boot, Inc.**, call 1-800-251-3388 for information. **H.W. Carter & Sons** at Barneys New York, New York; Fred Segal, Los Angeles; Basic Goods, Michigan stores. **Jimmy 'Z** at Macy's; Hess's; the Broadway, Los Angeles. **J. Morgan Puett** at J. Morgan Puett, New York; or call 1-800-722-2268 for more information. **Kaufman's Army & Navy, NYC**, 319 W. 42nd St., New York. **Kennsington Blue** at Dusty Rose, Ryebrook, NY; It's the Ritz, Birmingham, MI; U.S. Male, Memphis. **Maroc Accessories** at Macy's, New York; Jupla, New York; Fashion Channel, Brooklyn; Basix, Brooklyn; Urban Outfitters. **OshKosh B'Gosh** at Sears; J.C. Penney. **Rubber Soul** at Trash and Vaudeville, New York; Equipe, Laguna Beach, CA; Villains, San Francisco; Na Na. **Smith's Apparel Corp.** at the Antique Boutique, New York; Fred Segal, Los Angeles; American Rag, Los Angeles and San Francisco; Take It Easy Baby, Boston; Pennsylvania Co., Boston. **Utility Canvas** at Earthsake, Berkeley, CA; Louis, Boston, Boston. **Welt Wear** at Na Na; Urban Outfitters. **Wilke-Rodriguez** at Bloomingdale's; Macy's; Saks Fifth Avenue. **Woolrich** at better department and specialty stores.

Page 38: **Fashion**

Detroit Motorcycle Company at Amalgamated, New York; Charivari, New York; Fred Segal, Los Angeles; Traffic, Los Angeles; Citizen, San Francisco. **Nike**, call 1-800-344-NIKE for store information.

Pages 52–61: **Island Life**

Agnès B. Homme at Agnès B. Homme, New York and Los Angeles. **Andrew Fezza** at Bloomingdale's, New York and Chicago. **Anthony Tarassi** at Bergdorf Goodman Men, New York; Ron Ross, Burbank, CA; Louis, Boston, Boston. **Armani Jeans** at A/X Armani Exchange. **Calvin Klein Collection** at Bergdorf Goodman Men, New York; Barneys New York, New York and Chicago; Saks Fifth Avenue, San Francisco; Wayne Edwards, Philadelphia. **Calvin Klein Underwear for Men** at Bloomingdale's; Macy's. **Comme des Garçons Homme Plus by Rei Kawakubo** at Comme des Garçons, New York; Barneys New York, New York; Charivari, New York; Maxfield, Los Angeles; June Blaker, Chicago; Riccardi, Boston. **Craft Caravan**, 63 Greene St., New York. **DKNY (men's)** at Barneys New York, New York; Charivari, New York; Macy's, New York; Bloomingdale's; I. Magnin. **DKNY (women's)** at Bloomingdale's; Foley's; Dillard's. **Dries Van Noten** at Charivari, New York; Barneys New York, New York and Chicago; Fred Segal, Los Angeles; Maxfield, Los Angeles; Louis, Boston, Boston. **The Falke Group** at Macy's, New York; I. Magnin, San Francisco; Moda, Washington, D.C. **French Connection** at French Connection. **Front Home Tech** at Traffic, Los Angeles; Sola Men, Cambridge, MA; Murray Goldman, Vancouver. **Gap** at the Gap. **Giorgio Armani** at Giorgio Armani. **Himalayan Crafts**, 2007 Broadway and 1228 Lexington Ave., New York. **Honey Fashions, Ltd.** at better department stores. **J. Crew**, through the J. Crew catalogue: 1-800-562-0258. **J.O.E. by Joseph Abboud** at J.O.E. Shop, Boston; Saks Fifth Avenue, New York; select I. Magnin stores. **Katharine Hamnett** at Barneys New York, New York; Maxfield, Los Angeles; Country Club, Los Angeles; Ron Herman, Los Angeles. **Kaufman's Army & Navy, NYC**, 319 W. 42nd St., New York. **Lance Karesh for Basco** at Barneys New York, New York, Chicago, and Costa Mesa, CA; Fred Segal, Los Angeles; Rosey Jekes, Hanover, NH; Basic Goods, Birmingham, MI. **Levi's**, call 1-800-USA-LEVI for store information. **Loredano** at Magic Shoes, Inc., New York; Macy's; Nordstrom. **Marcos Ergas** at Bloomingdale's, New York and Chicago; Big Drop, New York; Steve 19, Deal, NJ; Zoli, New Hope, PA. **Matsuda Eyewear**, call 1-800-647-2345 for store information. **Moschino Cheap & Chic U'omo** at Charivari, New York; Saks Fifth Avenue, New York; Macy's, New York; Bernini, Beverly Hills; Giorgio, Toronto and Montreal. **Moschino Mare** at Bloomingdale's, New York; Saks Fifth Avenue, New York; Bernini, Beverly Hills. **Mossimo** at Graffitti, New York; Rolo, San Francisco; Dillard's, Dallas; Macy's; Nordstrom. **Na Na** at Na Na or call 1-800-733-8993 for information. **New Republic** at New Republic Clothier, New York; Bergdorf Goodman Men, New York; Barneys New York, New York and Chicago; Fred Segal, Los Angeles; American Rag, Los Angeles and San Francisco; Champagne Taste, Sonoma, CA. **Norma Kamali** at OMO Norma Kamali, New York. **Palladium** at Banana Republic, New York; Galeries Lafayette, New York; Fred Segal, Los Angeles; American Rag, Los Angeles; French Dressing, Burlington, VT. **Patrick Cox** at Tootsi Plohound, New York; Alan Bilzerian, Boston. **Paul Smith** at Paul Smith, New York; Barneys New York, New York; Bergdorf Goodman Men, New York; Fred Segal, Los Angeles; Louis, Boston, Boston. **Perry Ellis Signature** at Bloomingdale's; Saks Fifth Avenue. **Polo by Ralph Lauren** at Polo/Ralph Lauren; Polo Country Store, East Hampton, NY; Bloomingdale's, New York; Saks Fifth Avenue, New York. **Sabato Russo** at If, New York; J.C. Amber, Hollywood; Evasion, Minneapolis. **Spot Sport** at Cignal; Na Na; Urban Outfitters. **Tommy Hilfiger** at better department stores. **Yohji Yamamoto** at Yohji Yamamoto, New York; Maxfield, Los Angeles; June Blaker, Chicago; CMO, San Rafael, CA. **Yukio Kobayashi for Matsuda** at Matsuda, New York; Barneys New York, New York; Charivari, New York; Maxfield, Los Angeles; Wilkes Bashford, San Francisco.

Pages 62–67: **Enigmatic for the People**

Paul Smith at Paul Smith, New York; Barneys New York, New York; Bergdorf Goodman Men, New York; Fred Segal, Los Angeles.

Pages 76–83: **Class-Action Suits**

Allen-Edmonds at American Rag, Los Angeles; Nordstrom; Saks Fifth Avenue. **Andrew Fezza** at Bloomingdale's; Macy's; Neiman Marcus; Saks Fifth Avenue. **Benetton** at Benetton. **Bill Robinson Neckwear** at the Broadway, Los Angeles; Dayton's; Marshall Field; May Co. **Billy Belts** at Cignal; Macy's; Nordstrom. **Cerruti 1881 Couture** at Barneys New York, New York; select Neiman Marcus stores; Harry Rosen, Toronto. **CK Calvin Klein** at Bloomingdale's; Saks Fifth Avenue; Neiman Marcus. **Common Ground**, 19 Greenwich Ave., New York. **Countess Mara** at Countess Mara, New York. **Ermenegildo Zegna** at Ermenegildo Zegna, New York; Barneys New York, New York; Allure, Philadelphia; Kilgore Trout, Cleveland. **Fossil** at Bloomingdale's; Macy's; Nordstrom. **Fumagalli's**, special order only through Fumagalli's: 212-755-1990. **Gieves & Hawkes** at Bloomingdale's, New York and Chicago. **Henry Company** at Belk's; Burdine's; Strawbridge & Clothiers. **Hugo Boss** at Barneys New York, New York; Bergdorf Goodman Men, New York; Stiegler Boutique, Los Angeles; Stanley Korshak, Dallas; Bigsby & Kruthers, Chicago. **JAll by Joseph Abboud** at Nordstrom: Seattle, San Diego, and Washington, D.C. **John Arlotta** at Alex Sebastian, Costa Mesa, CA; Lawrence Covell, Denver; Bigsby & Kruthers, Chicago. **Mondo di Marco** at Beau Brummel, New York; Bullock's, West Coast stores; Macy's; Saks Fifth Avenue. **Park Lane** at Frank Stella, New York; Mark Shale, Chicago; Rodes, Louisville, KY. **Paul Smith** at Paul Smith, New York; Barneys New York, New York; Bergdorf Goodman Men, New York; Fred Segal, Los Angeles. **Robert Stock** at May Co. **TAG-Heuer Professional Sports Watches** at Macy's. **Valentino U'omo** at Bergdorf Goodman Men, New York; Saks Fifth Avenue; Neiman Marcus.

Pages 88–95: **Gym Dandy**

Adidas at major sporting goods stores. **Armani Jeans** at A/X Armani Exchange. **Bike**, call 1-800-251-9230 for store information. **Descente America** at specialty cycling shops or by mail order through Bike Nashbar, 1-800-NASH-BAR, or Colorado Cyclist, 1-800-688-8600. **DKNY** at Bloomingdale's; Saks Fifth Avenue; Dillard's; I. Magnin, West Coast stores. **Ebbets Field Flannels**, call 1-800-377-9777 for store information. **Fossil** at Bloomingdale's; Macy's; Nordstrom. **Gap** at the Gap. **Gold Toe** at major department stores. **J. Crew**, through the J. Crew catalogue: 1-800-562-0258. **Jockey International** at better department stores. **Joseph Abboud Collection** at the Joseph Abboud Store, Boston; Saks Fifth Avenue, New York; select I. Magnin stores. **Kaufman's Army & Navy, NYC**, 319 W. 42nd St., New York. **Kikit Maurice Sasson** at Capry, Brooklyn; No Problem, Los Angeles; Saks Fifth Avenue. **Marithé & François Girbaud** at Bloomingdale's; Macy's; Dillard's. **Moschino Cheap & Chic** at Macy's, New York; Saks Fifth Avenue, New York; Riccardi, Boston; Giorgio Femme, Toronto. **Mossimo** at Big Drop, New York; Barneys New York, New York; Macy's, San Francisco; Dream Merchant, Houston; Fast Forward, Dallas. **Nike**, call 1-800-344-NIKE for store information. **Oakley, Inc.** at specialty sporting goods stores or call 1-800-733-6255 for more information. **Paul Smith** at Paul Smith, New York; Barneys New York, New York; Bergdorf Goodman Men, New York; Fred Segal, Los Angeles. **Pearl Izumi**, call 1-800-877-7080 for store information. **Pirate Surf** at Brave New World, Point Pleasant, NJ; Blue Hawaii, La Jolla, CA; Fred Segal, Los Angeles; and other surf specialty shops. **Polo by Ralph Lauren** at Polo/Ralph Lauren: New York, Beverly Hills, and Pittsburgh; Polo Country Store, East Hampton, NY. **Redshirt** at Morris Bros., New York; P.A. Bergner's, Milwaukee. **Sport Maska, Inc.** at Jerry Cosby & Co., New York; Ocean Hockey, Bricktown, NJ; Gunzo Sports Center, Chicago. **STX Lacrosse, Inc.** at Paragon Sporting Goods, New York; Bob's, Connecticut stores; Champ's. **Timex**, call 1-800-FOR-TIME for store information. **Wilke-Rodriguez** at Macy's, New York; Cignal. **World Jungle** at Emerald City, San Diego; Placid Planet, Boston; the Groove Tube, Indialantic, FL.

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Wild Planet—Ventura

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CO-OP Records—Davenport
Indian Hills Community College Bookstore—Ottumwa
Uncle John's Records—Sioux City

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Corky's Record & Tapes—Shawnee Mission
Gary Kirkpatrick Salon—Wichita
House of Sight & Sound—Salina
Spiceline Music—Wichita
Watermark Books—Wichita

Louisiana
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Lion's Lagniappe, SLU—Hammond
LSU-S Bookstore—Shreveport
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Oaktree—New Orleans Center, New Orleans
Tower Records—New Orleans
Tower Video—New Orleans

Minnesota
Electric Fetus—Minneapolis; St. Cloud; Duluth
Groth's Music—Bloomington
Let it Be—Minneapolis
Museum Shop, Minneapolis Institute of Art—Minneapolis
Northern Lights—Burnsville; Minneapolis; St. Paul
Oaktree—St. Paul Center, St. Paul; IDS Center, Minneapolis
Positively 4th Street—Minneapolis
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The Corner Store—Minneapolis
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Missouri
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Now Hear This—St. Louis
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Seventh Heaven—Blue Springs
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The Haberdashery—St. Louis
The Music Exchange—Kansas City
The Record Store—Cape Girardeau

Montana
Budget Tapes & Records—Kalispell
Henry J's—Helena

Nebraska
Dirt Cheap Sounds—Omaha
Nebraska Bookstore—Lincoln
Recycled Sounds—Lincoln
Twisters Music & Gift—Lincoln

Nevada
J J's Ear Candy—Carson City
Oaktree—The Meadows, Las Vegas; Fashion Show Mall, Las Vegas; The Boulevard, Las Vegas
Tower Records—Las Vegas

New Mexico
Bach 2 Rock—Albuquerque
Merlin's Record Workshop—Albuquerque

North Dakota
Budget Tapes & Records—Minot

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Tanique—Oklahoma
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USAO Bookstore—Chickasha
Vintage Plus—Oklahoma City

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Outer Limits—Portland
Ray's Ragtime—Portland
Tower Books—Bellevue; Portland
Tower Records—Beaverton
Turntable Mary's—Portland

South Dakota
Coast To Coast Video—Eagle Butte
Zandbroz—Sioux Falls

Texas
Bill's Records & Tapes—Dallas
Boomerang Vintage Clothes—Dallas
Deja Vue—Lubbock
Dream Merchant—Houston
Encore Video—San Antonio
HD's Clothing Co.—Dallas
Noo Beat Records—Houston
Oaktree—Highland Mall, Austin; Barton Creek Square, Austin; La Plaza Mall, McAllen; Houston Galleria, Houston
Pagan Rhythms—Dallas
Palo Alto Bookstore—San Antonio
Renaissance Records—Killeen
Step Back Vintage Fashions—Houston
Sound Future—Addison
Timeless Taffeta—Houston
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Wear It Again Sam—Houston

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Orpheum—Seattle
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Seattle Art Inc.—Seattle
Sister—Langley
Sounds Great—Gig Harbor
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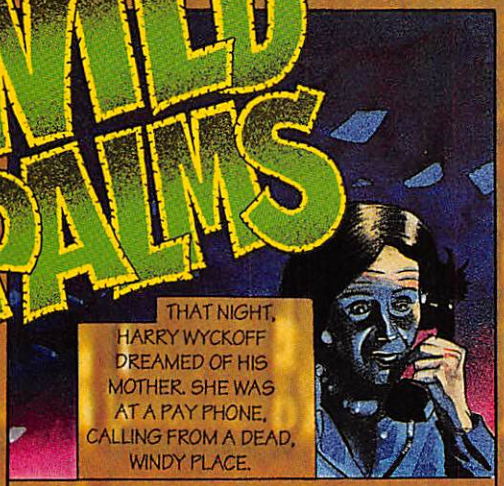
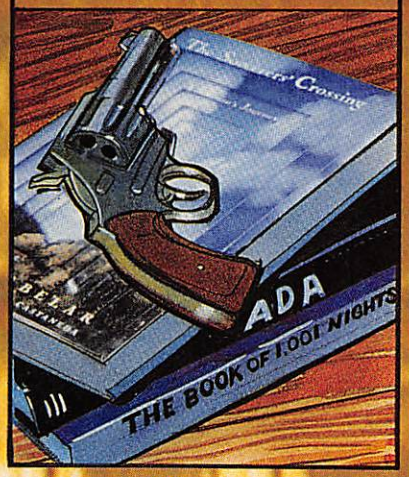
WILD PALMS

WRITTEN BY BRUCE WAGNER ART BY JULIAN ALLEN



SHE WAS TRYING TO GET HIM TO COME AND MEET HER. SHE SAID SHE WAS AT THE VAGABOND, AN OLD THEATER ON WILSHIRE, NEAR ALVARADO. IT'D BEEN A LONG TIME SINCE HE'D THOUGHT ABOUT HER.

WHILE THE DREAMER NEGOTIATED HIS MOTHER'S NETHERWORLD REQUEST, SOMETHING BENEATH THE BED GROUNDED ITS OCCUPANT LIKE BALLAST: AN OLD "POLICEMAN'S .32."

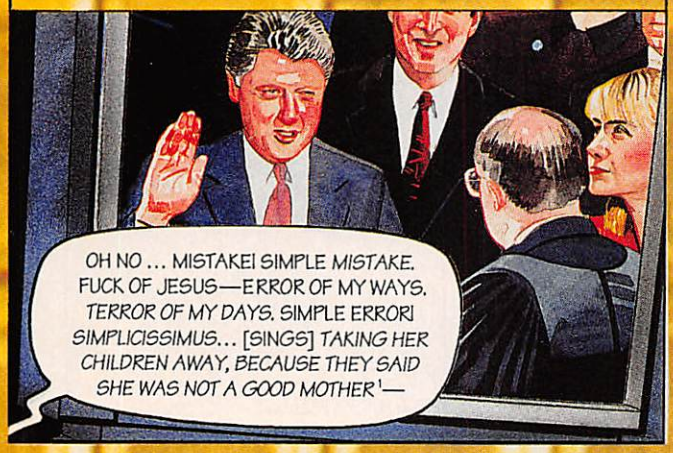


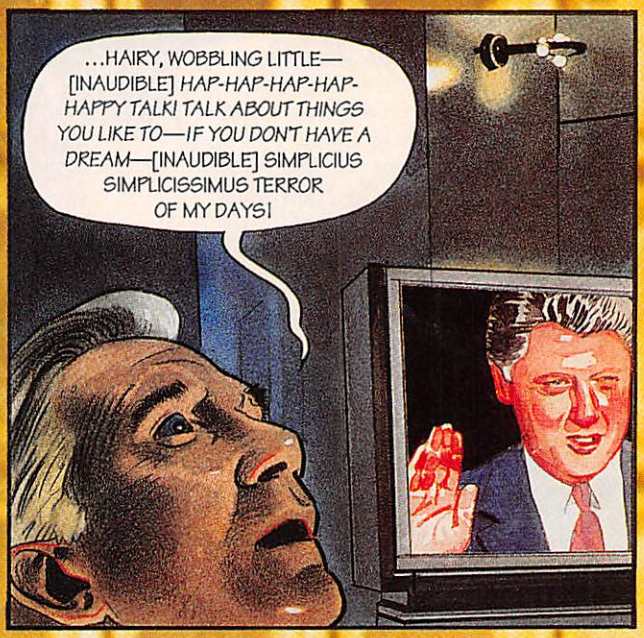
GIVEN TO HIM BY THE MAPS TO THE STARS BOY ABOUT A CENTURY AGO, HARRY KNEW WHAT IT WAS NOW: THE WEAPON OF HIS DESTINY. . . .*

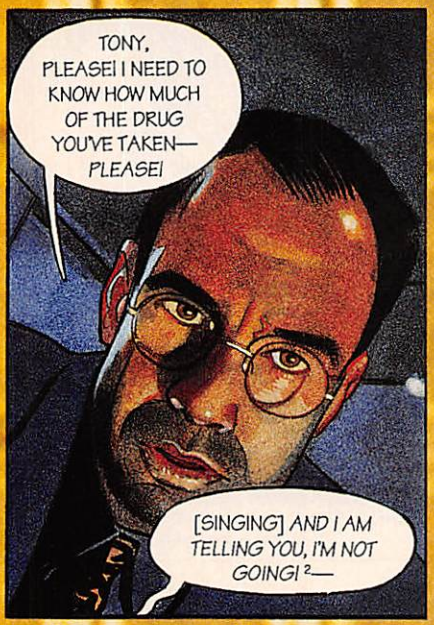
*THE CIRCUMSTANCES SURROUNDING THIS GIFT WILL BE ELUCIDATED IN NEXT MONTH'S INSTALLMENT.

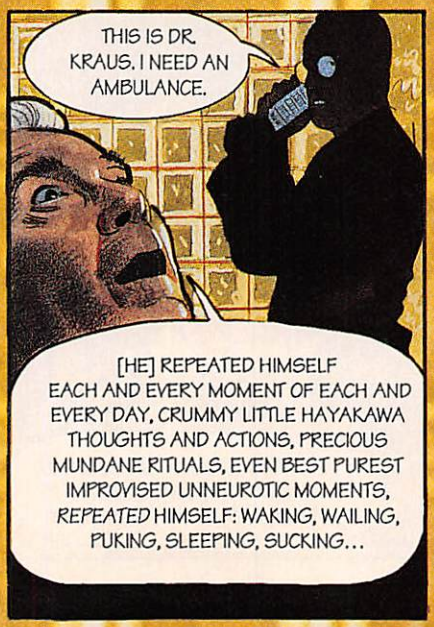
WE LEAVE HARRY FOR A MOMENT. ACROSS TOWN, IN THE HOLMBY HILLS ESTATE OF SENATOR TONY KREUTZER, DR. SIG KRAUS TENDS TO THE NEEDS OF HIS MOST FAMOUS PATIENT.**

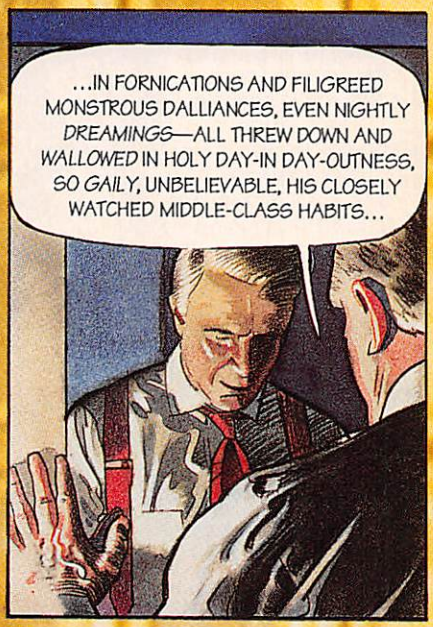
**THE SENATOR'S SPEECH IS TAKEN VERBATIM FROM TRANSCRIPTS PROVIDED BY THE SYNTHIOTICS ARCHIVE SHORTLY AFTER HIS DEATH.

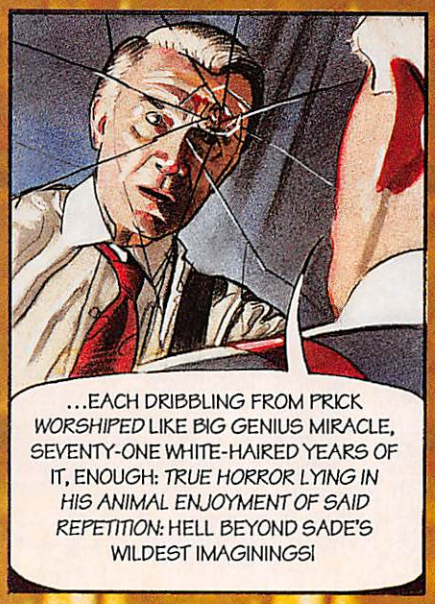


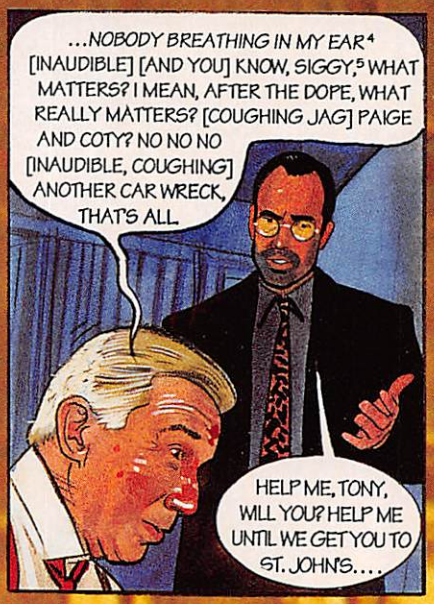


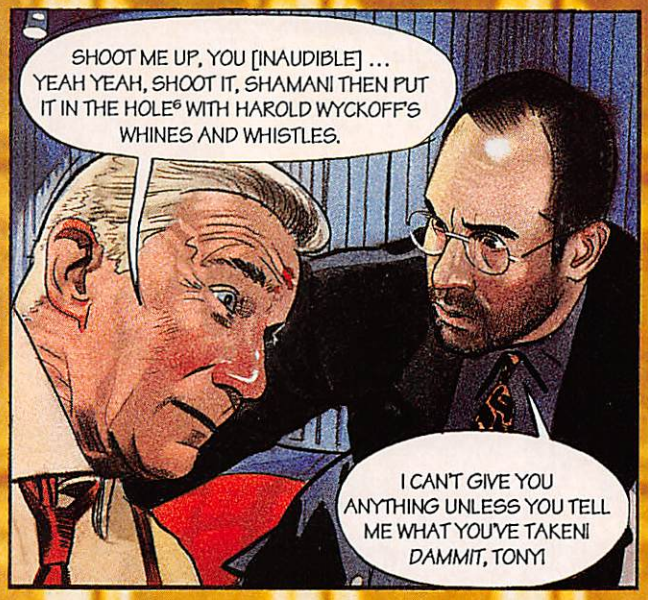


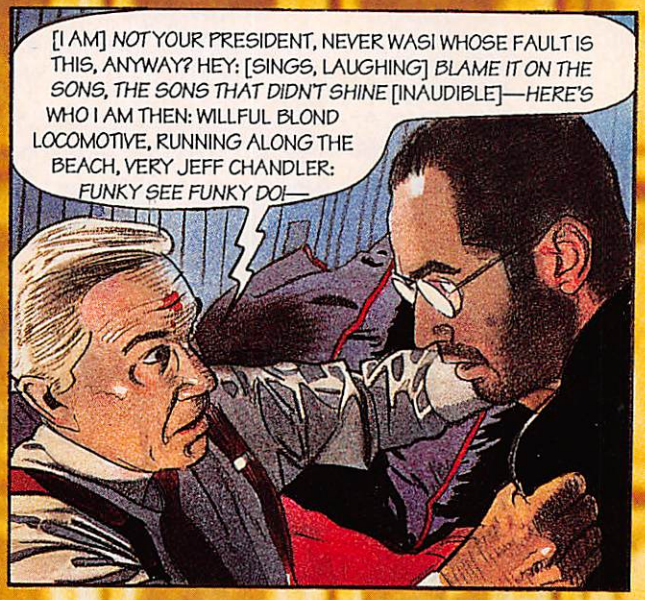


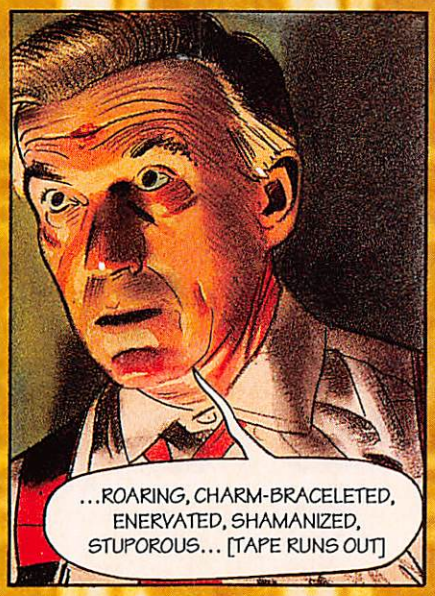


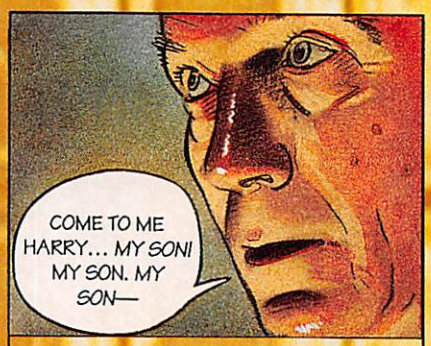












[1] LOU REED, "THE KIDS," *BERLIN*; [2] "AND I AM TELLING YOU I'M NOT GOING," *DREAMGIRLS*; [3] "BETCHA BY GOLLY WOW," THE STYLISTICS; [4] "PEACEFUL," HELEN REDDY; [5] SIG KRAUS, KREUTZER'S PERSONAL PHYSICIAN; [6] KREUTZER DEVELOPED A WELL-DOCUMENTED MANIA FOR PROBING HIS URETHRA WITH FOREIGN BODIES. HE WOULD ALSO CATHETERIZE HIMSELF, USING THE TUBE AS A CONDUIT FOR DRUGS, IN THIS CASE PROBABLY MIMEZINE.

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